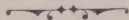


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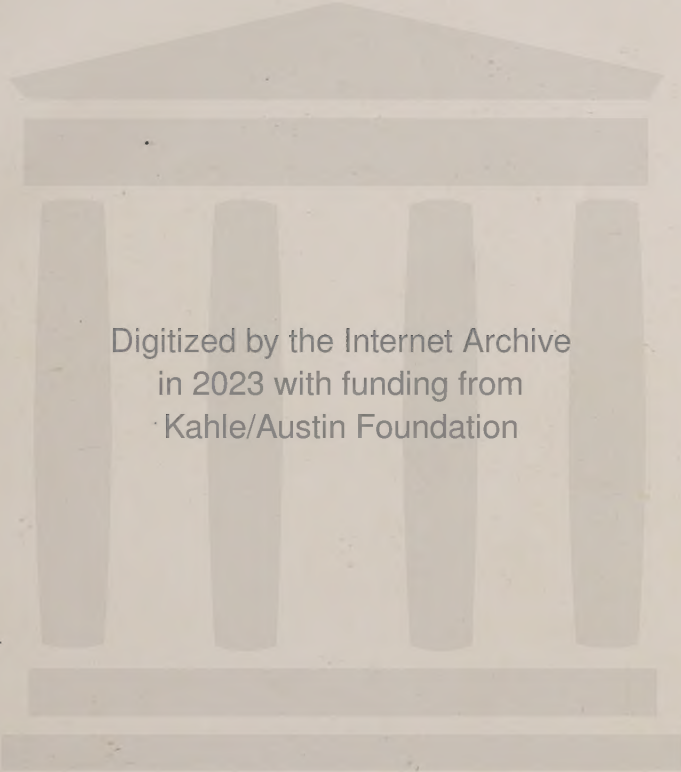
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THE

BAPTIST

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK:

BEING

"THE PLYMOUTH COLLECTION"

ENLARGED, AND ADAPTED TO THE USE OF

BAPTIST CHURCHES.

"Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee."—PSALMS.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,
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CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK.

	PAGES
PREFACE.....	iii
INTRODUCTION.....	v—x
GENERAL INDEX OF TUNES.....	xi—xii
METRICAL INDEX.....	xiii—xiv
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.....	xv—xxvii
“ OF DOXOLOGIES.....	xxviii
“ OF SUBJECTS.....	xxix—xli
“ OF TEXTS.....	xlvii—li
HYMNS.....	1—447
SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.....	1—20...447—448
THE BIBLE.....	21—22...448—449
GOD.....	
Manifested in Nature.....	23—32
Attributes.....	33—40
Adoration of.....	41—52...449—450
Government and Providence.....	53—58
Trinity.....	59—62
Holy Spirit.....	...451—455
CHRIST.....	
Advent.....	63—70...456—457
Life and Death.....	71—80
His Resurrection and Glory.....	81—98...457—458
WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.....	99—132...459—461
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.....	
Penitence and Consecration.....	133—156...462—465
Praise, Joy, and Conflict.....	157—216...469—472
Fellowship and Communion.....	217—234...473—475
Trials and Temptations.....	235—288...466—468
THE CHURCH.....	
Institutions and Ordinances.....	289—298...470—482
Missions and Reforms.....	299—340...483—488
TIME, ETERNITY, LIFE, DEATH.....	341—390
HEAVEN.....	391—414...489—490
TIMES AND SEASONS.....	415—438
PARENTAL.....	...491—493
CHILDREN'S HYMNS.....	439—445
DOXOLOGIES.....	495—496
INDEX OF HYMNS BY ANY VERSE BUT THE FIRST.....	497—519
INDEX OF PSALMS.....	520
INDEX OF AUTHORS.....	521—523

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P R E F A C E .

THE grounds on which this book has been prepared and offered to the Baptist Churches may be learned from the following correspondence, addressed to the publishers of the "Plymouth Collection :"

"BROOKLYN, May 1st, 1857.

"GENTLEMEN :—The Pierrepont-street Baptist Church being greatly interested in the improvement of Congregational Singing, have had their attention directed to the merit and usefulness of the 'PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES' published by you. Many of us have examined it carefully, used it in our families, and observed its influence upon the singing in public worship, and we are led to believe that it is, on the whole, better adapted to promote Congregational Singing than any other book now before the public, and that, with some alterations and additions, it might be well adapted to the use of *Baptist Churches*, and be made to supply a want at present extensively felt among us.

"In this view, at a meeting of the Church, held April 1st, 1857, the following resolutions were passed unanimously, and directed to be communicated to you :—*Resolved*, 1st, That we request of the editor and publishers an edition of the 'Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes' adapted to the use of Baptist Churches. 2d, That, upon the issue of such an edition, this Church use the same in their public worship.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM F. FORBY, CLERK."

The editor and publishers of the "Plymouth Collection" having signified their willingness to accede to the above request, the undersigned has, at their request, and with the advice and co-operation of a large number of the pastors of other Baptist Churches, prepared for publication a new edition of the "Plymouth Collection." All Hymns have been stricken out that seemed not in harmony with the views and feelings of Baptists, and a large number have been added, not only those of a denominational character, but the old familiar Hymns, which, by long use, have become much endeared to the Baptist Churches. The original plan of the book has been carried out in restoring to their former integrity old standard Hymns, which have been mutilated by attempted improvements. A few choice Hymns

have been added that have never appeared in any collection, and a number of original Hymns on Baptism, and subjects on which hymnology appeared especially barren—such as Home Missions—have been obtained from very distinguished pens. Especial acknowledgments for original Hymns are due, among others, to WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Esq., G. W. BETHUNE, D.D., S. F. SMITH, D.D., S. D. PHELPS, D.D., CHARLES THURBER, and REV. SYDNEY DYER. This edition contains about one hundred and fifty Hymns and fifty Tunes more than the original number of the "Plymouth Collection," making in all about sixteen hundred Hymns and four hundred Tunes, which, it is believed, will form the most complete collection of the kind ever offered to the public.

The Musical arrangement for the new matter of the present edition has been under the control of Professor ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

This Collection, it is admitted, differs in some respects essentially from any work before presented to the public. Whether these peculiarities are excellences or defects can be determined only by experience. Theories, though generally received, often mislead us, and practice, after all, is the only reliable test of adaptation. Our own observation has led us to consider the experiment thus far eminently successful. The book has been used, we think, by no Church without a decided increase of interest in this department of worship, and in some instances it has been so singularly successful in securing Congregational Singing, as to leave no longer a doubt of its practicability.

Acknowledgments are due to a large number of brethren in the ministry, and others, for valuable assistance afforded in the prosecution of this work; and it is proper to say that, in many respects, we have been influenced, in a great measure, by their combined judgment, rather than our own. We can not refrain from especial mention of the valuable services, kindly rendered, of JOHN H. RAYMOND, LL.D., in several critical departments of the work.

The book is now sent forth on its new mission, in a wider sphere of usefulness, in the earnest hope that, by enlisting a more general interest in this part of divine worship, it may, with the blessing of God, be in some degree instrumental in quickening the love and strengthening the faith of our Zion.

JOHN STANFORD HOLME,

PASTOR OF PIERREPONT-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August, 1, 1857.

INTRODUCTION.

THE book here presented to Christians and Churches numbers more than thirteen hundred hymns, and three hundred and sixty-seven tunes. The work is the result of a conviction that Congregational Singing best answers the end of worship by means of song. A choir should not sing *for* the congregation, but incite them to sing, and lead the way.

It is hoped that a book which shall present both the hymns and the music will contribute to the development of Congregational Singing, by providing the materials for it.

Although the work will not specially benefit those who have never been taught to read music, yet every year musical instruction in schools and in the community at large is increasing the number of those who can read plain music with facility. Already, and especially among the young, the number who might use such a work as this is very considerable.

It is desirable that every pew in the church should contain one or more copies of the Hymn and Tune Book. The Hymns have, however, been printed without the music, at a cheaper rate, for the use of those who wish only hymns.

We submit a few words in respect to the Hymns and the Music.

I.—THE HYMNS.

1. No pains have been spared in collecting materials for this work. The principal collections of Psalms and Hymns that have been published, either in America or Great Britain, have been carefully searched, and the fugitive pieces which have appeared in religious journals, or in collected poetical works of recent authors, have been made to contribute to the store.

A hymn is a lyrical discourse to the feelings. It should either excite or express feeling. The recitation of historical facts, descriptions of scenery, narrations of events, meditations, all may tend to inspire feeling. Hymns are not to be excluded, therefore, because they are deficient in

lyrical form, or in feeling, if experience shows that they have power to excite pious emotions. Not many of Newton's hymns can be called poetical; yet there are few hymns in the English language that are more useful.

We have carefully avoided a narrow adherence to our own personal taste in the selection of hymns. Scarcely any two ministers would agree in the selection of hymns. A collection should be made so large and various that every one may find in it that which he needs. Neither should one complain of the multitude of hymns useless to *him*. They are not useless to others. A generously-spread table is not at fault because, in the profusion, each guest can not use every thing. Every one should have all the liberty and the means of following his own taste. Had we made this collection merely for our own use, it would not have numbered more than five hundred hymns.

Many Hymn-books have been so fastidiously made, as not only to exclude many hymns, as extravagant, that were not half so extravagant as are the Psalms of David, and as is all true and deep feeling which gives itself full expression; but also those retained have been abused by corrections, so called, and tamed down from their noble fervor and careless freedom, into flat and profitless propriety.

We have, as far as possible, avoided all changes, except those necessary to restore mutilated hymns to their original state. No language can well replace that which the original inspiration of the author suggested. Watts' hymns and psalms have been carefully compared with the original, and for the most part restored.

2. Great additions have been made to the hymns which celebrate Christ; to hymns of Christian experience, in its deeper and more tender moods; to hymns suitable for religious awakenings; and there will be found a great number of admirable pieces upon these topics, not combined in any other single collection.

Much attention has been given to the Great Humanities which the Gospel develops, whenever it is faithfully and purely preached. The hymns of Temperance, of Human Rights and Freedom, of Peace, and of Benevolence, will be found both numerous, energetic, and eminently Christian. No pains have been spared to secure a full expression to the whole religious feeling and activity of our times.

3. We have sought for hymns in the books of every denomination of Christians. There are certain hymns of the sacrifice of Christ, of utter and almost soul-dissolving yearning for the benefits of His mediation, which none could write so well as a devout and truly pious Roman Catholic. Some of the most touching and truly evangelical hymns in this collection

have been gathered from this source. It has been a matter of joy to us to learn, during our research, how much food for true piety is afforded through Catholic devotional books to the masses of darkened minds within that Church of Error.

We have gathered many exquisite hymns from the Moravian Collections, developing the most tender and loving views of Christ, of his personal presence, and gentle companionship. We know of no hymn-writers that equal their faith and fervor for Christ, as present with his people. Nor can any one conversant with these fail to recognize the fountain in which the incomparable Charles Wesley was baptized. His hymns are only Moravian hymns resung. Not alone are the favorite expressions used and the epithets which they loved, but, like them, he beholds all Christian truths through the medium of confiding love. The *love-element* of this school has never been surpassed.

To say that we have sought for hymns expressing the deepest religious feeling, and particularly the sentiments of love, and trust, and divine courage, and hopefulness, is only to say that we have drawn largely from the best Methodist hymns. The contributions of the Wesleys to Hymnology have been so rich as to leave the Christian world under an obligation which can not be paid so long as there is a struggling Christian brotherhood to sing and be comforted amid the trials of this world.

Charles Wesley was peculiarly happy in making the Scripture illustrate Christian experience, and personal experience throw light upon the deep places of the Bible. Some of his effusions have never been surpassed. Nor are there any hymns that could more nobly express the whole ecstasy of the apostolic writings in view of death and heaven.

Cowper, Stennet, Newton, Doddridge, Mrs. Steele, and many other familiar authors, will be found in this collection, as in every other that aspires to usefulness.

With whatever partiality to Dr. Watts we may have begun this compilation, a comparison of his hymns and psalms with the best effusions of the best hymn-writers has only served to increase our admiration, and our conviction that he stands incomparably above all other English writers. Nor do we believe any other man, in any department, has contributed so great a share of enjoyment, edification, and inspiration to struggling Christians as Dr. Watts. We have retained the greatest number of his versions of the Psalms, though under the title of Hymns. A table is prefixed by which the version of any particular psalm may be found.

II.—THE MUSIC.

1. As this work is designed for families, for social meetings, and for the lecture-room, as well as for the great congregation, so the music has been selected with reference to all these wants. But the tunes are chiefly for Congregational Singing. We have gathered up whatever we could find of merit, in old or new music, that seemed fitted for this end. Not the least excellent are the popular revival melodies, which, though often excluded from classic collections of music, have never been driven out from among the people. These have been gathered up, fitly arranged, and having already performed most excellent service, they are now sent forth with the best of all testimonials—the affection and admiration of thousands who have experienced their inspiration. Because they are homebred and popular, rather than foreign and stately, we like them none the less. And we can not doubt that many of them will carry up to heaven the devout fervor of God's people until the millennial day!

2. Congregational singing will never become general and permanent, until the churches employ tunes which have melodies that cling to the memory and touch the feelings or the imagination.

Music is not simply a vehicle for carrying a hymn. It is something in itself. No tune is fit to be sung to a hymn which would not be pleasant, in itself, without any words. Any other view of the function of music, if it shall prevail, will in the end bring music to such a tame and tasteless state that a reaction will be inevitable, and the public mind will go to the opposite extreme. Thus, those who are conscientiously anxious to make music a means of religious feeling, will, by an injudicious method, produce by and by the very mischief which they sought to cure.

A corruption of hymns will not be more fatal to public worship than will be a corruption of music. And any theory that denies to church music a power upon the imagination and the feelings, *as music*, and makes it a mere servile attendant upon words, will carry certain mischief upon its path, and put back indefinitely the cause of church music.

The tunes which burden our modern books, in hundreds and thousands, utterly devoid of character, without meaning or substance, may be sung a hundred times, and not a person in the congregation will remember them. There is nothing to remember. They are the very emptiness of fluent noise. But let a true tune be sung, and every person of sensibility, every person of feeling, every child even, is aroused and touched. The melody clings to them. On the way home snatches of it will be heard on this side and on that; and when, the next Sabbath, the

same song is heard, one and another of the people fall in, and the volume grows with each verse, until at length the song, breaking forth as a many-rilled stream from the hills, grows deeper and flows on, broad as a mighty river! Such tunes are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plow with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy. Such tunes give new harmony and sweetness even to the hymns which float upon their current. And when some celestial hymn of Wesley, or of the scarcely less than inspired Watts, is wafted upon such music, the soul is lifted up above all its ailments, and rises into the very presence of God, with joys no longer unspeakable, though full of glory!

In selecting music, we should not allow any fastidiousness of taste to set aside the lessons of experience. A tune which has always interested a congregation, which inspires the young, and lends to enthusiasm a fit expression, ought not to be set aside because it does not follow the reigning fashion, or conform to the whims of technical science. There is such a thing as Pharasaism in music. Tunes may be very faulty in structure, and yet convey a full-hearted current that will sweep out of the way the worthless, heartless trash which has no merit except a literal correctness. And when, upon trial, a tune is found to do good work, it should be used for what it does, and can do.

3. We do not think that Congregational Singing will ever prevail with power, until *Pastors of Churches* appreciate its importance, and universally labor to secure it. If ministers regard singing as but a decorous kind of amusement, pleasantly relieving or separating the more solemn acts of worship, it will always be degraded. The pastor, in many cases, in small rural churches may be himself the leader. In larger societies, where a musical director is employed, the pastor should still be the animating center of the music, encouraging the people to take part in it, keeping before them their duty, and their benefit in participating in this most delightful part of public worship.

It is a very general impression that the pastor is to teach and to pray, but another man is to sing. Music is farmed out, and the unity of public services is marred by two systems of exercises conducted by different persons, and oftentimes without concord or sympathy with each other, and sometimes even with such contrariety that the organ and the choir effectually neutralize the pulpit. While it may not be needful that the pastor should perform the part of a musical leader, yet it is certain that there will not be a spirit of song, in the whole congregation, if he is himself indifferent to it,

and the first step toward Congregational Singing must be in the direction of the ministry.

The musical department of this work has been under the joint care of Mr. John Zundel, and Rev. Charles Beecher. But by far the greatest part of the labor has devolved upon the latter gentleman, to whose diligence and enthusiasm the Christian public will be greatly indebted for the adaptation of words, and the arrangements and harmonies of the music.

Our task, which has occupied much time during a period of four years, is now concluded. We shall be disappointed if the judgment of the Christian churches shall set aside this collection, as adding nothing to those which have gone before. But even then we shall not regret our task. It has rewarded us at every step. Should it only prepare the way for another and better work, promotive of Congregational Singing, we shall rejoice to have wrought as a pioneer.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 10, 1855.

GENERAL INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Acacia	358	Carmel	177	Emilie	285
Advent	125	Carnelian	98	Emma	38
Agate	90	Caspian	376	Empyrean	92
Ahimsa	485	Cedron	134	Enoa	481
Albaster	260	Chalcedony	241	Essex	200
Alfred	417	Charity	336	Erfurth	333
All Saints	297	Chesterfield	183	Eucharist	292
All's Well	373	Child of Sin and Sorrow	126	Evening	439
Amaland	64	Child's Prayer	442	Exeter	69
Amazing Grace	180	China	350	Expostulation	121
Amelia	154	Christian Victor	411		
Amber	136	Christmas	178	Fading	483
America	318	Christmas Eve	70	Far at Sea	369
Amethyst	102	Christmas Consulator	282	Federal-street	446
Amsterdam	370	Chrome	20	Fisher	231
Andover	66	Chrysolite	155	Florence	390
Anemone	565	Churchill	488	Foster	5-6
Angel's Visit	365	Clarendon	220	Freeland	144
Antigua	305	Clifford	283	Fulton	362
Antioch	68	Colchester	250		
Arcadia	246	Come Home	229	Ganges	148
Ariel	202	Come, ye Disconsolate	269	Garnet	2-30
Arnheim	84	Come, ye Sinners	118	Gaston	472
Arnon	130	Conrad	94	Geer	218
Arundel	482	Coral	206	Geneva	54
Aurora	28	Cornet	213	Gennesaret	71
Autumn	374	Coronation	174	Gethsemane	76
Avon	254	Coventry	184	Gilead	159
Axminster	353	Cowper	446	Glory	407
Azrael	344	Cromwell	210	Golden Hill	258
		Cross and Crown	244	Golden Shore	383
		Crucifix	78	Gratitude	216
Baden	133	Crusader's Hymn	207	Greenville	16
Badenau	138	Cuba	421	Guardian	188
Bahmy Dew	99	Culloden	455	Guidance	479
Balthic Visit	120	Cuyler	205		
Barby	354			Hail to the Brightness	310
Baron	263	Dalston	11	Hamburg	56
Barrington	204	Darien	1	Happiness	232
Basil	369	Darwell	1	Hark, those happy voices	129
Bavaria	441	David	291	Heber	223
Belgium	129	Dawn	375	Hebron	418
Beaufort	476	Daybreak	243	Hemans	78
Beethoven	1	Dehum	153	Henry	86
Behold the Lamb	79	De Call	435	Herald Angels	62
Benevento	146	Dennis	428	Herold	113
Bennet	63	Devizes	422	Hiding Place	173
Beryl	270	Diamond	287	Holstein	400
Bethesda	50	Dies Irae	364	Holy City	406
Birmingham	383	Dort	328	Holyoke	252
Bladenburg	322	Dover	262	Home	408
Blendon	296	Dresden	170	Hope	201
Bolton	183	Duke-street	58	Horton	468
Boylston	31	Dunbar	280	Howard	293
Bradford	175	Dundee	259	How calm and beautiful	91
Bremen	202	Dunlapscreek	106	Howitt	225
Brentford	78	Dunstan	304	Howland	451
Bridgeport	413			Hyacinth	268
Bridgewater	474	Easton	296		
Bristol	340	Eastport	10	I'm a Pilgrim	404
Brooklyn	116	Eden	409	Invitation	122
Brown	140	Effingham	156	Iowa	429
Bruce	239	Elect	228	Italian Hymn	60
Burlington	323	Elizabethtown	467	Ives	492
Burns	256	Ellen Thorpe	42		
		Elmira	487	Jacinth	272
Cambridge	93	Eltham	480	Jacksonville	207
Canaan	438	Emerald	430	Jazer	484

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Judah's Captive.....	238	Ocean.....	20	St. John's.....	84
Judgment.....	128	Ocean Grave.....	348	Stonefield.....	417
		Old Hundred.....	40	Storrs.....	26
Kalkbrenner.....	324	Olivet.....	222	St. Petersburg.....	242
Kenaz.....	371	Olmutz.....	194	St. Thomas.....	148
Kentucky.....	465	Omney.....	108	Suffering Saviour.....	457
Kingsley.....	378	Onyx.....	149	Suffolk.....	327
Kir.....	88	Opal.....	271	Summer Morning.....	430
		Oriel.....	20	Sunshine.....	438
Lafon.....	363	Orion.....	22	Swanwick.....	208
Lanesboro'.....	6	Oriole.....	42	Sweet Story.....	442
Lansingburgh.....	254	Otonville.....	170		
Latter Day.....	312	Otway.....	204	Taber.....	463
Lead thou me on.....	280			Calis's Evening Hymn.....	410
Lebanon.....	196	Paddington.....	109	Tamworth.....	115
Leipzig.....	77	Palestine.....	438	Tappan.....	412
Leoni.....	491	Paradise.....	405	Thatcher.....	152
Lenox.....	82	Park-place.....	51	The Chariot.....	121
Lexington.....	486	Park-street.....	166	The Happy Land.....	410
Leyden.....	350	Passed.....	457	The Last Beam.....	437
Lischer.....	213	Paul.....	80	The Lord is Great.....	49
Little Pilgrim.....	444	Pilesgrove.....	52	The Lord's Land, Chant.....	256
Loro.....	358	Pilgrim's Farewell.....	320	Today the Saviour Calls.....	428
Loving Kindness.....	172	Pleading Saviour.....	119	Topaz.....	142
Louvain.....	462	Playell's Hymn.....	261	Triumph.....	35
Lucas.....	423	Plymouth.....	102	Turo.....	169
Lucius.....	444	Plymouth Rock.....	219	Turner.....	224
Luther.....	460	Portugal.....	215	Tweed.....	149
Lutzen.....	460	Portuguese Hymn.....	20	Twilight.....	164
Lydia.....	453	Praise.....	176		
Lyons.....	48	Quito.....	236	Union.....	475
				Urmund.....	301
Madison.....	387	Raphael.....	277	Utica.....	117
Magdalen.....	281	Rest.....	214	Uxbridge.....	160
Manepy.....	435	Resurgam.....	410		
Manning.....	427	Retreat.....	234	Vanball's Hymn.....	41
Manoah.....	80	Return.....	104	Vesper.....	380
Marlow.....	426	Requiem.....	366	Violet.....	448
Mary at the Cross, Chant.....	75	Rhine.....	398	Vision.....	372
Mariya.....	712	Rilda.....	152		
Marvel.....	492	Rockingham.....	225	Wales.....	270
May.....	328	Rolland.....	478	Walnut Hills.....	152
Mear.....	8	Romaine.....	151	Ward.....	52
Medina.....	306	Rose.....	440	Ware.....	162
Melody.....	448	Rosefield.....	266	Ware.....	466
Melrose.....	454	Rothwell.....	164	Warner.....	72
Mendon.....	363	Ruby.....	165	Warring.....	122
Meriden.....	21			Warington.....	473
Metropolis.....	546	Sabbath.....	14	Warwick.....	39
Middleton.....	480	Sacros.....	273	Washington.....	326
Miguel.....	334	Savaunah.....	320	Watchman.....	227
Milton.....	67	Saybrook.....	480	Watchword.....	126
Missionary Chant.....	300	Schiller.....	29	Waterbrook.....	277
Missionary Hymn.....	290	Scotland.....	379	Watiss.....	311
Mommouth.....	242	Seleucia.....	454	Webb.....	316
Montgomery.....	247	Sentinel.....	192	Welcome.....	208
Morning Star.....	308	Seymour.....	219	Weldon.....	61
Mornington.....	478	Sheffield.....	453	Wells.....	100
Mory.....	182	Shepherd.....	158	Welton.....	460
Moscow.....	321	Shepherd's Call.....	123	Wesley.....	96
Mother's Lament.....	357	Shining Shore.....	490	Weston.....	477
Moyles.....	284	Shirland.....	12	Westmoreland.....	307
Mt. Blanc.....	497	Shur.....	470	What is Life?.....	395
Mt. Horeb.....	452	Sicilian Hymn.....	279	Whitfield.....	334
		Sidmouth.....	461	Whittier.....	328
Nearer to Thee.....	283	Sigonney.....	382	Williams.....	74
Neha.....	332	Silent Land.....	356	Willis.....	206
Newburgh.....	114	Silver-street.....	264	Willow.....	367
Newbury.....	426	Somerville.....	2	Willowby.....	271
Newcourt.....	329	Southport.....	424	Will you go?.....	124
Newell.....	360	Sovereign Grace.....	457	Wilmot.....	385
Night Thought.....	414	Spanish Hymn.....	367	Wimborne.....	59
Nile.....	168	St. Ann's.....	179	Windham.....	134
Nina.....	434	State-street.....	226	Woodland.....	248
Norfolk.....	94	Still.....	147		
Northampton.....	401	Stirling.....	44	York.....	50
Northfield.....	471	St. Michael.....	46	Youth.....	440
Norwich.....	431	Stillwater.....	233		
Nottingham.....	22			Zephyr.....	340
Nurenburg.....	331			Zion.....	314

METRICAL INDEX.

I. M.	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Alfreton.....	447	Shepherd.....	158	Holyoke.....	252	Mornington.....	478
All Saints.....	297	Shur.....	170	Howard.....	293	Nebos.....	332
Amber.....	136	Somerville.....	2	Jazer.....	434	Newell.....	360
Antigua.....	305	Stirling.....	44	Kalkbrener.....	324	Oney.....	108
Arnheim.....	84	Stonefield.....	417	Lanesboro'.....	6	Olmutz.....	194
Azzam.....	244	St. Petersburg.....	242	Lydia.....	453	Paddington.....	109
Baden.....	133	Tallis's Even. Hymn.....	416	Lucius.....	444	Plymouth Rock.....	319
Bahy Dew.....	99	Truro.....	469	Lutzen.....	469	Seattick.....	192
Beaufort.....	476	Uxbridge.....	161	Manoah.....	89	Shellfield.....	453
Bethlehem.....	4	Urmund.....	301	Marlow.....	426	Shirland.....	12
Blendon.....	296	Vanhal's Hymn.....	41	Matvel.....	392	Slivestreet.....	255
Brentford.....	73	Ward.....	52	Meat.....	8	State-street.....	226
Bristol.....	340	Ware.....	163	Medina.....	300	St. Thomas.....	128
Carmichael.....	98	Ware.....	163	Melody.....	438	Thatcher.....	122
Christ Day.....	241	Warner.....	72	Muriden.....	21	Watchman.....	227
Chrys.....	155	Wells.....	199	Metropolis.....	3-6		
Dale.....	481	Welton.....	439	Mory.....	187	H. H.	
Demon.....	1	Williams.....	74	Mr. Horob.....	452	Bethesda.....	59
Dryden.....	240	Wimborno.....	59	Northfield.....	471	Brooklyn.....	16
Dresden.....	179	Windham.....	134	Nottingham.....	32	Christmas Eve.....	70
Duke's street.....	58	Zephyr.....	346	Ocean Grave.....	348	Cromwell.....	210
Dunstable.....	304			Oriel.....	30	Culloden.....	45
Eaton.....	286	C. M.		Ortovenille.....	190	Darwell.....	138
Falghem.....	156	Amazing Grace.....	180	Otway.....	464	Howitt.....	325
Ellenhorne.....	343	Anethyst.....	102	Praise.....	175	Lancaster.....	82
Enriant.....	383	Antioch.....	103	Return.....	104	Lischer.....	212
Eschmarist.....	232	Arcadia.....	68	Rhino.....	323	Newbury.....	436
Federal street.....	416	Arcadus.....	246	Southport.....	37	Oriele.....	452
Gaston.....	475	Arundel.....	483	St. Ann's.....	179	Pascal.....	455
Gese name.....	76	Avon.....	254	Stephens.....	81	Park-place.....	51
Grandville.....	216	Bakema.....	1-8	Stuart Pl.....	46	Triumph.....	15
Gumburg.....	36	Barby.....	354	St. John's.....	74	Watts.....	312
H-bron.....	418	Bennett.....	63	Suffering Saviour.....	457		
Hiding Place.....	173	Bolton.....	183	Swanwick.....	208	L. P. M.	
Howland.....	451	Bradford.....	175	Tabor.....	463	Newcourt.....	329
Judah's Captive.....	238	Bridgewater.....	474	Tappan.....	412		
Leipzig.....	77	Brown.....	149	Topaz.....	142	L. C. H.	
Leyden.....	330	Baras.....	256	Turner.....	224	Axminster.....	353
Loving Kindness.....	172	Cambridge.....	93	Twined.....	419		
Lorain.....	412	Charity.....	3-6	Walnut Hills.....	352	C. P. M.	
Maunung.....	427	Chesterfield.....	1-5	Warwick.....	39	Advent.....	175
Mey.....	328	China.....	350	Westmoreland.....	307	Ariel.....	202
Michigan.....	33	Christmas.....	178	Weston.....	477	Armon.....	1-6
Migdol.....	314	Clarendon.....	229	Whitfield.....	334	Aurora.....	28
Missionary Chant.....	301	Clifford.....	258	Woodland.....	248	Carmel.....	277
Monmouth.....	342	Colchester.....	250	York.....	56	Caspian.....	356
Montgomery.....	347	Coronation.....	174			Cedron.....	151
Night Thought.....	414	Coventry.....	184	S. M.		Emma.....	78
Nile.....	163	Cowper.....	446	Aecit.....	253	Ganges.....	148
Norfolk.....	24	Cross and Crown.....	241	Almira.....	485	Watchword.....	126
Northampton.....	430	Dedham.....	153	Alabaster.....	260	Willowby.....	271
Old Hundred.....	40	Devizes.....	422	Baron.....	263		
Orion.....	22	Dundee.....	290	Boylston.....	322	C. H. M.	
Park-street.....	166	Dunlapscreek.....	106	Dale.....	490	Bridgeport.....	413
Piles Grove.....	23	Eastport.....	10	Denis.....	428	Hemans.....	78
Pilgrim's Farewell.....	392	Elizabethtown.....	467	Dover.....	362	How calm & beautiful.....	91
Plymouth.....	392	Exeter.....	69	Dubhar.....	250	Schiller.....	29
Portugal.....	25	Florence.....	399	Dupperan.....	92		
Quito.....	296	Freeland.....	144	Dupperan.....	92	S. P. M.	
Rahaut.....	234	Geor.....	238	Fisher.....	231	Dalston.....	11
Rilda.....	132	Geneva.....	34	Golden Hill.....	258		
Rockingham.....	235	Guardian.....	788	Iowa.....	439	S. H. M.	
Rolland.....	458	Heber.....	2-3	Kestueky.....	435	Requiem.....	366
Retwell.....	164	Henry.....	86	Lebanon.....	196		
Saybrook.....	489	Holstein.....	400	Luther.....	459		

12s.	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	6s & 5s.	PAGE
Gennesaret.....	71	Basil.....	369	Come Home.....	2-9	Anemone.....	305
Scotland.....	379	Cuyler.....	295	David.....	291	Child's Prayer.....	442
		Dies Ira.....	361	Dies Ira.....	361	Emile.....	185
12s & 11s.		Foster.....	386	Elen.....	228	Evening.....	439
Eden.....	409	Madison.....	387	Lithuan.....	481	Lansingburgh.....	294
Gennesaret.....	71	Mauncy.....	455	Essex.....	200	Loro.....	368
		Union.....	475	Fading.....	483	Mother's Lament.....	157
				Fulton.....	362	Spanish Hymn.....	367
10s & 8s.				Herald Angels.....	62	Sunshine.....	428
Warning.....	122			Herald.....	113		
		8s & 7s.		Hope.....	291	6s & 4s.	
11s.		Amland.....	61	Horton.....	408	America.....	318
Agate.....	90	Andover.....	66	Ilyacynth.....	268	Child of Sin and Sor-	
Enon.....	481	Autumn.....	374	Ives.....	402	row.....	126
Expatriation.....	121	Bavaria.....	441	Kir.....	83	Conrad.....	94
Gennesaret.....	71	Bayl.....	276	Lafon.....	369	Dort.....	338
Homo.....	403	Come, ye Sinners.....	118	Little Pilgrim.....	484	Italian Hymn.....	60
Kingsley.....	478	Churchill.....	458	Martyn.....	312	Olivet.....	222
Portuguese Hymn.....	480	David.....	2-1	Morning Star.....	308	To-day the Saviour	
		Emerald.....	440	Norwich.....	431	Calls.....	128
		Golden Shore.....	383	Nuremburg.....	331	Washington.....	326
		Greenville.....	16	Pearl.....	80		
11s & 12s.		Jacinth.....	272	Plece's Hymn.....	261	Peculiar.	
The Chalcot.....	121	Jacksonville.....	207	Rock of Ages.....	110	Angel's Visits.....	325
		Latter Day.....	312	Rosefield.....	266	Bellum.....	169
11s, 10s & 9s.		Metrose.....	454	Sabbath.....	14	Behold the Lamb.....	79
Moscow.....	331	Middleton.....	480	Seymour.....	217	Brice.....	359
		Moyle.....	384	Sidmouth.....	461	Burlington.....	323
11s & 10s.		Opal.....	274	Sovereign Grace.....	457	Camah.....	458
Baltic.....	120	Plauding Saviour.....	119	Stairs.....	15	Coral.....	206
Come, ye Disconsolate.....	269	Rose.....	440	Twilight.....	264	Cornet.....	213
Cuba.....	414	Shining Shore.....	490	Willis.....	296	Crusaders' Hymn.....	207
Tail to the Brightness.....	310	Siglan Hymn.....	270	Wilmot.....	385	Diamond.....	187
Rest.....	214	Sizourney.....	312	Youth.....	440	Garnet.....	280
Still Water.....	256	Vesper.....	380			Glory.....	407
Whittier.....	323	Wesley.....	96			Mark, those happy	
		What Is Life?.....	395			voices.....	129
11s & 9s.				7s & 6s.		I'm a Pilgrim.....	404
Sweet Story.....	442	8s, 7s & 4s.		Amelia.....	154	Judgment.....	1-8
Happiness.....	232	Far at Sea.....	309	Amsterdam.....	370	Kenaz.....	371
		Guidance.....	473	Bethune.....	481	Lead Thou me on.....	289
11s & 8s.		Ilyacynth.....	268	Christus Consolator.....	282	Leoni.....	491
Chrome.....	20	Newburgh.....	114	Crucifix.....	78	Lucas.....	435
Mt. Zion.....	49	Sardius.....	278	De Call.....	495	Magdalen.....	181
Palestine.....	498	Selucia.....	454	Gilead.....	150	Merdin.....	404
		Sufolk.....	327	Holy City.....	406	Milton.....	67
10s.		Tamworth.....	115	Jacinth.....	277	Mt. Blanc.....	497
Baltic.....	120	Vesper.....	380	Lexington.....	486	Nearer to Thee.....	243
Christianity Victor.....	411	Welcome.....	208	Missionary Hymn.....	239	Onyx.....	139
Cuba.....	421	Wesley.....	96	Nina.....	414	Raphael.....	277
Rest.....	214	Zion.....	314	Ocean.....	20	Resurgam.....	410
Savannah.....	370			Romaine.....	151	Ruby.....	265
Willow.....	367	8s & 4s.		Stella.....	127	Shepherd's Call.....	123
		Axminster.....	353	Utica.....	117	Summer Morning.....	459
10s & 11s.		Urmund.....	301	Vision.....	372	The Happy Land.....	410
Agate.....	90	Wales.....	270	Webb.....	123	The Last Beam.....	437
Lyons.....	43			Weldon.....	61	Waterbrook.....	277
		8s & 3s.					
9s & 8s.		All's Well.....	373	6s.		Chants.	
Dawn.....	375	Will you go?.....	124	Elmira.....	487	Mary at the Cross ...	75
				Emile.....	285	The Silent Land.....	366
8s.				Invitation.....	122		
Birmingham.....	388	7s.		Lansingburgh.....	234		
		Bartimeus.....	204	Paradise.....	405		
		Benevento.....	146	Shepherd's Call.....	123		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Abba, Father hear thy child.....	268	Arise my soul, arise.....	211
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide....	215	Arise my soul, fly up and run.....	401
Abide with us, the evening shades.....	169	Arise my soul, my joyful powers.....	174
A charge to keep I have.....	195	Arise ye people, and adore.....	46
A debtor to mercy alone.....	475	Arm of the Lord awake, awake.....	300
Affliction is a stormy deep.....	249	Around Bethesda's healing wave.....	137
Again returns the day of holy rest.....	421	Around the Saviour's lofty throne.....	161
Again the Lord of life and light.....	10	Around the throne of God in heaven....	413
Ah guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression.	120	Around thy grave, Lord Jesus.....	481
Ah whither should I go.....	152	As changing as the moon.....	262
Alas and did my Saviour bleed.....	144	As down in the sunless retreats of the...	206
Alas how poor and little worth.....	353	As fades the light of closing day.....	493
Alas the utter emptiness.....	238	As flows the rapid river.....	273
Alas what hourly dangers rise.....	179	Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	346
All from the sun's uprise.....	18	As oft with worn and weary feet.....	243
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	174	As once the Saviour took his seat.....	191
All men are equal in their birth.....	337	As pants the heart for cooling streams..	56
All mortal vanities begone.....	234	As the hart with eager looks.....	264
All nature dies and lives again.....	351	As the sweet flower that scents the morn.	340
All that I <i>was</i> —my sin and guilt.....	464	A stranger in the world below.....	412
All ye nations praise the Lord.....	27	As when the weary traveler gains.....	394
Almighty God thy piercing eye.....	444	At anchor laid remote from home.....	156
Almighty Maker God.....	31	At evening time let there be light....	341
Along the mountain track of life.....	142	At the cross her station keeping.....	75
Altho' the vine its fruit deny.....	38	Author of good, we rest on thee.....	247
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound....	180	Awake and sing the song.....	193
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	178	Awake, awake, the sacred song.....	63
Amid thy wrath, remember love.....	141	Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	148
A mother may forgetful be.....	289	Awake my heart, arise my tongue.....	181
And are we yet alive.....	231	Awake my soul and with the sun.....	419
And can my heart aspire so high.....	255	Awake my soul in joyful lays.....	172
And did the holy and the just.....	457	Awake my soul, lift up thine eyes.....	166
And let this feeble body fail.....	397	Awake my soul, stretch every nerve....	178
And must I part with all I have.....	139	Awake our drowsy souls.....	18
And must this body die.....	360	Awake our souls, away our fears.....	165
And now another week begins.....	10	Awake ye saints and raise your eyes... 351	
And will the Judge descend.....	360	Away with our sorrow and fear.....	388
And will the Lord thus condescend.....	141		
Angel of God, whate'er betide.....	255	Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	40
Angels assist to sing.....	50	Begin my soul th' exalted lay.....	28
Angels from the realms of glory.....	65	Begin my tongue some heavenly theme..	47
Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung.....	63	Behold a stranger at the door.....	98
Angels roll the rock away.....	89	Behold my soul the narrow bound.....	104
Angels where'er we go attend.....	298	Behold the day is come.....	109
Another day has passed along.....	4	Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	182
Another day is past.....	429	Behold the Lamb.....	79
Another fleeting day is gone.....	417	Behold the man, how glorious he.....	76
Another hand is beckoning us.....	353	Behold the morning sun.....	12
Another six days' work is done.....	3	Behold the mountain of the Lord.....	289
Answer me, burning stars of night.....	399	Behold the path that mortals tread....	101
A poor way-faring man of grief.....	169	Behold the Saviour of mankind.....	80
Approach my soul the mercy-seat.....	145	Behold the western evening light.....	348
Arise, arise, with joy survey.....	302	Behold what wondrous grace.....	190

	PAGE		PAGE
Behold where in a mortal form.....	80	Christ whose glory fills the skies.....	201
Be joyful in God all ye lands of the earth.....	20	Close softly, fondly, while ye weep.....	340
Believing souls of Christ beloved.....	473	Come all ye saints of God.....	222
Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	351	Come at the morning hour.....	428
Beneath the star-lit arch.....	360	Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light.....	451
Be still, be still, for all around.....	3	Come brethren, come to Christ anew.....	99
Be still my heart, these anxious cares...	236	Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep..	7
Be thou O God, by night, by day.....	419	Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell..	451
Be thou O God exalted high.....	24	Come, desire of nations, come.....	385
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea.....	32	Come every pious heart.....	210
Beyond the starry skies.....	92	Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly dove....	59
Beyond where Cedron's waters flow.....	131	Come, happy souls, approach your God....	460
Blessed are the sons of God.....	268	Come hither all ye weary souls.....	98
Bless O my soul the living God.....	23	Come, Holy Spirit, from above ..	452
Blest are the souls that hear and know ..	449	Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	195
Blest be the tie that binds.....	227	Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove.....	153
Blest by the dear uniting love.....	224	Come in thou blessed of our God.....	216
Blest Comforter divine.....	453	Come in thou blessed of the Lord.....	474
Blest day of God most calm, most bright	7	Come let us anew our journey pursue....	433
Blest hour when mortal man retires.....	4	Come let us ascend my companion and....	433
Blest hour when virtuous friends shall..	354	Come let us gladly sing.....	35
Blest is the man whose softening heart..	334	Come let us join our cheerful songs	181
Blest morning whose young dawning ray	10	Come let us join our songs of praise.....	180
Blest Saviour, we thy will obey.....	476	Come let us lift our joyful eyes.....	177
Blow ye the trumpet blow.....	116	Come let us sound her praise abroad	335
Break forth in song ye trees.....	318	Come my fond, flattering heart.....	211
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	229	Come my soul thy suit prepare.....	219
Brightest and best of the sons of the....	90	Come now ye wanderers to your God....	133
Bright glories rush upon my sight.....	413	Come O Creator Spirit blest.....	58
Bright was the guiding-star that led.....	351	Come O my soul in sacred lays.....	41
Broad is the road that leads to death....	100	Come on my partners in distress.....	271
Brother, rest from sin and sorrow.....	380	Come O thou traveler unknown.....	170
Brother, tho' from yonder sky.....	362	Come O thou universal good.....	393
Brother, thou art gone before us.....	384	Come, sacred Spirit, from above.....	447
Buried beneath the yielding wave.....	482	Come! said Jesus' sacred voice.....	113
Buried in baptism with our Lord.....	476	Come shout aloud the Father's grace....	183
Burst ye emerald gates and bring.....	404	Come sinner to the Gospel feast.....	103
But who shall see the glorious day.....		Come, sound his praise abroad.....	450
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	492	Come thou Almighty King.....	60
		Come thou celestial Spirit, come.....	451
		Come thou desire of all thy saints.....	9
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....	16	Come thou eternal Spirit, come.....	451
Calm on the bosom of thy God.....	354	Come thou fount of every blessing.....	204
Calm on the listening ear of night.....	69	Come thou long-expected Jesus.....	209
Cease here longer to detain me.....	374	Come thou soul-transforming Spirit.....	454
Cease ye mourners, cease to languish...	374	Come to the ark, come to the ark.....	245
Center of our hopes thou art.....	267	Come to the house of prayer.....	13
Champion of Jesus! man of God.....	349	Come to the land of peace.....	108
Cheek grow pale, but heart be vigorous..	315	Come trembling sinner in whose breast..	138
Child of sin and sorrow.....	126	Come wandering sheep, O come.....	123
Children of God who faint and slow	255	Come weary souls, with sin distressed...	99
Children of the heavenly king.....	228	Come ye disconsolate.....	269
"Choose ye his cross to bear".....	478	Come ye sinners heavy laden.....	118
Christ and his cross are all our theme...	460	Come ye sinners poor and needy.....	118
Christian brethren, ere we part.....	265	Come ye souls by sin afflicted.....	119
Christian, see the orient morning.....	313	Come ye that know and fear the Lord...	39
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er..	375	Come ye that love the Lord.....	199
Christ leads me thro' no darker rooms...	249	Come ye that love the Saviour's name...	176
Christ, of all my hopes the ground.....	201	Come ye weary souls oppressed.....	113
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.....	89	Commit thou all thy griefs.....	263
Christ, who came my soul to save.....	480	Constrained by love, we follow where....	477

	PAGE		PAGE
Cross, reproach and tribulation	274	Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	492
Crown his head with endless blessing	209	Father, they who thee receive	27
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness	230	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	250
Daughter of Zion from the dust	288	Few are thy days and full of woe	257
Day of judgment day of wonders	114	Few, few and evil are thy days	352
Day of wrath that day of burning	364	Firm as the earth thy Gospel stands	247
Dear as thou wert and justly dear	355	Flung to the heedless winds	487
Dearest of all the names above	188	For a season call'd to part	229
Dear friend, whose presence in the house	187	" Forbid them not" the Saviour cried	492
Dear is the hallowed morn to me	5	Forever with the Lord	194
Dear Jesus ever at my side	187	Forgive my folly	280
Dear refuge of my weary soul	245	Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound	458
Dear Saviour we are thine	294	For the mercies of the day	15
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall	140	Forth from the dark and stormy sky	5
Deathless principle arise	403	Forth in thy name O Lord we go	414
Defend the poor and desolate	337	Fountain of grace, rich full and free	167
Depart awhile each thought of care	304	Friend after friend departs	366
Depth of mercy can there be	111	Friends of the poor the young the weak	335
Descend celestial dove	479	From all that dwell below the skies	163
Descend from heaven immortal dove	393	From Calvary a cry was heard	76
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	465	From day to day before our eyes	301
Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord	5	From every earthly pleasure	151
Does the Gospel word proclaim	147	From every stormy wind that blows	234
Do I not love thee O my Lord?	188	From Greenland's icy mountains	299
Down the dark future thro' long	321	From his low bed of mortal dust	345
Down to the sacred wave	478	From the cross uplifted high	111
Doxologies	446 & 447	From thee my God my joys shall rise	184
Dread sovereign let my evening song	425	From the recesses of a lowly spirit	120
Brooding souls no longer mourn	117	From thy dear, pierced side	456
Dying souls fast bound in sin	117	From whence doth this union arise	475
Early my God without delay	6	From yonder rocky mountains	486
Earth has engrossed my love too long	401	Full of trembling expectation	273
Earth's transitory things decay	345	Gales from heaven if God so will	267
Earth with her ten thousand flowers	27	Gently, gently lay thy rod	267
Enthron'd is Jesus now	92	Gently glides the stream of life	431
Ere to the world again we go	5	Gently Lord, O gently lead us	279
Eternal Spirit we confess	59	Gird on thy conquering sword	324
Eternity, eternity	415	Give me the wings of faith to rise	399
Everlasting, changing never	327	Give thanks to God most high	51
Every day hath toil and trouble	339	Give to the Lord ye sons of fame	44
Exert thy power, thy rights maintain	303	Give to the winds thy fears	262
Fading, still fading	437	Glorious in thy saints appear	27
Fairest Lord Jesus	207	Glorious things of thee are spoken	312
Fairness of all the lights above	37	Glory, glory to our King	89
Fair shines the morning star	116	Glory to God on high	60
Faith, hope and charity, these three	159	Glory to God whose witness train	187
Far as thy name is known	450	Glory to thee my God this night	416
Farewell bright soul a short farewell	393	Glory to thee whose powerful word	415
Farewell dear friends I must be gone	392	God bless our native land	326
Far, far o'er hill and dell	367	God in His temple let us meet	2
Far from mortal cares retreating	16	God in the high and holy place	30
Far from my thoughts vain world begone	235	God is a name my soul adores	58
Far from the world O Lord I flee	220	God is gone up on high	83
Father of vine this deadening power	321	God is love, his mercy brightens	204
Father, how wide thy glory shines	33	God is the refuge of his saints	52
Father, I long, I faint to see	390	God made all his creatures free	331
Father of all, before thy throne	491	God moves in a mysterious way	57
Father of mercies send thy grace	334	God my supporter and my hope	57
		God named Love, whose fount thou art	157
		God of eternity from thee	98

	PAGE		PAGE
God of my life and all my powers.....	255	Hail to the Prince of life and peace.....	85
God of my life through all its days.....	157	Hail tranquil hour of closing day.....	425
God of my life thy boundless grace.....	132	Hallelujah best and sweetest.....	395
God of my life to thee belong.....	418	Happy soul thy days are ended.....	181
God of my life to thee I call.....	237	Happy the heart where graces reign.....	183
God of my life whose gracious power....	159	Happy the souls to Jesus joined.....	470
God of our salvation.....	284	Happy the spirit released from its clay..	411
God of the morning at whose voice.....	293	Hark a voice divides the sky.....	362
God of the sunlight hours how sad.....	424	Hark, hark the Gospel trumpet sounds..	301
God's glory is a wondrous thing.....	307	Hark, hark the notes of joy.....	70
God the all-terrible, thou who ordainest..	321	Hark how the Gospel trumpet sounds... 301	
God the eternal awful name.....	45	Hark how the watchmen cry.....	198
God the Lord a King remaineth.....	97	Hark my soul it is the Lord.....	268
Go forth on wings of faith and prayer... 484		Hark ten thousand harps and voices....	96
Go messenger of peace and love.....	302	Hark the glad sound the Saviour comes..	69
Gone are those great and good.....	318	Hark the herald angels sing.....	62
Go preach my Gospel saith the Lord....	305	Hark the song of jubilee.....	309
Go preach the blest salvation.....	487	Hark the sounds of joy and gladness....	313
Go, spirit of the sainted dead.....	346	Hark the voice of love and mercy.....	97
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	110	Hark those happy voices saying.....	129
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime..	367	Hark what celestial sounds.....	70
Go to the pillow of disease.....	335	Hark what mean those holy voices.....	64
Go to thy rest fair child.....	358	Hark what mean those lamentations....	315
Go tune thy voice to sacred song.....	176	Haste O sinner to be wise.....	113
Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell..	126	Hast thou midst life's empty noise.....	329
Go when the morning shineth.....	434	Hast thou said, exalted Jesus.....	479
Go ye messengers of God.....	309	Hast thou wasted all the powers.....	265
Grace, like an uncorrupted seed.....	191	Hath God, cast off forever.....	154
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....	193	Have we no tears to shed for him.....	73
Gracious Jesus Lord most dear.....	147	Head of the Church triumphant.....	287
Gracious Saviour, we adore thee.....	479	Head of the hosts in glory.....	94
Great God as seasons disappear.....	427	Health of the weak to make them strong	137
Great God attend while Zion sings.....	447	Hearken Lord to my complaints.....	266
Great God how infinite art thou.....	32	Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you.....	116
Great God! now condescend to bless... 491		Hear the heralds of the Gospel.....	115
Great God thy penetrating eye.....	33	Hearts of stone relent, relent.....	112
Great God to thee my evening song.....	418	Hear what the voice of heaven proclaims	349
Great God we sing, that mighty hand... 164		Heaven is the land where troubles cease.	413
Great God, what do I see and hear.....	342	He dies the friend of sinners dies.....	74
Great God, whom heaven, and earth, and	303	He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd..	78
Great God whose universal sway.....	304	He lives, the great Redeemer lives.....	164
Great Redeemer, friend of sinners.....	381	Here at thy cross my dying Lord.....	135
Great ruler of all nature's frame.....	56	Here cares and angry passions cease....	9
Great ruler of the earth and skies.....	305	He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns..	41
Great shepherd of thine Israel.....	217	Here we meet to part again.....	438
Great shepherd of thy people hear.....	221	He sendeth sun, he sendeth.....	343
Great source of being and of love.....	23	He who on earth as man was known....	87
Green pastures and clear streams.....	263	High in the heavens eternal God.....	53
Guide me O thou great Jehovah.....	278	High in yonder realms of light.....	363
		High on a hill of dazzling light.....	41
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.. 470		Holy Father thou hast taught me.....	278
Hail morning known among the blest... 84		Holy Ghost with light divine.....	265
Hail my ever-blessed Jesus.....	382	Holy, holy, holy Lord, Be thy.....	88
Hail sacred truth! whose piercing rays.. 449		Holy, holy, holy Lord, Live.....	88
Hail sovereign love that form'd the plan.. 173		Holy Source of consolation.....	454
Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds.... 223		Holy Spirit Lord of light.....	264
Hail the day that sees him rise.....	89	Hosanna to the living Lord.....	84
Hail thou happy morn so glorious.....	97	Hosanna to the Prince of light.....	177
Hail thou once despised Jesus.....	97	Hosanna with a cheerful sound.....	422
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad.... 310		How are thy servants blessed O Lord... 55	
Hail to the Lord's anointed.....	317	How beauteous are their feet.....	332

	PAGE		PAGE
How beauteous were the marks divine . . .	72	I can not call affliction sweet	248
How beautiful the morning	439	I faint, my soul doth faint	259
How blest are they whose transient	345	If a man die shall he live again	357
How blest is he whose tranquil mind	216	If death my friend and me divide	376
How blest the hour when first we gave	476	I feel within a want	285
How blest the righteous when he dies	347	If God is mine, then present things	471
How blest the sacred tie that binds	216	If human kindness meets return	290
How blest thy creature is O God	13	If life in sorrow must be spent	239
How calm and beautiful the morn	91	If life's pleasures charm thee	285
How can I sink with such a prop	470	If on our daily course our mind	165
How charming is the place	226	If through untroubled seas	260
How condescending and how kind	291	I left the God of truth and light	155
How dear is the thought that the angels	48	I'll praise my Maker with my breath	329
How deep and tranquil is the joy	218	I long to behold him array'd	388
How did my heart rejoice to hear	8	I love thy kingdom, Lord	227
How doth the little busy bee	445	I love to steal awhile away	424
How dread are thine eternal years	175	I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger	404
How firm a foundation ye saints of the	230	I'm but a stranger here	283
How gentle God's commands	260	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	177
How happy are the new-born race	203	In a land of strange delights	431
How happy every child of grace	225	In all my Lord's appointed ways	179
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	377	In all my ways, O God	485
How happy they who safely hous'd	354	In duties and in sufferings too	467
How heavy is the night	194	In evil long I took delight	102
How high thou art, our songs can own	159	In expectation sweet	359
How honorable is the place	482	Infinite leagues beyond the sky	45
How long sometimes a day appears	34	In God's own house pronounce his	8
How lost was my condition	150	I now have found abiding rest	168
How lovely the emblem of faith	475	In silence of the voiceless night	414
How oft, alas, this wretched heart	143	In sleep's serene oblivion laid	419
How oft have sin and Satan strove	466	In songs of sublime adoration and praise	29
How pleasant, how divinely fair	1	Inspirer and hearer of prayer	205
How pleased and blest was I	11	In sweet exalted strains	51
How pleasing is thy voice	432	In the broad fields of heaven	405
How precious is the book divine	21	In the cross of Christ I glory	275
How rich thy favors God of grace	54	In the floods of tribulation	469
How sad our state by nature is	463	In the hour of my distress	267
How shall the young secure their hearts	448	In the sun and moon and stars	364
How short and hasty is our life	105	In time of fear, when trouble's near	246
How sweet and awful is the place	290	In time of tribulation	154
How sweet and heavenly is the sight	225	Into the silent land	356
How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn	9	In trouble and in grief O Lord	249
How sweetly flow'd the Gospel sound	72	In true and patient hope	108
How sweet the hour of closing day	420	In vain our fancy strives to paint	349
How sweet the melting lay	226	In Zion's sacred gates	50
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	191	I send the joys of earth away	161
How sweet to leave the world awhile	4	I sing th' almighty power of God	34
How sweet to reflect on the joys that	409	I stand on Zion's mount	193
How swift the torrent rolls	361	Is this a fast for me	322
How tedious and tasteless the hours	389	Is this the kind return	152
How vain are all things here below	254	I thank thee uncreated sun	137
Humble souls, who seek salvation	480	I thank the goodness and the grace	444
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber	441	I think when I read that sweet story of	442
Hush, the loud cannon's roar	322	I thirst, but not as once I did	167
		It is the Lord enthron'd in light	249
		I travel all the irksome night	352
I am the man that hath seen affliction	356	I want a heart to pray	197
I am weary I am weary	276	I was a wand'ring sheep	196
I asked the Lord that I might grow	135	I worship thee sweet will of God	247
I ask not now for gold to gild	339	I would not live away	378
I can not always trace the way	415		

	PAGE		PAGE
Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light.....	37	Lamp of our feet whereby we trace.....	21
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high.....	53	Let everlasting glories crown.....	447
Jerusalem my glorious home.....	396	Let every mortal ear attend.....	191
Jesus and didst thou condescend.....	144	Let God arise in all his might.....	43
Jesus and shall it ever be.....	159	Let me go, the day is breaking.....	381
Jesus at thy command.....	211	Let me not thou King Eternal.....	369
Jesus blessed mediator.....	383	Let others boast how strong they be.....	257
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour.....	443	Let party names no more.....	227
Jesus demands this heart of mine.....	465	Let saints below in concert sing.....	223
Jesus fall of all compassion.....	249	Let there be light, thus spoke the word.....	304
Jesus I love thy charming name.....	190	Let the still air rejoice.....	338
Jesus immortal King arise.....	288	Let us awake our joys.....	95
Jesus I my cross have taken.....	274	Let us with a joyful mind.....	27
Jesus in sickness and in pain.....	252	Let worldly men, from shore to shore.....	448
Jesus lives and so shall I.....	200	Let worldly minds the world pursue.....	139
Jesus lives, thy terrors now.....	371	Let Zion and her sons rejoice.....	57
Jesus Lord we look to thee.....	228	Let Zion in her King rejoice.....	45
Jesus lover of my soul.....	261	Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	482
Jesus my all to heaven is gone.....	172	Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	100
Jesus my God and Saviour.....	282	Lift not thou the wailing voice.....	371
Jesus my Lord how rich thy grace.....	336	Lift your eyes of faith and see.....	403
Jesus my Lord, my God, my all.....	158	Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.....	90
Jesus my strength my hope.....	294	Light of life seraphic fire.....	14
Jesus our Lord ascend thy throne.....	81	Light of the soul, O Saviour blest.....	235
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	163	Light of those whose dreary dwellings.....	275
Jesus tender Shepherd hear us.....	441	Like morning when her early breeze.....	156
Jesus the Lord of glory died.....	425	Like Noah's weary dove.....	260
Jesus the name high over all.....	183	Like sheep we went astray.....	153
Jesus the sinner's friend to thee.....	292	Little travelers Zionward.....	494
Jesus the very thought of thee.....	142	Lo! God is here let us adore.....	45
Jesus thou art the sinner's friend.....	144	Lo! he comes with clouds descending.....	114
Jesus thou everlasting King.....	161	Lo! he cometh countless trumpets.....	380
Jesus thy boundless love to me.....	171	Lo I beheld the scattering shades.....	398
Jesus thy love shall we forget.....	244	Lone amidst the dead and dying.....	273
Jesus thy robe of righteousness.....	173	Long have I sat beneath the sound.....	448
Jesus to thy dear wounds we flee.....	391	Look from thy sphere of endless day.....	483
Jesus' transporting name.....	83	Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	125
Jesus' tremendous name.....	193	Look ye saints the sight is glorious.....	96
Jesus united by thy grace.....	251	Loosed from my God and far removed.....	136
Jesus, we love this sacred rite.....	476	Lord a little band and lowly.....	443
Jesus where'er thy people meet.....	3	Lord assist us by thy grace.....	494
Jesus while this rough desert-soil.....	466	Lord at this closing hour.....	13
Jesus who knows full well.....	226	Lord deliver, thou canst save.....	331
Jesus who on Calvary's mountain.....	209	Lord dismiss us with thy blessing.....	17
Jesus whose glory-streaming rays.....	166	Lord forever at thy side.....	147
Jews were wrought to cruel madness.....	75	Lord from thy blessed throne.....	326
Join all the glorious names.....	83	Lord how secure and blest are they.....	156
Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.....	411	Lord I am vile, conceiv'd in sin.....	155
Joy to the world the Lord is come.....	68	Lord I can not let thee go.....	264
Joy to those that love the Lord.....	201	Lord in the morning thou shalt hear.....	6
Judges who rule the world by laws.....	320	Lord in thy garden agony.....	73
Just as I am without one plea.....	132	Lord I will bless thee all my days.....	172
Just o'er the grave I hung.....	259	Lord Jesus come for here.....	322
		Lord lead the way the Saviour went.....	387
Keep silence all created things.....	33	Lord let me know my end.....	361
Kindred in Christ for his dear sake.....	217	Lord may the spirit of this feast.....	290
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong.....	37	Lord may thy truth upon the heart.....	5
		Lord of earth thy forming hand.....	385
Laborers of Christ, arise.....	485	Lord of the Sabbath and its light.....	3
Laden with guilt and full of fears.....	21	Lord of the worlds above.....	19
Lamb of God whose bleeding love.....	149	Lord of the worlds below.....	436

	PAGE		PAGE
Lord of the world who hast preserved. . .	422	My Father God, how sweet the sound. . .	153
Lord see what floods of sorrow rise . . .	142	My Father's house on high	361
Lord send thy servants forth.	306	My Father to thy mercy-seat.	257
Lord thou didst arise and say.	309	My feet are worn and weary with the. . .	215
Lord thou hast search'd and seen me. . .	37	My former hopes are fled.	258
Lord thou hast won at length I yield. . .	203	My God accept my early vows	161
Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray. . .	425	My God how endless is thy love.	418
Lord thy glory fills the heaven.	65	My God I love and I adore	53
Lord 't is an infinite delight	183	My God in whom are all the springs. . .	44
Lord what a feeble piece	361	My God my Father, blissful name. . . .	250
Lord what a heaven of saving grace. . . .	77	My God my King thy various praise . . .	40
Lord what a thoughtless wretch was I. .	101	My God, my life, my love	197
Lord what a wretched land is this	257	My God, my portion and my love.	185
Lord when iniquities abound,	324	My God permit me not to be	217
Lord when I quit this earthly stage. . . .	161	My God the covenant of thy love.	143
Lord when my raptured thought surveys. .	34	My God the spring of all my joys. . . .	188
Lord when thine ancient people cried. . .	330	My gracious Lord I own thy right	173
Lord where shall guilty souls retire. . . .	57	My gracious Redeemer I love	205
Lord while for all mankind we pray. . . .	332	My heart lies dead and no increase. . . .	239
Lord with glowing heart I'll praise thee. .	17	My home is in heaven my rest is not. . .	408
Lo! the mighty God appearing	380	My Lord if thou one moment leave. . . .	158
Lo! the prisoner is releas'd.	362	My opening eyes with rapture see	2
Lo! the soul of death is breaking.	383	My refuge is the God of love.	328
Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord	40	My Sabbath suns may all have set. . . .	7
Love divine all love excelling	208	My Saviour can I follow thee.	145
Love, love on earth appears	123	My Saviour let me hear thy voice.	185
Loving shepherd, kind and true.	468	My Saviour my Almighty friend.	182
Lo! what a glorious corner-stone.	162	My Saviour thou thy love to me.	171
Lo! what a glorious sight appears	396	My Shepherd's name is love	211
Lowly and solemn be.	222	My sorrows like a flood	261
Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd.	190	My soul be on thy guard.	192
Make channels for the streams of love. . .	337	My soul come meditate the day	350
Man has a soul of vast desires	101	My soul go boldly forth	277
Many countries have fled.	291	My soul, repeat His praise.	31
Mark'd as the purpose of the skies. . . .	302	My soul review the trembling days. . . .	145
Mary to the Saviour's tomb	112	My spirit longeth for thee.	285
May freedom speed onward wherever . . .	322	My spirit on thy care.	260
May the grace of God our Saviour	16	My spirit sinks within me Lord.	240
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream	477	My sufferings all to thee are known. . . .	185
Meet and right it is to sing.	61	My thoughts on awful subjects roll. . . .	107
Men of God go take your stations	315	My times of sorrow and of joy.	253
Mercy alone can meet my case	141	Nearer my God to thee.	283
Mercy O thou Son of David.	204	New every morning is the love.	419
Messiah at thy glad approach	69	No bitter tears for thee be shed	340
Mid scenes of confusion and creature . . .	408	No change of time shall ever shock. . . .	43
Midst sorrow and care	265	No more, my God, I boast no more. . . .	462
Mighty God while angels bless thee. . . .	65	None loves me Saviour with thy love. . .	168
Mighty one before whose face	26	Not all the blood of beasts.	198
Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven . .	460	Not all the outward forms on earth. . . .	252
Morning breaks upon the tomb.	88	Not for the pious dead we weep.	251
Mortals awake, with angels join	68	Not in the church-yard shall he sleep. . .	348
Mourn for the thousands slain.	332	No track is on the sunny sky.	93
Match in sorrow oft in woe.	403	Not seldom clad in radiant vest.	235
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	214	Not to condemn the sons of men.	459
My country 'tis of thee.	318	Not to the terrors of the Lord.	223
My days, my weeks, my months, my. . . .	130	Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep. .	417
My dear Redeemer and my Lord.	458	Now all chafing fears shall cease.	15
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so? . . .	471	No war nor battle's sound	67
My faith looks up to thee.	222	Now begin the heavenly theme.	206
My Father bids me come.	294	Now be my heart inspired to sing.	328

	PAGE		PAGE
Now be the Gospel banner.....	299	O holy, holy, holy Lord—Thou.....	162
Now for a tune of lofty praise.....	85	O holy Saviour, friend unseen.....	241
Now I have found the ground wherein... 171	171	O how cheating, O how fleeting.....	372
Now host with host assembling.....	317	O how happy are they.....	232
Now in the heat of youthful blood.....	101	O how purely, O how surely.....	440
Now let our cheerful eyes survey.....	87	O how soft that bed must be.....	266
Now let our souls on wings sublime.....	180	O how the thought of God attracts.....	189
Now let our voices join.....	193	O if my Lord would leave the skies....	166
Now that the sun is gleaming bright....	423	O if my soul were form'd for woe.....	103
Now the Saviour standeth pleading....	119	O if there be an hour that brings.....	340
Now to the haven of thy breast.....	244	O it is joy in one to meet.....	225
Now to the Lord a noble song.....	163	O Jesus, life-spring of the soul.....	165
Now to the Lord, that makes us know... 469	469	O Jesus, light of all below.....	187
Now when the dusky shades of night... 421	421	O lay not up on this vain earth.....	390
O angel of the land of peace.....	344	O let my trembling soul be still.....	242
O backward-looking son of time.....	414	O Lord another day is flown.....	424
O bless the Lord, my soul.....	450	O Lord hadst thou been here, but when.	250
O blest are they whom God hath called.. 489	489	O Lord how happy should we be.....	131
O blest Creator of the light.....	416	O Lord I would delight in thee.....	250
O bow thine ear eternal One.....	296	O Lord my best desires fulfill.....	253
O city of the Lord begin.....	306	O Lord our eyes have waited long....	330
O come loud anthems let us sing.....	44	O Lord thy counsels and thy care.....	240
O could I find from day to day.....	184	O Lord thy heavenly grace impart.....	462
O could I speak the matchless worth... 202	202	O Lord we in thy footsteps tread.....	482
O could our thoughts and wishes fly....	184	O love divine how sweet thou art.....	203
O dearest Lamb, take thou my heart....	189	O love of pure and heav'nly birth.....	136
O deem not they are blest alone.....	286	O most delightful hour by man.....	355
O'er the dark wave of Galilee.....	72	O mother dear Jerusalem.....	398
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	315	O my dear Saviour when thy cares.....	143
O'er the realms of pagan darkness.....	315	O my God by thee forsaken.....	276
O exil'd paradise, O how we long for... 405	405	O my soul, what means this sadness....	463
O fairest-born of love and light.....	420	Once I thought my mountain strong....	147
Of all the joys we mortals know.....	163	Once more my soul the rising day.....	423
Of all the thoughts of God that are....	341	One prayer I have, all prayers in one..	253
O for a closer walk with God.....	220	One sole baptismal sign.....	19
O for a faith that will not shrink.....	467	One there is above all others.....	209
O for a glance of heavenly day.....	166	On Jordan's rugged banks I stand.....	412
O for a heart to praise my God.....	464	O no we can not sing the song.....	252
O for a shout of sacred joy.....	86	On the dewy breath of evening.....	430
O for a sweet inspiring ray.....	394	On the mountains' top appearing.....	314
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	177	On the night of that last supper.....	291
O for one celestial ray.....	457	On Thibet's snow-capp'd mountains....	317
O for that tenderness of heart.....	464	Onward Christian thro' the region.....	279
O for the happy days gone by.....	186	Onward, onward men of heaven.....	313
O for those solitary hours.....	343	Oppression shall not always reign.....	307
Oft when the waves of passion rise.....	271	O praise ye the Lord prepare your glad..	48
O gift of gifts, O grace of faith.....	189	O pure reformers not in vain.....	336
O God beneath thy guiding hand.....	303	O render thanks to God above.....	41
O God by whom the seed is given.....	8	O sacred day of peace and joy.....	2
O God my refuge hear my cries.....	249	O sacred head now wounded.....	78
O God of Bethel by whose hand.....	218	O Saviour whose mercy severe in its... 378	378
O God of mercy, hear my call.....	463	O see how Jesus trusts himself.....	336
O God our help in ages past.....	56	O self-existent One in Three.....	449
O God thou art my God alone.....	240	O sing to Him who loved and bled.....	470
O happy day that fix'd my choice.....	292	O sing unto my soul my love.....	91
O happy saints that dwell in light....	394	O sinner bring not tears alone.....	189
O he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken 323	323	O source divine and life of all.....	25
O holy Father just and true.....	330	O spirit freed from earth.....	358
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.....	453	O Spirit of the living God.....	300
O holy, holy, holy Lord—Bright.....	58	O strange infirmity to think.....	341
		O sweet as vernal dews that fill.....	353

	PAGE		PAGE
O tell me thou life and delight of my soul	233	Praise ye Jehovah's name.....	338
O that I could for ever dwell.....	133	Praise ye the Lord immortal choir.....	30
O that I knew the secret place.....	139	Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet.....	104
O that my load of sin were gone.....	135	Prayer is appointed to convey.....	466
O that the Lord's salvation.....	282	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	220
O the delights the heavenly joys.....	412		
O the immense the amazing height.....	42	Quiet from God how beautiful to keep ..	421
O there will be mourning.....	128	Quiet Lord my fioward heart.....	267
O the sweet wonders of that cross.....	133		
O thou Almighty Father.....	213	Raise your triumphant songs.....	199
O thou by long experience tried.....	36	Rejoice for a brother deceas'd.....	389
O thou eternal King most high.....	81	Rejoice in God alway.....	193
O thou eternal source of love.....	255	Rejoice the Lord is King.....	18
O thou from whom all goodness flows... 256		Remember thee,—remember Christ!...	474
O thou holy God come down.....	62	Repent the voice celestial cries.....	105
O thou in whose presence.....	232	Restore O Father to our times restore...	320
O thou the first the greatest friend ..	256	Return my roving heart return.....	345
O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith...	130	Return O wand'rer return.....	104
O thou to whose all-searching sight.....	157	Return O wand'rer to thy home.....	104
O thou who driest the mourner's tears...	245	Ride on ride on in majesty ..	74
O thou who hast spread out the skies ...	389	Rise crown'd with light, imperial Salem...	320
O thou whose own vast temple stands...	298	Rise glorious conquer rise.....	94
O thou whose tender mercy hears.....	254	Rise my soul and stretch thy wings.....	370
O throw away thy rod.....	258	Rise O my soul pursue the path.....	178
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die	121	Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.....	415
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear.....	8	Rock of ages cleft for me.....	110
Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed	93	Roll on thou joyful day.....	326
Our Christ hath reached his heavenly....	141	Roll on thou mighty ocean.....	316
Our country is Immanuel's ground.....	400		
Our country's voice is pleading.....	487	Safely thro' another week.....	14
Our Father in heaven we hallow thy ...	442	Salvation O the joyful sound.....	181
Our heavenly Father calls.....	197	Saviour breathe an evening blessing...	430
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	84	Saviour now receive him.....	364
Our pathway oft is wet with tears.....	245	Saviour of all what hast thou dono.....	137
Our souls by love together knit.....	224	Saviour thy law we love.....	478
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb.....	458	Saviour visit thy plantation.....	275
Our willing feet shall stand.....	13	Saviour when in dust to thee.....	146
O what amazing words of grace.....	103	Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye, etc.....	129
O what stupendous mercy shines.....	305	Say how may earth and heav'n unite...	43
O when shall I see Jesus.....	150	Say sinner hath a voice within.....	101
O when shall we sweetly remove.....	386	Say why should friendship grieve for...	346
O where are kings and empires now....	280	Scorn not the slightest word or deed...	347
O where can the soul find relief.....	408	See daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er.	71
O where shall rest be found.....	109	See from Zion's sacred mountain.....	314
O worship the King all glorious above...	49	See how great a flame aspires.....	308
O ye immortal throng.....	311	See how the mounting sun.....	428
O Zion tune thy voice.....	212	See Israel's gentle shepherd stand.....	492
O Zion when I think of thee.....	286	See the clouds upon the mountain.....	17
		See the leaves around us falling.....	374
Palms of glory raiment bright.....	402	See the light is fading.....	439
Parting soul the flood awaits thee.....	381	See the Lord of glory dying.....	75
Peace to thee O favor'd one.....	281	See the ransom'd millions stand.....	309
Peace troubled soul, whose plaintive ...	243	See the shining dew-drops.....	158
People of the living God.....	266	See the stars from heaven falling.....	382
Perfect in love Lord, can it be.....	243	See th' eternal Judge descending.....	115
Pilgrim burden'd with thy sin.....	112	Self-love no grace in sorrow sees. ...	203
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair.....	182	Send kindly light amid the encircling...	280
Pour blessed Gospel, glorious news for...	320	Servant of God well done.....	359
Praise, everlasting praise be paid.....	45	Shall man O God of life and light.....	342
Praise the Lord who reigns above.....	61	She lov'd her Saviour, and to Him.....	336
Praise the Lord ye heavens adore him...	65	Shepherds hail the wondrous stranger. .	62

	PAGE		PAGE
Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive.....	134	Tarry with me O my Saviour.....	430
Silently the shades of evening.....	430	Teach me my God and King.....	195
Since first thy word awaken'd my heart..	23	Tell me not in mournful numbers.....	272
Since o'er thy footstool here below.....	29	Tell us wand'rers wildly roving.....	118
Sing, sing his lofty praise.....	95	That awful day will surely come.....	106
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name.....	47	That day of wrath that dreadful day....	98
Sing to the Lord most high.....	35	That man in life wherever placed.....	55
Sing to the Lord that built the skies....	43	That mystic word of thine O Sovereign..	215
Sing to the Lord the children's hymn....	494	That warning voice O sinner hear.....	148
Sing ye redeemed of the Lord.....	176	The Almighty reigns exalted high.....	43
Sin like a venomous disease.....	107	The billows swell, the winds are high...	239
Sinner art thou still secure.....	111	The bird let loose in eastern skies.....	185
Sinner come mid thy gloom.....	122	The blessed Spirit, like the wind.....	452
Sinner hear the Saviour's call.....	127	The breaking waves dash'd high.....	319
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown....	459	The broken ties of happier days.....	352
Sinners the voice of God regard.....	105	The bud will soon become a flower.....	221
Sinners, turn, why will you die.....	461	The chariot, the chariot, its wheels.....	121
Sister thou wast mild and lovely.....	395	The countless multitude on high.....	489
Slavery and death the cup contains....	333	The darkened sky how thick it lowers..	237
Slowly by God's hand unfurl'd.....	431	The dawn is sprinkling in the east.....	414
So fades the lovely blooming flower....	345	The day approacheth O my soul.....	106
Soft be the gentle breathing notes.....	167	The day has dawn'd, Jehovah cometh...	484
Softly fades the twilight ray.....	15	The day is past and gone.....	428
Softly now the light of day.....	264	The dead are like the stars by day.....	355
Soil not thy plumage gentle dove.....	423	The deluge at the Almighty's call.....	164
Soldiers of Christ arise.....	192	Thee we adore eternal name.....	107
Some soraph lend your heavenly tongue..	32	Thee will I love O Lord my strength....	241
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	200	Thee with the tribes assembled.....	154
Son of God, our glorious Head!.....	483	The festal morn, my God is come.....	376
Son of the carpenter receive.....	138	The floods O Lord lift up thy voice....	240
Sons of day! arise from slumbers.....	488	The glories of our birth and state.....	344
Sons of men behold from far.....	309	The glorious universe around.....	223
Soon as I heard my Father say.....	54	The great Archangel's trump shall sound.	343
Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest...	397	The harvest dawn is near.....	195
Source of being source of light.....	26	The head that once was crown'd with...	86
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	485	The heavens declare thy glory Lord....	22
Speak gently it is better far.....	334	The leaves around me falling.....	455
Speak with us Lord, thyself reveal.....	153	The Lord descended from above.....	46
Spirit leave thy house of clay.....	363	The Lord how fearful is his name.....	47
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.....	451	The Lord how wondrous are his ways....	42
Spirit of power and might behold.....	306	The Lord into his garden comes.....	376
Stand the omnipotent decree.....	372	The Lord is great, ye hosts of heaven...	49
Stand up and bless the Lord.....	81	The Lord is King, lift up thy voice....	45
Stand up my soul shake off thy fears....	165	The Lord is my shepherd, he makes me..	233
Star of peace to wand'ers dreary.....	369	The Lord is my shepherd, no wants shall I	90
Stay thou insulted Spirit stay.....	134	The Lord is risen indeed.....	92
Still, still with thee.....	214	The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal...	11
Stoop down my thoughts, that use to rise	107	The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne...	19
Stop poor sinner, stop and think.....	127	The Lord my pasture shall prepare....	24
Sweet evening hour.....	419	The Lord my shepherd is.....	197
Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream..	221	The Lord of glory is my light.....	289
Sweet is the task O Lord.....	12	The Lord our God is full of might....	39
Sweet is the time of spring.....	429	The Lord the Judge before His throne..	106
Sweet is the work my God my King.....	1	The Lord will come and not be slow....	335
Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh.....	489	The Lord will come, the earth shall...	342
Sweet Sabbath bells I love your voice...	5	The Lord will happiness divine.....	143
Sweet Sabbath of the year.....	429	The love of the Spirit, O sing.....	455
Sweet the moments rich in blessing.....	209	The mighty angel to whose hand.....	306
Sweet was the time when first I felt....	140	The mighty God who rolls the spheres..	38
Swift as the arrow cuts its way.....	349	The mellow eve is gliding.....	434
		The morning dawns upon the place.....	77

	PAGE		PAGE
The morning light is breaking.....	316	Thou art the way and he who.....	165
The mourners came at break of day.....	341	Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.....	175
The once lov'd form, now cold and dead.....	354	Thou hast been called to God rebellious.....	120
The perfect world by Adam trod.....	297	Thou hidden love of God whose bright.....	137
The pity of the Lord.....	31	Thou hidden source of calm repose.....	171
The Prince of salvation in triumph is.....	323	Thou, Holy Spirit, art.....	453
The promises I sing.....	51	Thou Judge of quick and dead.....	109
The ransomed spirit to her home.....	393	Thou Keeper of a lovely flock.....	472
There is a calm for those who weep.....	317	Thou Lamb once slain, whose flaming.....	139
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	181	Thou Lord who rear'st the mountain's.....	43
There is a glorious world of light.....	401	Thou O Lord in tender love.....	149
There is a happy land far, far away.....	410	Thou O my Jesus thou didst me.....	139
There is a harp whose thrilling sound.....	393	Thou only Sovereign of my heart.....	132
There is a holy city.....	406	Thousands O Lord of hosts to-day.....	247
There is a land my eye hath seen.....	394	Thou sweet gliding Kedron by thy silver.....	71
There is a land of pure delight.....	400	Thou that dost my life prolong.....	431
There is a little lonely fold.....	289	Thou very present aid.....	263
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	243	Thou who art enthron'd above.....	15
There is a place of sacred rest.....	399	Thou whom my soul admires above.....	158
There's a friend above all others.....	270	Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head.....	243
There's nothing bright above, below.....	53	Thro' all the changing scenes of life.....	179
There's nothing round these painted.....	391	Thro' every age eternal God.....	36
There's rest in the grave.....	410	Thro' life's vapors dimly seeing.....	388
The rosy light is dawning.....	20	Thro' sorrow's night and danger's path.....	348
The Saviour calls let every ear.....	103	Thro' the day thy love has spared us.....	207
The Saviour what a noble flame.....	80	Thro' thy protecting care.....	367
The Saviour said yet one thing more.....	298	Throughout the hours of darkness on.....	417
The scene around me disappears.....	66	Thus far the Lord hath led me on.....	418
These glorious minds how bright they.....	399	Thy gracious presence O my God.....	145
The silver chord in twain is snapp'd.....	391	Thy happy ones a strain begin.....	167
The songs of Zion oft impart.....	353	Thy home is with the humble Lord.....	185
The spacious firmament on high.....	25	Thy mercy heard my infant prayer.....	171
The Spirit in our hearts.....	108	Thy way is on the deep O Lord.....	307
The starry firmament on high.....	22	Thy will be done in devious way.....	415
The sun of righteousness on me.....	170	Thy will be done I will not fear.....	239
The swift declining day.....	428	Thy word, O Lord, like gentle dews.....	449
The tempter to my soul hath said.....	241	Time is winging us away.....	370
The time draws nigh when from the.....	350	'Tis a point I long to know.....	472
The voice of free grace.....	379	'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	238
The waters of Bethesda's pool.....	237	'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand.....	426
The winds were howling o'er the deep.....	140	'Tis finish'd so the Saviour cried.....	76
The winter is over and gone.....	205	'Tis God the Father we adore.....	477
The word descending from above.....	159	'Tis God the Spirit leads.....	453
The world eludes my fond desire.....	355	'Tis gone that bright and orb'd blaze.....	416
They pass refresh'd the thirsty vale.....	9	'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow.....	76
They that have made their refuge God.....	53	'Tis my happiness below.....	147
They who seek the throne of grace.....	219	'Tis not the skull of human heart.....	162
These earthly Sabbaths Lord we love.....	2	'Tis religion that can give.....	472
Think gently of the erring one.....	337	To-day the Saviour calls.....	128
This God is the God we adore.....	386	To God the only Wise.....	199
This is the day the Lord hath made.....	6	To heaven I lift mine eyes.....	212
This place is holy ground.....	366	To heaven I lift my waiting eyes.....	219
This world is poor from shore to shore.....	243	To Him who chose us first.....	455
Tho' all the world my choice deride.....	133	To Him who loved the souls of men.....	471
Tho' faint and sick and worn away.....	246	To Jesus the crown of my hope.....	386
Tho' hard the winds are blowing.....	272	To Jordan's stream the Saviour goes.....	469
Tho' now the nations' sits beneath.....	303	To keep the lamp alive.....	231
Tho' sorrows rise and dangers roll.....	169	To-morrow, Lord, is thine.....	359
Thou art gone to the grave.....	379	To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	181
Thou art my hiding-place O Lord.....	221	Toss'd upon life's raging billow.....	275
Thou art O God the life and light.....	24	To thee my God and Saviour.....	151

	PAGE		PAGE
To thee my shepherd and my Lord.....	190	What poor despised company.....	225
To thy pastures fair and large.....	27	What shall I render to my God.....	138
To weary hearts, to mourning homes....	242	What sinners value I resign.....	160
To your Creator God.....	50	What's this that steals upon my frame..	373
Trembling before thine awful throne.....	157	What various hind'rances we meet.....	217
Triumphant Christ ascends on high.....	86	What would we give to our beloved....	341
Triumphant Zion lift thy head.....	300	When adverse winds and waves arise... 243	
'T was God who hurl'd the rolling spheres	33	When all thy mercies O my God.....	54
'T was in the watches of the night.....	247	When as returns this solemn day.....	4
'T was on that dark that doleful night...	77	When at thy footstool Lord I bend....	462
Unheard the dew's around me fall.....	425	When brighter suns and milder skies... 426	
Unite my roving thoughts unite.....	185	Whence do our mournful thoughts arise..	253
Unshaken as the sacred hill.....	250	Whene'er I take my walks abroad.....	445
Unto thine altar, Lord.....	465	When fainting in the sultry waste.....	474
Unvail thy bosom faithful tomb.....	344	When forced to part from those we love.	390
Upon the Gospel's sacred page.....	22	When forth from Egypt's trembling.....	47
Up to the fields where angels lie.....	156	When gathering clouds around I view... 242	
Up to the hills I hit mine eyes.....	52	When God of old came down from.....	93
Wait O my soul thy Maker's will.....	237	When God reveal'd his gracious name... 175	
Wake parents of Israel! O hasten to plead	493	When grief and anguish press me down..	245
Wake the song of Jubilee.....	308	When groves by moonlight silence keep..	235
Walk in the light so thou shalt know... 257		When here O Lord we seek thy face... 296	
Watchman tell us of the night.....	308	When human hopes all wither.....	273
We are a garden wall'd around.....	473	When I can read my title clear.....	261
We are living we are dwelling.....	312	When Israel of the Lord beloved.....	165
Weary'd with earthly toil and care.....	7	When I survey the wond'rous cross.....	74
Wary of wandering from my God.....	136	When I the holy grave survey.....	85
Wary sinner keep thine eyes.....	461	When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay.....	333
Wearied souls that wander wide.....	112	When Jesus' friend had ceased to be... 134	
We bid thee welcome in the name.....	297	When Jordan hush'd his waters still.... 72	
We come to the fountain, we stand by the wave.....	481	When languor and disease invade.....	252
Weep not for the saint that ascends.....	389	When life as opening buds is sweet.... 345	
Weeping sinners, dry your eyes.....	461	When marsh'd on the nightly plain... 168	
We give immortal praise.....	325	When morning's first and hallowed ray.. 422	
Welcome delightful morn.....	19	When musing sorrow weeps the past... 253	
Welcome O Saviour to my heart.....	145	When my Saviour shall I be.....	229
Welcome sweet day of rest.....	12	When O dear Jesus, when shall I.....	467
Welcome thou Star in Judah's sky.....	91	When on Sinai's top I see.....	261
Welcome welcome dear Redeemer.....	208	When on the giddy cliff I stand.....	258
Welcome welcome quiet morning.....	17	When on the midnight of the east.....	420
We love thee, Lord, and we adore.....	55	When overwhelm'd with grief.....	259
We miss thee in thy place at school.... 445		When power divine in mortal form.....	238
We praise thee Lord if but one soul.... 333		When shall the voice of singing.....	317
We're on our journey home.....	407	When shall we all meet again.....	228
We're traveling home to heaven above.. 124		When shall we meet again.....	268
We shall see a light appear.....	407	When sins and fears prevailing rise.... 167	
We speak of the realms of the blest... 387		When soon or late we reach the coast... 492	
We suffer with our Master here.....	377	When spring unlocks the flowers.....	435
We've no abiding city here.....	160	When streaming from the eastern skies.. 427	
We wait in faith, in prayer we wait... 423		When the great Judge supreme and just. 324	
What a strange and wondrous story.... 443		When the harvest is past and the summer. 122	
What blessed examples do I find.....	445	When the last agony draws nigh.....	465
What equal honors shall we bring.....	163	When the spark of life is waning.....	270
Whatever broils disturb the street.....	445	When the vale of death appears.....	374
What glory gilds the sacred page.....	21	When the worn spirit wants repose.....	7
What is life, 'tis but a vapor.....	395	When thou my righteous Judge shalt... 125	
What is our God, or what his name.....	37	When thro' the torn sail the wild.....	71
What is the world, a whirling snare.... 130		When thy mortal life is fled.....	111
		When torn is the bosom by anguish and care.....	483
		When waves of trouble round me swell.. 246	

	PAGE		PAGE
When we our wearied limbs to rest.	238	With my whole heart I'll raise my	324
When wild confusion wrecks the air	351	With silence only as their benediction...	365
When winds are raging o'er the upper ..	214	With songs and honors sounding loud...	426
Where high the heav'nly temple stands..	85	With tearful eyes I look around.....	236
Where O my soul, O where.....	152	With tears of anguish I lament.....	143
Where shall the child of sorrow find....	246	Witness ye men and angels now.....	139
Where the wilderness is lying.....	488	Would Jesus have the sinner die.....	136
"Where two or three" with sweet accord	473	Wretched helpless and distress'd.....	317
Where wilt thou put thy trust.....	262		
While carnal men, with all their might..	472	Yea I will extol thee.....	284
While life prolongs its precious light... 100		Ye angels who stand round the throne ..	387
While nature was sinking in stillness to... 71		Ye boundless realms of joy	436
While now upon the Sabbath eve.....	5	Ye Christian heroes go proclaim.....	300
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by.. 63		Ye dying sons of men.....	210
While through this changing world we ..	349	Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu!	463
While to its grief my soul gave way	230	Ye golden lamps of heaven farewell....	400
While with ceaseless course the sun.....	146	Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm....	105
Whilst thee I seek protecting power	218	Ye humble souls that seek the Lord....	87
Whither goest thou pilgrim stranger.....	382	Ye lands and isles of ev'ry sea	177
Who are these arrayed in white.....	403	Ye nations round the earth rejoice	36
Who are these in bright array.....	402	Ye saints your music bring	83
Who can describe the joys that rise.....	458	Ye servants of God your Master proclaim	48
Who is this fair one in distress.....	236	Ye servants of the Lord.....	195
Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou....	335	Yes, God himself hath sworn	490
Why do we mourn departing friends	350	Yes my native land I love thee	313
Why is my heart so far from thee.....	141	Yes the Redeemer rose.....	82
Why should I join with those in play....	444	Yes we trust the day is breaking.....	315
Why should our tears in sorrow flow....	355	Ye trembling captives hear.....	108
Why should the children of a King.....	55	Ye trembling souls dismiss your fears... 254	
Why should we start and fear to die	343	Ye weary heavy-laden souls.....	397
Why weep for those, frail child of woe... 343		Ye wretched hungry starving poor.....	102
Why will ye lavish out your years	459	Yield to me now for I am weak.....	176
Wilt thou not visit me	277	Yon spot in the church-yard.....	357
With all my powers of heart and tongue.. 42		Young and happy while thou art.....	446
With glory clad with strength array'd... 37		Your harps ye trembling saints.....	194
With his rich gifts the heav'nly dove.... 9			
Within thy courts have millions met ... 3		Zion stands with hills surrounded.....	314
With joy we meditate the grace.....	87		

INDEX OF DOXOLOGIES CHORUSES, HOSANNAHS, ETC.

	METER	PAGE
All glory while the ages run.....	L. M.....	495
All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son.....	11s & 8s.....	49
Blest Trinity, vouchsafe.....	S. M.....	193
By angels in heaven.....	5s & 6s.....	496
Endless praise to our Lord.....		456
Father of mercies, hear our cry.....	C. M.....	391
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.....	8s, 7s, & 4s.....	496
Glory be thine forever.....	7s & 6s.....	282
Glory to Jesus, who returns.....	L. M.....	125
Great Jehovah, we adore thee.....	8s, 7s, & 4s.....	496
Have mercy on us, God Most High.....	C. M.....	221
In hope to join the angel host.....	C. M.....	397, 399
Let God the Father, with the Son.....	C. M.....	495
Lord, when the world is at an end.....	L. M.....	50
May the grace of Christ, the Saviour.....	8s & 7s.....	496
Now to the Father and the Son.....	L. M.....	427, 433
Now to the great and sacred Three.....	L. P. M.....	496
Now to our God, the Father, Son.....	C. M.....	423
O Father Almighty, to Thee be addressed.....	11s.....	496
O may thy grace on us bestow.....	L. M.....	217
O saving Victim, open wide.....	L. M.....	297
O self-existent One in Three.....	C. M.....	449
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.....	L. M.....	495
Praise him who with the Father sits.....	C. M.....	191
Praise and honor to the Father be.....	C. M.....	135
Praise the Father, earth and heaven.....	8s & 7s.....	496
Praise the God of all creation.....	8s & 7s.....	496
Praise the name of God Most High.....	7s.....	496
Praise to the Father with the Son.....	L. M.....	495
Praise to the Father and the Son.....	C. M.....	351
Sing we to our God above.....	7s.....	496
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	C. M.....	495
To God the Father glory be.....	C. M.....	187
To the Father glory be.....	L. M.....	415
To God the Father's throne.....	H. M.....	311
The God of mercy be adored.....	C. M.....	251
The peace which God alone reveals.....	L. M.....	237
Thou art the first, and Thou the last.....	C. M.....	495
Through everlasting ages.....	C. M.....	401
Thus sing the angels, and thus sing we.....	L. M.....	439
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	C. P. M.....	496
To God the Father and the Son.....	L. M.....	495
To God the Father glory be.....	C. M.....	495
To God the Father, God the Son.....	L. M.....	155
To God the Father, Son.....	S. M.....	199
To God the Father's throne.....	H. M.....	117, 435
To Thee be praise forever.....	7s & 6s.....	496
To the great One in Three.....	6s & 4s.....	496
We'll praise thy name forever.....	7s & 6s.....	273
We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee.....	C. M.....	495
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway.....	L. M. Double.....	495
The angels round the throne.....	S. M.....	495

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

ABASEMENT OF SELF.

Backslider, 413, 414, 416, 433, 443.
Blind to God's ways, 477.
Burdened with sin, 411, 434, 452, 456, 461, 470.
Chief of sinners, 405, 479.
Conceived in sin, 430.
Depravity revealed through trial, 410.
Exhausted with sin conflicts, 456.
Fond of earthly toys, 472, 479.
Grace decays, 425.
Hard-hearted, 442, 469, 523.
Harassed with doubt, 456.
Heart-broken and friendless, 479.
Hell-deserving, 330, 406, 435.
Lifeless without Christ, 453, 754.
Prostrate at Christ's feet, 400, 421, 492, 454, 457, 801.
Prostrate at cross, 409, 420, 663.
Prostrate at mercy-seat, 479, 312.
Proud and faithless, 444.
Repentant rebel, 406, 443, 469.
Shame for sin, 401.
Shrouded with ap't. death, 407.
Sin-sick, 463, 490.
Holy Spirit grieved, 405.
Unfaithful, 405, 444.
Ungateful, 432, 443, 444, 469, 1319.
Unsteadfast, 471.
Vile, 383, 432, 447, 457, 480.
Wanderer, 400, 403, 473, 812.
Wary with sin, 411, 434, 452, 456, 470.
Worldless, 399, 446.
Wretch, 421, 433.
Wretched, 393, 901.

ABBA, FATHER, 474, 581, 608, 636, 817, 563.

ABIDE

In me, 677.
Prayer to Christ of old age, 1337.
With us, 537, 673.

ABOUNDING GRACE.

See GRACE OF GOD.

ABRAHAM.

Faith of, 743.

ABSENT

From Christ. See ESTRANGEMENT.

ABSORBED

In Christ, 1031.
 See CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

ACCEPTED TIME, 303, 309.

ACCESS

To God, through Christ, 520, 547, 559, 637.

ACTIVITY

In well-doing, 1345, 1493.

ADMONITION.

Hidden, 375.
Of coming terrors, 402.
Of imminent danger, 353, 362, 367, 378, 386, 388.
To prepare for death, 303, 309, 311, 326, 338.
To prepare for judgment, 343, 345, 349, 350, 360, 362, 373, 388.
To repent, 314, 328, 329, 358, 367, 375, 1419.
 See CALL AND INVITATION.

ADOPTION. See ABBA, FATHER.

Adoration of God, 133-174, 1334-1336.

ADORATION

Of Christ. See PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Of God. See PRAISE TO GOD.

By Angels. See ANGELS.

ADVENT (second), 1187, 1189.

See JUDGMENT DAY.

Advent of Christ, 203-222, 1404-1407.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

Angels at, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 215, 217, 219, 221, 222, 223.

Object of, 1417, 1433.

See COMING OF CHRIST.

ADVERSITY.

God, the light of, 522.

Joy and triumph in, 801.

Relieved by faith, 776.

Relieved by reference to God, 743, 776, 790, 1284.

See AFFLICTIONS.

ADVOCATE.

Christ the, 234, 447, 559.

AFFLICTIONS

Bevalled, 476, 1132, 1219.

Brings to Christ's feet, 789, 1184.

Cheerfulness in, 234, 527, 590, 617, 1177.

Faith in, 193, 543, 753.

Healed by Christ, 372, 543.

Lightened by God's love, 181, 651.

Prayer for escape from, 434, 827, 859.

Real Blessings, 743, 790, 871.

Remember Christ's agony in, 231.

Sweet, 1444.

Trust Christ in, 741, 744, 745, 1854.

See DESPAIR, RESPONDENCY,

SORROW AND TRIALS.

AGE. See OLD AGE.

AGED

Invited to Christ, 851.

Invited to sanctuary, 51.

AGED CHRISTIAN.

Faith of, 1237.

Joy of, 1235.

Praise of, 1233.

AGONY OF CHRIST

On Calvary, 232, 233, 235, 237, 238, 241, 247, 257, 318, 392, 412.

In Gethsemane, 225, 239, 246, 247, 250, 347, 396, 412.

AID. See ASSISTANCE.

ALL

Atonement for, 307, 319, 322, 329, 340, 365, 363, 369, 392.

Give to Christ, 1055.

Invited to praise Christ, 200, 208, 213, 216, 217.

Isaiah, 1172.

Sacrificed for Christ, 873, 879.

ALL IN ALL. See CHRIST.

ALL-SUFFICIENCY

Of Christ, 253, 340, 426, 430, 581, 634.

ALIENATION FROM CHRIST.

See ESTRANGEMENT.

ALMSGIVING, 1043, 1046, 1047.

AMAZING

Grace, 110, 554, 570, 636.

Love of Christ, 233, 323, 331, 452, 455, 571, 579, 862.

ANARCHY, 1031.

ANCHOR.

Anchored to earth, sp't. inv., 481.

Christ the anchor hope, 663.

ANCIENT OF DAYS.

Christ the, 212.

ANGEL.

By the tomb, 1075.

Of the scroll, 967.

ANGELS

Around the throne, 1250, 1255, 1258.

At advent of Christ, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 215, 217, 219, 221, 222, 223.

Attendants on Christ, 286, 951.

Behold the, 705.

Blessed by Christ's presence, 274.

Fullen, 517.

Giving glory to God, 1259.

Greeting saint, 1222.

Invited to praise Christ, 981.

Ministers to Christ, 277, 286, 288, 292, 299, 517.

Ministering spirits, 135, 151, 164, 653, 892.

Song of, 1452.

ANGER OF GOD

Deprecated, 634.

ANOID WITH GRACE, 1293.

ANOIDED.

Christ the, 209.

ANTICIPATION

Of heaven, 1, 2, 1190, 1197, 1193.

APOSTLES

Sent forth, 962.

See DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

ARMOR

Of Christian, not rust, 640.

Of gospel, 466, 513, 526, 612.

ARCHANGELS

Praising Christ, 277, 292, 293, 1274.

See ANGELS.

ARK.

Christ the, 456, 516, 520, 773, 793.

Of God, 533.

Of God's love, prayer for entrance to, 414.

ARMY

Of the Lord, trust in, 589.

ARMS.

Children held in Christ's, 1362.

Everlasting, 552.

ASCENSION

Of Christ, 254, 250, 263, 277, 666.

See THRONE.

ASHAMED

Of Christ, deprecated, 492, 536, 563, 566.

ASPIRATION

For Christ, 402, 404, 466, 495.

For God, 64, 193, 425, 432, 536, 846.

For heaven, 68, 432, 534.

ASPIRATION

For nearness to Christ, 401, 498.
For nearness to God, 191, 585.
For rest, 344.
For peace on Sabbath, 9.
To God in the night watches, 782.

ASSURANCE, 1506.

Of forgiveness, 895, 1463.
Sought for, 1454.

ASSISTANCE OF GOD

In duty implored, 622.
In spiritual conflict, 466, 490, 518, 519, 566, 612.
In trouble, 183, 181, 188, 191, 651, 776, 790, 805.

ASTONISHING. See AMAZING.

ATONEMENT

Essential, 480.
For all, 397, 310, 322, 329, 340, 365, 368, 369, 392.
Gratitude for, 441, 446.
Security of, 257, 393, 409.
Sufficiency of, 258, 346, 426, 490, 634.

Attributes of God, 108-132.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD

Grouped, 495, 1032.
Praised, 163, 166, 170, 178, 179.

ATTRIBUTES

Of Christ exalted, 644.
Of Christ grouped, 202, 212, 218, 399, 607.
Of Holy Spirit, 289.

AUTHOR OF LIBERTY, GOD, 1004.

AUTUMN,

Emblem of Death, 1173, 1384.
Gratitude in, 1328.
Sabbath of the year, 1384.

▲ WARR,

Christian Soldier, 992, 992.
Daughter of Zion, 726.
My soul, 519, 526, 545, 564.
To praise of Christ, 632.
To praise for loving-kind., 545.
For salvation, 575.
To praise for redemption, 207.
To praise God in morning, 1293.
To heavenly prize, 564.
To Sabbath morning praise, 65.

AWAKENING

From the Lord desired, 534, 624, 883.

BACKSLIDER

Confessing, 413, 414, 431, 473, 650.
Penitent and returning, 408, 413, 414, 667, 893.
Praying for restoration, 416, 433, 443.

BALM,

A sovereign, 357, 787.
Of Gilead, 671, 1312.
Of pardoning love, 490.
Must thou a? 1340.

BANDS OF LOVE, 1039, 1264.

BANISHED ONES,

See ESTRANGEMENT.

BANISHMENT FROM CHRIST

Unendurable, 630, 1211.

BANQUET OF LOVE, 1264, 1346.

BAPTISM,

An act of faith, 1470.
After the administration of the ordinance, 928.
Believers constrained to by love of Christ, 1472.
Buried with Christ, 934, 1466, 1468, 1476.
Emblematic done at, 1471.
The emblem of spiritual resurrection, 926, 933, 934.
An expression of the Christian's faith, 1464, 1467, 1470.

BAPTISM,

Following Christ in, 1474, 1477, 1484.

Heartly obedience in, 1465, 1474.

Holy Spirit invoked at, 924, 1471, 1473.

Imitation of Christ in, 925.

Of Christ, 1473.

Of Christ an example to us, 982.

One baptism, 71.

Profession of Christ in, 1477.

Rising with Christ in, 938.

Separation from the world in, 1483.

Sufferings, death, & resurrection of Christ set forth in, 1467.

Symbol of the cleansing blood of Christ, 1466.

A symbol of the washing away of sin, 1481.

A watery grave, 1475.

Worship, 1475.

BARREN FIG TREE, 316.

BARRENNESS,

Spiritual, 407, 425, 488, 754.

BARTIMEUS, 448, 649.

BEARING SHAME

For Christ, 404, 415, 566, 567.

BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the meek, 184.

Blessed are the merciful, 1047.

Blessed are the peacemakers, 1019.

Blessed are the poor in sp., 250.

Blessed are the pure in heart, 1359.

Blessed are the reviled, 970.

Blessed are they that mourn, 774, 905.

Blessed are they who hunger after righteousness, 610.

BEAUTY

Of Christ, 604, 1030.

Of heaven, 101.

Of Zion's messengers, 1040.

BELIEVER,

Burial of, 1087, 1089.

Safe, 1463.

BELIEVERS

In Christ, happiness of, 602, 608, 864, 867.

One with God, 864.

Redeemed, 770, 800, 1241, 1244.

Triumphant death of.

See DEATH-BED OF CHRISTIAN.

Example of lives, 565, 872.

See CHRISTIAN.

BELL,

Not toll for sailor, 1100.

Tolling for death, 1160.

BELOVED OF GOD,

He giveth sleep to, 1073, 1074.

BENEFICENCE

Of Christ, model to Christians, 1043, 1046, 1047.

BEREAVED

Despairing, 10.

Invited to sanctuary, 10, 51.

Of all except Christ, 843, 858.

Penitent, 10.

Separated from friends, 10.

BEREAVEMENT

Borne by faith in God's mercy, 543.

Depicted, 1219.

See AFFLICTIONS.

BETHESDA, 419, 746.

BETHLEHEM,

Charm of, 960.

Not Sinai, 1057.

See ANGELS AT ADVENT OF CHRIST.

Bible, The, 74-80, 1878-1883.

BIBLE

Extolled, 74-77, 1376, 1881, 1882.

Guide to salvation, 895.

Inspiration of, 75, 76.

See GOSPEL.

Love for, antidote of error, 1376.

Riches of, 1878.

Sacred stream, 178.

Source of true knowledge, 1878.

BIRTH OF CHRIST. See CHRIST.

BIRTH-PLACE,

Of Christ, 206, 214.

BLESSED,

Christians are, 2, 35.

Place, Zion is, 31, 32, 43.

Who die in Lord, 1151, 1168.

See BEATITUDES.

See DEATH OF CHRISTIAN.

BLESSEDNESS OF

Christian unity, 708-710, 716.

Gospel, 74-82.

Gospel times, 518, 1009.

Of knowing the Gospel, 1382.

Prayer, 686.

Public worship, 1-78.

Sons of God, 564.

BLESSINGS

All from Christ, 604, 606, 792, 797.

Naught without Christ, 1201, 1211.

See CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

Of Children, 1367, 1372.

Of Christ, free, 550.

Of Christians, 602-608, 864, 867.

Of forgiveness, 620.

Of mercy-seat, 733.

Of Sabbath, 11, 12.

BLIND,

Christ gives sight to, 448, 649.

BLINDNESS DEPICTED, 407, 477.

BLISS

Of heaven. See HEAVEN.

BLOOD OF CHRIST

Cleansing, 806, 846, 898, 480, 573, 634.

Efficacy of, 398, 634.

Essential, 346, 407, 450.

Fountain of, 573, 1404.

Precious, 387, 399, 426, 668.

A ransom, 355, 387, 426.

Security of, 355, 399, 409.

BOASTING

Excluded. See ABASEMENT.

BOND

Of perfections, love is, 710.

One in Christ with, 718.

BONDS,

Love only true, 1039.

Sweet, 1264.

BONDSMAN. See SLAVE.

BONDAGE

To sin, escaped from, 82.

To sin, power of, 459, 1087, 1089.

To sin, prayer for escape from, 411, 444, 468.

To sin, remov. by Christ, 461, 463.

BOOK OF LIFE, 111.

BORN

In sin, 480.

Of God. See NEW CONVERT.

BOSOM

Of Christ, 647.

Of God, home of the soul, 1265.

Of Jesus, a refuge, 771, 837.

Prayer for rest in, 1329.

Rest upon in heaven, 1266.

Sin, 693.

BOUNDLESS

Love of Christ, 233, 251, 541.

Majesty of God, 105.

BOUNTY

Of God, 31, 113, 182, 1851.

BOW OF PROMISE, 776.

- BOWING**
At Jesus' feet, 400, 1154.
Before God, 737, 1315.
 See PROSTRATE.
- BOY**
Death of, 1071, 1072.
- BREAD OF HEAVEN**
Bible is, 76.
Christ is, 865, 888.
- BREAST**
Of Jesus a refuge, 771, 887.
- BREATH**
Of Holy Spirit essential, 481, 483.
- BREVITY**
Of life. See LIFE FLEETING.
- BRIGHTNESS**
Of heaven. See HEAVEN.
- BROAD**
The sinner's road, 810.
- BROKENNESS**
Of heart, 1432. See PENITENCE.
- BROTHER**
Death of, 1149, 1183, 1199, 1210.
- BROTHERHOOD**
Of man, 83, 1009, 1015, 1038, 1050, 1315.
- BROTHERLY LOVE**, 710, 718.
- BRUITED REED**
Christ will not break, 408.
- BURDEN**
Of sin, rest from, 305, 807.
- BURDENS**
Borne by Christ, 464, 835.
Cast on God, 791.
Experienced by Christ, 791.
Mutually shared, 710, 716, 721, 1067.
Of sin laid on Christ, 452, 456.
Patience under, 1067.
 See AFFLICTIONS.
- BURDENED SINNER**
Confession of, 411, 434, 452, 456, 461, 470.
Invited to Christ, 353, 356, 364, 367, 369, 372, 392.
- CALL TO SINNERS**
From dark ways of sin, 329, 367.
In view of judgment, 388.
Long unheeded, 481.
Through Providences, 375.
To Christ the fountain, 340.
To Christ the new born king, 210.
To Christ the sacrifice, 348.
To escape destruction, 462.
To immediate repentance, 323, 358.
To repentance and gospel feast, 375. See ADMONITION and INVITATION.
- CALLING**
Our Christian, 622.
- CALM**
*From national troubles im-
 plored*, 978.
Of Christ's presence, 223.
 See SERENITY.
- CALVARY**, 800, 847, 408, 403.
 See CRUCIFIXION.
- CANAAN**
Fair fields of, 1246, 1272.
Heavenly, 1220, 1246, 1247, 1272.
- CAPTAIN**
Christ our, 518, 618, 633, 704.
- CAPTIVES**
Set free, 32, 1036, 1037.
 See BONDAGE and SLAVES.
- CAPTIVITY**
Led captive, 82, 278-280.
- CARE**
Praise to God for, 135.
- CARES**
Dispelled by faith, 602.
- CARES**
Lightened by hope of heaven, 808.
Relieved by Christ, 805, 835.
 See BURDENS & AFFLICTIONS.
- CARETAKER**, GOD A, 889, 896.
- CENTER**
Christ is the, 86.
Of heaven, Christ the, 1249, 1261, 1274.
- CEREMONIES**
Outward, vain, 14, 398.
- CHAMPION OF JESUS**
Death of, 1103, 1138, 1139.
- CHAMPIONS**
Of freedom, 1005-1007, 1056.
- CHANGE**
Produced by gospel, 78, 79, 513.
- CHANTS**
In affliction, 1132.
Immortality, 1134.
Burial service, 1134.
Condemnation of guilty, 373.
Death of children, 934.
Death of Christ, 238.
Humble supplication, 374.
*Invocation of Father, Son, and
 Holy Ghost*, 674.
Mary at the cross, 236, 237.
Silent land, 1131.
They will be done, 1284.
- CHARIOT**
Of love bears up to heaven, 1346.
*Of God, surrounded by light-
 ning*, 139.
- CHARITY**
Enjoined, 1062.
Extolled, 493, 1052, 1445.
- CHART**
Bible our, 76.
- CHASTENING**. See AFFLICTIONS.
- CHEER OF CHRIST'S PRESENCE**, 234, 527, 590, 617, 1177.
- CHEER UP**, 284, 1177.
- CHEERFULNESS**
Approved, 527, 617.
- CHERUBIM LEGIONS**, 217, 235, 238, 202.
- CHERUBIM AND SERAPHIM**
At Christ's birth, 215.
Praise God, 1352.
- CHIEF OF SINNERS**, 405, 479.
- CHIDING ONE'S-SELF**
 See ABASEMENT.
- CHILD**
Death of, 1069, 1071, 1072, 1094, 1127, 1135, 1136, 1136.
Departed, 1874.
Grave of, 1183, 1156.
Piety of, 1510.
Prayer of, 596.
Should hate profanity, 1369.
- Children's Hymns**, 1364-1374, 1507-1515.
- CHILDREN**
Around the throne, 1276.
Blessings of, 1367, 1372.
Christ as a child, example to, 1364, 1373.
Christ took in arms, 1362, 1512.
Evening hymns for, 1360.
Fraternal love for, 1371.
God sees, 1365, 1368.
The children's hymn, 1517.
Industry inculcated for, 1370.
Innocence of, 1353, 1359.
Invited to come to Christ, 1507, 1511, 1512.
Lord's prayer for, 1363.
Parental prayer for, 1509, 1514.
Petition of, 1049.
Story of Christ for, 1366.
Sweeter than morning or spring, 1335.
- CHOSEN PEOPLE**
God merciful of, 1200.
Nations blessed on account of, 153.
Cared for everywhere, 185.
 See CHRISTIANS.
- CHRIST**
Adoration of from all, 243, 258-260.
The Advocate, 284, 447, 559.
Agony of. See AGONY.
All in all, 332, 398-402, 404, 422, 429, 439, 449, 451, 482, 541, 542, 544, 549, 587, 597, 623, 730, 792, 1201, 1203.
All-sufficient, 258, 346, 426, 480, 531, 634.
The ancient of days, 212.
The anointed, 209.
The ark, 456, 516, 520, 773, 793.
Ascension of, 254, 256, 265, 277, 666. See THRONE.
Atonement of. See ATONEMENT.
Attributes of, grouped, 202, 212, 218, 399, 607.
Beauty of, 614, 1030.
Birth of, 203, 204, 206, 208-210, 215, 223.
Birth-place of, 206, 214.
Blessings all from, 614, 606, 792, 797.
Body and blood of, 927.
Blood of. See BLOOD.
Bosom of, 647.
The bread of heaven, 865, 888.
The burden bearer, 464, 835.
Call to worship, 210.
The captain, 518, 618, 633, 704.
The caretaker, 805, 835.
The center, 861.
The center of heaven, 1249, 1261, 1274.
The children's Saviour, 1517.
The comforter, 757, 779, 805.
Coming to judgment, 1443.
Compassion of, 1411.
 See COMPASSION.
Condescension of, 204, 207, 208, 212, 222, 227, 230, 436, 446, 448, 1406.
The conqueror over death, 235, 238, 267, 276-278, 280, 283, 1960.
The corner-stone, 507.
Creative words of, 959.
Death, his presence in, 1433.
Death of, 242, 245-248, 250, 251, 300, 381.
The defender, 890, 896.
The deliverer from chains, 265.
The deliverer from sin bondage, 461, 463.
The deliverer of God's people, 661, 760.
Desertion of, 240.
Desire of all nations, 1200.
Desired at sanctuary, 13, 14.
Divinity of, 214, 240, 243, 260.
Doing all for me, 381.
Electing love of, 1443.
Entering Jerusalem, 234.
Equal with the Father, 1293.
 See DIVINITY.
Estrangement from.
 See ESTRANGEMENT.
Example, 250, 347, 1043, 1046, 1050, 1063, 1410.
*Example of how to pray, to die,
 etc.*, 347.
Example to children, 1364, 1373.
Expulsion of, 473, 634, 662, 665.
Forgiveness from, 307, 318, 392, 443. See ATONEMENT.
Forerunner, 230.

CHRIST

The foundation of the church, 913.
The fountain, 723, 837.
The friend, 665, 722, 744, 850, 867, 1323.
Gives sight to blind, 448, 649.
Glory to. See GLORY TO CHRIST.
The guest in the heart, 904.
The guide, 704, 815, 1194.
Hailed by shepherds,
 See SHEPHERDS.
Help. See ASSISTANCE.
The high priest, 209, 258, 272.
Homeless, 227.
The hope, 640, 786.
Humiliation of, 666.
Imitation of, 1439.
In affliction, cheering presence of, 284, 527, 590, 617, 1177.
Incaruate God, 199, 207, 496, 599.
The Intercessor, 250, 280, 284, 299, 392, 603.
Is love, 232.
The joy, 259, 268, 269, 293, 296, 427, 642.
Joy at advent of, 216-219.
Joy at reign of, 216.
Joy of Israel, 204.
The keeper of the flock, 1452.
Kingdom of. See THRONE.
Knocking, 894.
The lamb. See LAMB.
The leader, 515, 720.
His life and ministry, 1410.
The life, 642.
The light, 50, 450, 485, 593, 630, 613, 736.
The light to blind, 218.
The light to Gentiles, 204.
The light of Zion, 437, 672.
Likeness to, longed for, 903, 904.
Long-suffering of, 304, 351, 371, 374, 387, 408.
Longed for, 401, 402, 404, 413, 416, 420, 423, 425, 460, 485.
Looks of glorious, 509, 510, 582, 714, 730.
Love of. See LOVE.
Love and truth, 415.
Loving-kindness of, 545.
The loving Shepherd, 1442.
The mediator, 447, 514, 571.
Meekness of, 230, 245, 250.
The memory of, 1460.
Mission of, 218.
The most high, 211.
Names of, 339, 533, 540.
 See NAME OF CHRIST.
Nature and name of, is love, 538, 539.
Neatness to invoked, 401, 438, 799, 1051.
Not break bruised reed, 408.
The only Saviour, 346, 367, 435.
Parting with all for, 1425.
Passion of, 225, 226, 231, 239, 246, 390, 412.
Patience of, 230, 555, 862.
The physician, 390, 419, 465, 671, 855.
The pilot, 684, 750, 771.
Pity of, 407, 408, 454, 457.
Praise to. See PRAISE.
Prayer to. See PRAYER.
Preaching of, 229.
Preciousness of, 243, 259, 366, 404, 439, 603, 605.
Predicted by prophets, 204.
Presence of at little prayer-meeting, 1457. See PRESENCE.
Priesthood of, 250.
The prince of life, 217, 512.
The prince of light, 215.

CHRIST

The prince of peace, 202, 203, 218, 220, 223, 721, 863, 901.
The prince of Salem, 228.
A ransom, 335, 387, 426, 496.
Reconciliation of and through, 665, 669, 839.
A refuge,
 See ARK & REFUGE, CHRIST A.
Reliance in. See RELIANCE.
The relief from trials, 679, 772, 779, 805.
The relief in sickness, 806.
The repose in, 452, 460, 544.
The rest, 228, 305, 307, 355-357.
Resurrection of,
 See RESURRECTION.
Return of invoked, 430, 433.
Revelation of to heart, 205.
Righteousness of, 1424.
 See RIGHTEOUSNESS.
A rock, 440, 614, 758.
The rock of ages, 346, 552.
Rules on high, 265-267, 269, 270, 279, 293.
The sacrifice, 250. See SACRIFICE.
Salvation through,
 See SALVATION.
Second coming of, 1070, 1187, 1189.
The shepherd, 281, 473, 489, 670, 1442, 1452, 1511.
Sinners should look to, 1420.
Story of, 1366.
Story of amazing, 204.
Substance of Levitical priesthood, 254.
Sufferings of, 417, 441.
The sun, 203, 418, 643.
Support in death, 779, 1084.
Supreme, 295-297, 301, 437, 432, 513, 551, 561, 909.
Sure, 737.
The sure support, 725.
The surety, 609.
The sustainer, 848.
The sympathy of, 265, 270-272.
Tears of, 407, 801, 1481.
The trust, 640, 786.
 See TRUST IN CHRIST.
Thrice holy, 201, 211, 214.
Throne of. See THRONE.
Trial of, 245.
Triumph of. See TRIUMPH.
Unequaled, 644, 652, 658, 739, 755, 757, 1323.
Union with. See UNION.
The universal Lord, 212.
Universal praise to. See PRAISE.
Visions of, 536.
Voice of charming, 590, 730.
Vows to serve. See VOWS.
Walking on sea, 868.
The way, 520, 547.
Weeping over sinners, 1491.
The well-beloved Son, 214.
The Word, 199, 207, 496, 969.
Worthy the Lamb. See LAMB.
Yoke easy, 305, 372, 411.
Christian Experience, 401-907, 1422-1468.
 CHRISTIAN,
Assurance of, 1506.
Borne above troubles, 588.
Confides in Christ's name, 563.
Death of, 1098, 1104, 1106, 1125, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1150, 1153, 1162, 1168, 1169, 1158.
Depth of peace, 675, 676, 689, 695.
Dying, welcomes heaven, 1277.
Heaven the reward of, 712.
Hops of, 703, 712, 716.
Joy at release of by death, 1150.

CHRISTIAN

Perseverance, 469, 418, 423, 892, 1256.
Race, 998.
Stability prayed for, 1422.
 CHRISTIANS
Are soldiers, 612, 618, 688.
Blest, 2, 85.
Blessings of, 864, 867.
Conduct of, 506.
God's special care, 183-185.
Journey of, refreshing, 85.
Joys of. See JOYS.
Kings and priests, 577, 1448.
Life of, prayer, 1437.
Mutual sympathy of, 680, 1046, 1047.
One flesh, 44.
One with God, 864.
Their privileges & possessions, 1450.
Reign with Christ, 577.
Rich though poor, 711.
Temples of God through the Spirit, 1387.
Union of. See UNION.
Unity of, 11, 71, 718, 802.
Victory of sure, 614.
Victory of through Christ, 612, 613, 618, 638.
Victory over doubts and death, 1271.
Victory over trials, 907.
Wants of, 631, 930.
Willing subjects, 608.
 See BELIEVERS.
 CHRISTIANITY,
 See GOSPEL and THRONE.
 CHURCH
Beloved of God, 988, 989.
Blood of martyrs seed of, 1497.
Contentions of deprecatd, 438.
Dedication of, 985, 988, 940.
The garden of Christ, 1458.
Invisible, 913.
Love for, 717.
Low state of dep'd, 804, 816, 888.
Militant and triumphant, 1447.
Ordinances of divine appointment, 1447.
Review of promised by Christ, 751, 816.
Safety of, 1485.
Secure, 44.
Spouse, 740.
Strangers invited to survey, 1886.
Upbuilding desired, 751, 897, 908.
 CITY
Of our God, 988.
The heavenly, 1203, 1233.
 See JERUSALEM, ZION, HEAVEN.
 CITIZENS OF ZION, 48.
 CLEANSING BLOOD OF CHRIST,
Efficacy of, 306, 480, 573, 634.
Implored, 346, 480, 498.
Trusted in, 398, 634.
 CLEANSING OF HOLY SPIRIT, 624.
 CLOUD OF WITNESSES, 564.
 CLOUDS
Of guilt chase away, 1827.
Sent by God, 1825.
 CLOSE
Of life will be light, 682, 1070.
Of the day, 637, 1348.
Of the Sabbath, 15, 19.
Of the year, 1112, 1167.
Of the year reminds of joys past, 1334.
 COLDNESS
Lamented, 472, 624, 816, 838.
 See ABASMENT.
 COLPORTEUR
Encouraged & prayed for, 1490.

- COME.** See INDEX OF FIRST LINES, CALL TO SINNERS, and INVITATION.
- COMFORT.**
Deprived of (chant), 1182.
Of Holy Spirit invoked, 860.
To bereaved in immortality, 1174, 1179.
- COMFORTER.**
Christ the, 757, 779, 805.
Holy Spirit the, 197, 199, 201, 1400.
- COMING OF CHRIST**
Anticipated, 686, 1000, 1053, 1263.
Gentle, 290.
Hailed, 491, 1001.
Invoked, 1200.
New life comes with, 220.
Second, 1079, 1187, 1189.
- COMING TO CHRIST**
Just as I am, 393, 399.
- COMMANDS**
Of God plain, 46.
- COMMISSION OF CHRIST**, 902.
- COMMUNION**
Joy in Christian. See JOY.
Of saints sweet, 1264.
Title. See SACRAMENT.
With Christ, 629, 937.
With God, 695, 696.
With God in night watches, 782, 1273, 1290.
With God morning, evening, and midnight, 1309, 1330.
- COMPANY**
Of saints cho'n, 504, 705-709, 1264.
- COMPASSION OF CHRIST**
For fallen race, 208.
For sinful worms, 207, 436, 446.
Moves to penitence, 871.
Prayer for, 448, 454, 457.
Seen in death, 387, 1411.
Seen in his meekness, 230.
Seen in his poverty, 227.
Seen in his tears, 351, 407.
Seen in smiles of mercy, 374.
Shines from Christ's eyes, 190.
- COMPASSION OF HOLY SPIRIT**, 1403.
- COMPENSATION FOR SORROW**, 905.
- COMPLAINTS.** See AFFLICTIONS.
- CONDEMNATION**, 373.
 See SIN and SINNERS.
- CONDEGRATION**
Of Christ. See CHRIST.
- CONFESSION**
Of burdened sinners, 411, 434, 452, 456, 461, 470.
Of estrangement from Christ, 430, 433, 479.
 See ABASMENT, PENITENCE, and TEARS FOR SIN.
- CONFIDENCE**
In Christ, 265, 546, 568, 725, 786.
In God, 673, 692, 756, 753, 760, 767, 773.
- CONFLICT**
Grave, a rest from, 1162.
Of life, 466, 513, 519, 566, 611, 612.
Of right and wrong, 982.
Perseverance in.
 See PERSEVERANCE.
Through life, 611, 612.
Valley of, 1264.
Victory in. See VICTORY.
Within, exhausted by, 456.
- CONQUERORS**
Beliensers are, 566, 612.
Christ in. See PRAISE TO CHRIST.
- CONSCIENCE**
Prayer for peace of, 186.
Outspoken by God's word, 27.
Healed by Christ, 694.
- CONSECRATION**
Of new convert, 873.
Of young man to Christ, 941.
To Christ, 549, 604.
 See VOWS TO CHRIST.
To freedom, 1017.
 See DEDICATION.
To God unreserved, 1446.
- CONSOLATION**
God is, 183, 191, 822, 825, 849.
Christ is, 254, 527, 590, 617, 1177.
 See RESIGNATION.
- CONSTANCY**
To the end, reward with crown, 870. See COURAGE.
- CONTENTIONS**
Of Christians deprecated, 488.
Of Christians healed by love, 488.
- CONTENTMENT**, 836, 857.
 See RESIGNATION.
- CONTRITION.** See PENITENCE.
- CONVERSION**
Essential, 461.
Of Jews, 955.
Supplanted, 103.
 See NEW CONVERT.
- CONVICTED**
Urged to Christ, 372.
- CONVICTION**
By Holy Spirit, 1397.
Of sin, 421, 452, 461, 543, 628, 692, 691.
- CORNER-STONE.**
Christ the, 507.
Zion built on, 507.
- CORONATION**
Of Christ, 551, 664.
 See GLORY TO CHRIST.
- CORRUPT**
Nature from Adam, 490.
- COUNTRY**
Our heavenly, 1220, 1246, 1247, 1272. See NATIVE LAND.
Our, pleading with us, 1493.
Parental prayer for youth of, 1514.
Religious destitution of our, 1459, 1501.
- COURAGE**
Because Christ lives, 640.
Because of angel help, 692.
By thought of God, 600.
Hearing Christ's voice, 863.
Implored, 566.
In dark hours, 519, 970.
In view of heaven, 513, 613, 722, 870.
In view of Christ's rightness, 578.
In view of God's might, 519, 612.
- COURSE**
Of Christian uncovering, 566, 588, 870.
- COURTS**
Earthly. See SANCTUARY.
Heavenly. See HEAVEN.
- COVENANT OF GOD**, 453.
Hops in the, 1435.
- CRADLE HYMN**, 1361.
- CREATION**
Praise for, 100, 103, 106, 142, 146.
Songs at, 933.
- CREATOR**
Christ the, 142, 930.
God the, 87, 89, 93, 98, 103, 192, 136, 142.
- CROSS**
(Ting to), 409, 463.
Crown beheld through, 372.
For every one, 770.
Glory in, 233, 257, 427, 692.
Inclement to penitence, 567, 590.
Mary at, 236, 287.
- CROSS**
Preach the, 977.
Prostrate before, 409, 420, 663.
The center, 233, 237, 241, 257, 269, 409.
The cure for sorrow, 372, 895.
 See CRUCIFIXION.
- CROSSES**
Reasons for, 410.
 See AFFLICTIONS.
- CROWN**
For Christian, 770.
Of victory, 614, 618.
Put on Christ, 551, 664.
 See CONQUERORS.
- CRUCIFIXION**, 232, 233, 235-238, 241, 251, 318, 392, 412.
- CUMBERBEE**
Of the ground, 1297.
- CURSE**
Of sin.
Removed by Christ, 634.
 See SIN.
- DAILY DEVOTION.** See WORSHIP.
- DANGER**
Of sinners imminent, 353, 362, 367, 378, 386, 388.
- DANGERS.**
Courage in. See COURAGE.
- DARKNESS**
Faith in, 776, 1021.
 See AFFLICTIONS.
Of God's withdrawal, 592.
 See ESTRANGEMENT.
- DAWN**, 1279, 1281, 1313.
- DAY**
Close of, 657, 1348.
Death, dawn of, 1116.
Of forgiveness past, 379.
Of freedom invoked, 1034, 1085.
Of Pentecost, 291.
Of resurrection, 1109, 1144, 1154, 1170, 1240.
Of small things not despised, 408.
 See JUDGMENT-DAY.
Lord's, 25, 30, 40, 41.
Strength equal to, 765, 767.
Thanksgiving hymn for, 1328.
- DAT-SPRING**
Hailed, 979, 980, 986, 993, 996.
- DRACONS PRAYED FOR**, 1487.
- DEAD**
In sin till Christ gives light, 488.
Who die in the Lord, 1136.
- DEATH**
Admonition to prepare for, 308, 309, 311, 326, 335.
At sea, 1100.
Autumn, emblem of, 1173, 1334.
Bed of Christian, 1169, 1172, 1177, 1173, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1220, 1221, 1245, 1254, 1277, 1394, 1433.
Bed of young Christian, 1175.
Best hour of life, 1125.
Of boy, 1071, 1072.
Of brother, 1149, 1183, 1199, 1210.
Of champions of Jesus, 1103, 1133, 1139.
Of a child, 1069, 1071, 1072, 1127, 1135, 1136.
Of children, 1094, 1097, 1125, 1150, 1153.
Of Christ, 242, 245-248, 250, 251, 300, 331, 695.
 See CALVARY and CRUCIFIXION.
Of Christian, 1093, 1104, 1106, 1125, 1137-1139, 1150, 1159, 1162, 1168, 1169, 1186.
Christ's support in, 779, 1084, 1439.
Christ's presence at, 1176.
Conquered by Christ, 235, 238, 264, 276-273, 280, 283, 1080.

DEATH,

- Dawn of day*, 1116.
A deliverer, 497, 498.
Easy for old age, 1093.
Entrance to silent land, 1131.
Everywhere, 1114.
Fear not, 276, 283, 818, 1084.
Guin, 1130.
Gate of heaven, 182, 1198.
Glory to Christ for victory over, 260, 276, 280, 283, 561.
Gentle, 1129.
God's presence at implored, 701.
Gone before, 1096.
Inminent, 898, 858, 862, 878, 886, 877, 1110.
Impartial, 1088.
Inevitable, 1142.
Like sunset, 1102.
Like winter, 1113.
Link to heaven, 1126.
Made sweet by Christ, 1084, 1433.
Not mourn at, 1108, 1186.
Of a missionary, 1209.
Of a sister, 1231.
Of all except soul, 817, 837, 801, 1101, 1134, 1158, 1159.
Of loved one, 1121, 1157.
Of martyrs, 1497.
Of young Christian, 1097, 1124.
Pleading the death of, 1427.
Portal of life, 182, 1198.
Rest, 1099.
The River Jordan, 1246, 1272.
Sleep in Jesus, 1095, 1106.
Spiritual, shrouded with, 407.
Takes from evil to come, 1123.
Welcome, 893.
Winter, emblem of, 1113.
- DECEPTION, SELF, 1418.
- DECEASES SURE, 1352.
- DEDICATION
- Of church*, 935-938, 940.
Of Sabbath to prayer, 28, 24.
Of self to Christ, 646, 878.
 See CONSECRATION.
- DEFENSE
- From Satan*, 552.
God a, 60, 144, 183, 673.
Christ a, 890, 896.
- DELAY,
- Come to gospel feast without*, 322.
Sinners warned against, 313, 314, 821, 324, 328, 329, 358, 362, 367, 875, 878.
- DELIGHT. See JOY.
- DELIVERANCE
- Through Christ*, 661.
Through death, 497, 498.
Of land from slavery, 1084, 1085.
- DELIVERER,
- Christ a*, 205, 461, 463, 661, 760.
God a, 760, 777, 778.
Holy Spirit a, 197.
- DEPLETIONS
- Of earth*, 479, 814, 1215.
- DENY THYSELF, 648. See VOWS.
- DEPARTED ONES,
- Not recall*, 1160, 1271.
Now, 1236.
In heaven, 1260.
Remembered at eve, 1336, 1337.
Where? 1243.
- DEPRIVED
- To heaven at hand*, 1237, 1238, 1245.
- DEPENDENCE
- On Christ*, 514.
On God, 145, 152, 515.
- DEPLORINGS
- For estrangement from Christ*, 443, 459, 503, 638, 684, 732.

DEPRIVITY, 1426. See ABASEMENT.

DESCENT

- Of God invoked*, 754.
Of God praised, 760.
Of Holy Spirit,
 See HOLY SPIRIT.
Of New Jerusalem, 1208, 1217, 1234, 1262.

DESERTION OF CHRIST, 240.

DESOLATION

- Of church howlled*, 804, 816, 883.
Relieved by God's presence, 181.

DESPAIR,

- Christ remedy for*, 440, 529, 532, 533, 543, 750, 760, 868.
Deprecated, 477.
Of bereaved, 10.

DEPENDENCY

- Cured by faith*, 808, 830.
Deplored, 816, 816, 856.
On account of Zion, 804.
Relieved by Christ, 751, 753, 777.

DEVOTION. See WORSHIP.

DILIGENCE IN DUTY, 1494.

DIRECTION. See GUIDANCE.

DISAPPOINTMENTS

- Wean from life*, 1184.
 See ADVERSITY.

DISCONSOLATE

- Invited to Jesus*, 872, 865.
 See AFFLICTIONS.

DISCOURAGEMENTS,

- Christ cure for*, 229, 866, 902.
God the relief of, 181, 193.
Reason for, 410.

DISEASE OF SIN, 336, 465, 480.

DISMISSION

- Of congregation*, 19, 21, 22, 49, 63.

DISQUIETUDE REBUKED, 188.

DISSATISFACTION

- With the world*, 472, 479, 854, 1215.

DISTANCE

- From God*. See ESTRANGEMENT.

DISTINGUISHING

- Grace*, } See AMAZING.
Love, }

DISTRUST

- Deplored*, 616.
Of one's religion, 831.
 DIVINITY OF CHRIST, 214, 240, 243, 260, 1293.

DISSOLUTION

- Of all things*,
 See JUDGMENT-DAY.

DOMINION

- Of God*. See THRONE.
Christ, 1081.
Restless soul like Noah's, 833.

DOUBTS

- Dispel'd by God's love*, 1277, 1283.
Harassed with, 456.

DOXOLOGIES,

- Pages 11, 13, 17, 25, 29, 49, 59, 117, 135, 155, 185, 187, 191, 193, 199, 203, 217, 221, 237, 243, 251, 273, 297, 311, 391, 397, 399, 401, 415, 423, 427, 446, 447.*

DROUGHT,

- Spiritual*, 889. See CHURCH.

DULNESS OF HEART, 831.

DUTIES

- Done for Christ*, 423, 464.
Done for God, 623.
Illumined by love, 621, 695, 623.
Of life, 622.

DWELLING

- With Christ*. See UNION.

EAR OF GOD OPEN, 11.

EARLY

- Death*, 1127, 1135, 1196.
Piety, 1255, 1362, 1364, 1367, 1373.

EARTH

- Hollow with graves*, 1114.

- Home, none on*, 1265, 1266.

- See WORLD.

EFFICACY

- Of atonement*, 258, 846, 426, 480, 684.

- ELECTION, 1402, 1448.

EMANIPULATION,

- Universal, invoked*, 1017, 1027, 1028, 1084-1086.

ENCOURAGEMENT,

- Because Christ hears prayer*, 715.
Because Christ is advocate, 559.
Because Christ reigns, 560.
Because Christ sustains, 793, 895.
Because of atonement, 895.
Because of Christ's gentleness, 590.
Because of divine leading, 557, 616, 798, 894.
Because of God's power, 808.
Because of heavenly prize, 564.
Because of power of God's grace, 554, 619.
Because of prospect of heav'n, 616.
Glory to God for, 1035.

ENTREATY

- To immediate repentance*,
 See REPENTANCE.
To watch, 386, 611, 626, 638.

EQUALITY

- Of man*, 1059, 1305.
Of Christ with the Father, 1298.
 See DIVINITY.

ERRING,

- Deal gently with*, 1048, 1062.

ESSENTIAL,

- Atonement is*, 867, 407, 480.
Regeneration is, 461.

ESTRANGEMENT FROM CHRIST,

- Confessed*, 430, 433, 479.
Dangers of, 490.
Deplored, 443, 459, 508, 638, 684, 732.
Prayer for escape from, 931.
Unendurable, 630, 1211.

ETERNITY,

- Desired to be with God*, 114.
Length of, 1282.
Of Christ's love, 542.

EVENING,

- Family worship*, 657, 1310, 1388, 1389.
Hymns for children, 15, 19, 1070, 1300.
Love for secret worship, 1316.
Of life, 776, 1337.
Of Sabbath, 19, 49, 55, 1070.
Praise to Christ at, 223.
Prayer for Christ's presence at, 1289.
Shall be light at, 776.
Silence of illustrates still small voice, 1320.
Social worship at, 1289, 1290, 1311, 1318.
Thanksgiving and confession at, 1295, 1319.
Thanksgiving and consecration at, 1296, 1322.
Thanksgiving and prayer for protection at, 1257, 1294, 1327.
Trust in God at, 1393.
Twilight, 848, 1291, 1300, 1317, 1321, 1341.

EVERLASTING GOD, 187.

EVIL TO COME,

- Death taken from*, 1123.

EXALTATION

- Above earthly joys*, 1247, 1248, 1346.

EXAMPLE,
Christ an, 250, 347, 1043, 1046,
 1050, 1063.
Christ an, to children, 1364, 1373.
Of believers, 565, 572.
Of Christ in baptism, 932.

EXPERIENCES
Of Christ enumerated, 454.
Of life are tempered by Christ,
 1340.
Paradoxes of Christian, 784.

EXODUS OF JEWS, 160, 1034.

EXTORTION
By Christ, 473, 634, 662, 665.
 See ATONEMENT and BLOOD.

EXPOSTULATION WITH SINNERS, 144.

EXTASY
In Christ, 597.
Of love, 491, 603.

EXTREMITY OF BELIEVER,
Christ's time, 799.

FACE OF CHRIST
Gives satisfaction, 525.
Glorious, 509, 510, 552, 714.

FAITH,
A dead and living, 1418.
Assurance of, 1506.
Best gift, 602.
Firm, 594, 1438.
In affliction, 193, 543, 753.
In dark hour, 776, 1021, 1438.
Power of, 745.
Shield, 612.
Surpassed by charity, 493.
Triumphing, 1463.

FAITHFULNESS
Of God adored, 149, 152, 161.
Of Jesus, 806.

FALSE HOPES, 1418.

FAMILY
Cheered by Christ's presence, 595.
Love in, 1119.
Whole in heaven, 1513.
Worship, 1495. See WORSHIP.

FARWELL
Of dying Christian, 1220, 1221.

FAST, A true, 1016.

FATHER
Calls to come home, 722.
God is a, 474, 581, 608, 636, 780, 817.

FATHERS,
God of our, 658.
Pilgrim, 953, 1006, 1007.
Pilgrim, great of earth, 1005.
Where are they? 1145.

FAVOR OF GOD,
Praise for, 171.
Worth a heaven, 582.

FAVORS OF GOD, manifold, 182.

FEAR
Not, 725, 761, 779, 813, 840, 863.
Not death, 276, 283, 813, 1034.
Of God, 609.
Of the majority, 1083.
To sin, 1822.

FEARS
Dispelled by Christ, 749-751, 813.
Dispelled by God, 840.

FEARLESS, 109.

FEAST,
Invitation to gospel, 322, 610.

FEELBLESS CONFESSION, 456, 563.

Fellowship and Communion,
 630-732, 1456-1463.

FELLOWSHIP,
A welcome to church, 681, 1459.

FIDELITY
Confessed, 471.
Of man's condition, 842.

FIDELITY
To Christ, 815.
Reward for in youth, 697.

FIGHT, Fought a good, 1345.
 See CONFLICT.

FIG TREE, BARREN, 816.

FIRE, Vacant chair, 1874.

FIRST LOVE
Longed for, 592, 693.
Lost, 430, 433, 459.

FLEETING. See LIFE FLEETING.

FLOCK,
A lamb gone, 1374.
Christians one, 845.
Of Christ safe, 914.
Prayer by small Christian, 1318.

FLOWERS, God seen in, 1292, 1344.

FOLLOW CHRIST, 1218.

FORBEARANCE OF GOD
Invoked, 1297.

FORERUNNER, Christ the, 230.

FORGIVENESS
A joyful sound, 1409.
Assured, 895.
Blessing of, 620.
Day of, past, 379.
Free, 363.
From Christ, 307, 313, 392, 443.
Glory to Christ for, 546.
Gratitude for, 422, 424, 426.
Implored, 22, 332, 406, 412, 413, 432.
Of many sins, 316, 609.
Prayer for, 22, 463.

FORGIVEN ONES, Peace of, 434.

FORGIVEN SIN, 620.

FOUNTAIN,
Christ is a, 723, 837, 1293, 1404.
Efficacious, 1404.
God, 178.
Of Christ's blood, 573.
Of gospel, 81.
Of grace all-sufficient, 531.

FREE
Grace of God, 610, 667, 1185.

FREEDOM
Attained through love, 1010, 1037.
By Christ, 82.
Champions of, 1005-1007, 1056.
Day of, invoked, 1034, 1035.
Encouragement to, 970.
From sin, 470.
Gift of life involves, 1039.
Night changed to day of, 972.
Of heaven longed for, 1202, 1205.
Of jubilee year, 864, 865.
Onward, 1028.
Prayer for, 978, 1017.
Progress of, 1036.
True, 1033.
Universal, 1027.
Victorious at last, 971.

FRIEND,
Christ is, 665, 723, 744, 850, 867,
 1323.
God is, 62, 730, 797.
God is, of needy, 141, 1032.

FRIENDS
In Zion, 31, 43, 43, 40, 59, 63.
Love of, secondary to God, 814.
Christ's love greater than, 867.

FRIENDLESS, 479.

FULLNESS OF CHRIST, 797.

FUNERAL HYMNS, 866, 1097, 1099,
 1090.
 See DEATH & RESURRECTION.

GAIN OF DEATH, 1130.

GALILEE, 227.

GARDEN
Of Christ, the Church, 1453.

GATE
Of heaven, death, 182, 1193.
Of sanctuary, 12, 13.
Of Zion invited to, 358.

GENEROSITY,
Like Christ's, 1043, 1046, 1047.

GENTLE
Death, 1123.
Words, 1043, 1062.

GETISEMANE, 225, 226, 231, 239, 347,
 396.

GILEAD, Balm of, 671.

GIVING,
Law of love, 1053.
Of alms, 1043.
Of sympathy, 1046, 1047.

GLORIES
Of heaven, 1272, 1274.
Of N. Jerusalem, 1233, 1234, 1239.

GLORY
In Christ, 492.
Of Christ's face, 509, 510, 525.
Of God, 130, 150, 159, 179.
Of heaven, 1206, 1229.
Of Zion, 1164.
To God from all, 506, 511, 512.
To Trinity, 221, 505, 517, 1024.

GLORY TO CHRIST
As thrice holy, 211.
At birth, 203, 209, 215, 217, 218.
By the great congregation, 163,
 262, 274, 277, 293, 551, 561, 664.
For coming from heaven to save
the world, 263.
For forgiveness, 546.
For intercession, 230, 299, 392, 669.
For victory over death, 260, 276-
 280, 284, 561.
Inspired by song of Beth'lm, 960.
A welcome, 659.
 See PRAISE TO CHRIST.

GLORY TO GOD,
All invoked to join in, 506, 511,
 512, 674.
From angels, 1253.
For emancipation of slaves, 1035.
For paternal love, 581.

GLORY TO TRINITY, 565.

GLORIOUS REIGN OF CHRIST,
 See GOSPEL and THRONE.

GLORYING
In cross of Christ, 233, 427, 882.

GLOOMY
Thoughts. See DESPONDENCY.

God in Nature, 81-107.

GOD,
All-sustaining, 145.
Attributes of, 495, 1032.
Author of liberty, 1004.
Blest for revelation at sanct'y, 24.
Bounty of, 81, 113, 152, 1351.
Caretaker, 880, 896.
The Creator, 93, 136, 142.
The defense, 144, 183, 673.
The deliverer from despair, 760,
 777, 778.
Ear of, open, 11.
The everlasting, 187.
Everywhere, 106, 108-110, 112,
 122, 126, 192.
Evidenced in flowers, 1292.
Faithful, 149, 152, 161.
The Father, 474, 581, 603, 636, 780,
 817.
The fountain of all blessings, 173.
The friend of needy, 141, 1032.
Glory to from all, 506, 511, 512.
Glory of, 136, 150, 159, 179.
Grace of, boundless, 829, 890, 447,
 532.
Greatness of, 131, 132, 165.
The guardian, 173, 653.
The guide, 174.
The guiding light, 522.
Happiness only in, 376, 392, 397.
Heaven's praise, 87, 89, 97, 1362.
Helper of poor, 141, 1032.
Holy, 194, 201, 211, 214.

- God,**
Indwelling of supplicated, 863, 1091.
Infinite, 105-107.
In nature, 84, 86-89, 91, 93, 97-103, 106, 176, 177, 785.
Is love, 91, 94, 651, 1283.
Justice of, 406, 809.
Knows the thoughts, 122.
The Light, 522, 847.
Longed for at sanctuary, 13, 24, 53, 54, 55, 59.
Love of. See LOVE.
Mercy of, 139, 148, 151, 155, 157, 1201.
Memory of his goodness sweet, 157.
Mercy of. See MERCY.
Of our fathers, 688.
Omnipotent, 151, 152, 158.
Omnipresent, 192.
Omniscient, 109.
Our strength, 519, 594.
Our support and trust, 1446.
Paternal, 474, 555, 636.
Pilot, 1212.
Pity of, 190.
Power of. See POWER.
Praise to, 93, 94, 96, 97, 100, 103-105.
The prayer-hearing, 190.
Presence desired, 199, 699.
Presence essential, 191.
Presence of in heaven, 497, 498.
Preserver, 1332.
Protection of implored, 147, 653, 673, 692.
The refuge, 173-175, 181, 187.
Repose in, 445.
Rules well, 840, 842.
Seen in flowers, 1292, 1844.
The shepherd, 92, 670, 684.
The source of all good, 88, 89.
The source of truth, 90.
The source of wisdom, 90, 94.
The sun, 673.
Sun, emblem of, 50.
The support, 184, 191, 515.
The sustainer, 822, 825, 849.
Throne of. See THRONE.
Triumphing in, 801.
Unchangeable, 107, 123, 821.
Wisdom of, 112, 651.
Wrath of, deprecated, 827, 859.
- GONE BEFORE**
To heaven, 1096, 1126.
- GOOD,**
All from God, 309-311.
Memory of enduring, 1092.
True desired, 785.
- GOODNESS,**
Praise to God for, 115, 118.
- GOODNESS OF GOD**
Celebrated by nature, 1355.
Seen in nature, 112.
 See GOD IN NATURE.
- GOODWILL TO MEN,** 203, 206, 208, 209, 215, 217, 219, 221.
- GOSPEL,**
Armor of, 466, 518, 526, 612.
Blessedness of, 74-83.
Change produced by, 78, 79, 513.
Accomplished in conduct, 606.
Feast, 322, 610.
Fountain of, 81, 531.
Light of, 46, 77-80.
Proclaimed by life of faith, 506.
Rejoicing in the, 1832.
Spread the. See MISSIONARY.
Times of, 513, 1009.
Trumpet of, 202, 940, 950.
Universal, 947, 949, 950, 974-976, 996, 1009.
Universality of, 518, 1009.
- Government and Providence of God,** 175-196.
- GOVERNMENT**
Of God. See THRONE.
- GRACE,**
Believer owes everything to, 1430.
Growth in, through trials, 410.
- GRACE OF GOD**
Boundless, 110, 329, 399, 447, 532.
Celebrated, 83.
Charming theme, 131, 509, 615.
Debtor to, 650.
Free, 1185.
Heart cordial, 605.
Living principle, 608.
Mitchless, 548.
Miracle of, 1195.
Wonderful power of, 110, 554, 570, 636.
- GRATITUDE,**
Ecstatic, 491.
For atonement, 441, 446.
For forgiveness, 422, 424, 426, 1884.
For harvests, 1923.
For salvation, 552.
Inspired by blessings, 118.
Of new convert, 418, 422.
To Christ, 628, 629, 917.
To God for forbearance, 1297.
- GRAVE**
A rest from conflict, 1162, 1268.
Baptism, an emblem of Christ's, 1482.
Of a child, 1183, 1156.
Christ has passed through before us, 1176, 1183, 1186.
Conquered by Christ. See DEATH.
For all, 311.
Hymns to, 1081, 1089, 1158.
- GREATNESS**
Of God exalted, 131, 132, 165.
- GREETING OF HEAVEN**
To saint, 1222.
- GRIEF**
Past, 900. See AFFLICTIONS.
- GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT,** 313.
- GROWTH**
In grace through trials, 410.
- GUARDIAN, GOD A,** 173, 653.
- GUIDE,**
Bible a, 895.
Christ a, 704, 815, 1194.
God a, 174.
- GUIDANCE**
Of God invoked, 688, 690, 838-890, 894.
- GUIDING LIGHT, GOD A,** 522.
- GUILT.** See SIN.
- HALLELUJAHS**
At Christ's birth, 209.
Of heaven, 1227.
- HALLELUJAH HYMNS,** 936, 1185, 1187, 1232.
- HAPPY,**
Invited to sanctuary, 51.
Saved, 1269.
Who die in the Lord, 1151.
 See DEATH OF CHRISTIAN.
- HAPPINESS**
All from God, 809-811.
In union with Christ, 585, 586.
Only in God, 376, 392, 397.
- HARASSED WITH DOUBTS,** 456.
- HARASSMENTS.** See AFFLICTIONS.
- HARD-HEARTEDNESS,** 442, 523.
 See ABASMENT.
- HARVEST PAST,** 379.
- HARVESTS, GRATITUDE FOR,** 1923.
- HEALING BY CHRIST**
Implored, 859.
Unfailing, 419.
- HEARERS OF gospel, duty of,** 1379.
- HEART,**
A faithful one desired, 534.
Christ invited to, 496, 904.
Temple for Christ, 569.
- HEAVEN,** 1218-1277, 1502-1506.
- HEAVEN,**
Abode of peace, 839.
Adversity leads to, 1115.
Alone sure, 788.
A new, 142.
Anticipation of, 1, 2, 1190, 1197, 1198.
Beauty of, 101.
Better than earth, 897.
Better than Sabbath, 4.
Bound for, 882.
Brightness of, 99, 1197, 1198.
Christ in, 451.
Christ light of, 487, 1249.
Cure of sorrow, 803, 807.
Free from tears, 1152.
Glories of, 1272, 1274.
Glory of, 1206, 1229.
Hailed by dying Christian, 1277.
Hallelujahs of, 1227.
Hope of, 1286.
Hope of, Christ's support, 1107.
Invitation to, 382.
Invoked to praise Christ, 213.
Joys of, 497-500, 1204.
Joys of Christian in hope of, See JOYS.
Naught else left, 1219.
Naught without Christ, 1223.
Of love, 603.
Of praise, 586.
Only home, 788.
Only rest, 787.
Pilgrim's rest, 499, 824, 1107, 1166, 1247.
Presence of God in, 497, 498.
Rest in, 468.
Reunions in, 1122. See REUNION.
Reward of, 824.
Reward of Christian, 712.
Sabbath, emblem of. See SABBATH.
Sanctuary, gate of, 12, 18.
Separated by the Jordan of death, 1246, 1272.
Spring, emblem of, 1324.
Triumph in, at last, 518, 644.
Undeserved but desired, 388.
Within the soul, 1013.
Whole family in, 1518.
World of light, 99.
- HEAVENS,**
Praise God, 87, 69, 97, 1852.
- HEATHEN,**
Call of, 943, 959, 985, 986, 994-997.
- HEAVY LABEN.** See WEARY.
- HELL,**
Christ saves from, 552.
Deserved by sinner, 408, 485.
Dreaded, 383, 384.
Horrors of, 335, 379.
- HELP.** See ASSISTANCE.
- HELPER OF POOR, GOD,** 141, 1093.
- HIDING-PLACE,**
Christ a. See REFUGE.
- HIGH PRIEST,**
Christ our, 269, 268, 272.
- HINDERANCES**
In coming to Christ, 416, 470, 931.
- HOLINESS OF GOD,** 194, 204, 214, 214.
- HOLY CHURCH**
Immovable, 913.
Praising Christ with angels, 211.
- Holy Spirit,** 1387-1403.
- HOLY SPIRIT,** 1387, 1401.
Attributes of, 289.

- HOLY SPIRIT.**
Breath of essential, 481, 483.
The Comforter, 197.
A delight, 645.
A deliverer, 197.
Grieve not the, 313.
Grieved and implored to stay, 495.
Implored, 405.
Indwelling invoked, 1391, 1377, 1338, 1309.
Inviting, 1377.
The life, 196.
The light, 197, 1899.
Love of the, 1377, 1399, 1403.
New life from, 624.
Power of, 523, 1892.
Praise to, 194-197.
Prayer for the, 1338, 1390, 1396.
Presence implored, 23, 198, 199, 405, 472, 624, 660, 662, 852, 860.
Regenerating, 1377.
Sanctification, 1392.
Seal of truth, 1397.
Sealing, 1392.
Sinners entreated to turn, 1419.
Slighted, 361.
Source of blessing, 1400.
Sovereignty of in regeneration, 1395.
Still small voice of, 313.
Teaching of, 1389.
- HOME MISSIONS**, 1439, 1496, 1493, 1493, 1501.
- HOME**,
Love in, 1119.
None on earth, 1265, 1266.
- HOME IN HEAVEN**,
Call to, 722.
Joyfully anticipated, 1270.
Mine, 899.
Near, 1146.
Only in heaven, 783.
Sweet, 1264-1266.
- HOMELESS**, *Christ was*, 227.
- HONOR**
To God of nature, 1349.
To the Lamb, 512. See **PRaise**.
- HOPE**,
Christ the, 640, 736.
Of Christian, 703, 712, 716.
Encouraged, 1441.
Of heaven, cheers the pilgrim, 468, 1236.
Of heaven, Christian's support, 1107, 1236.
Surpassed by charity, 493.
- HOSANNAIS**
To Christ. See **GLORY TO CHRIST**.
Sabbath time for, 40-42.
- HOUSE**
Of God, dwellers in blessed, See **SANCTUARY**.
Of worship dedicated, 985, 983, 940.
- HOUSEHOLD**
Cheered by Christ's presence, 595.
Love in, 1119.
Worship of. See **WORSHIP**.
- HUMBLE SPHERE**
Exalted by love, 521, 595.
- HUMILIATION OF CHRIST**, 663.
 See **CHRIST, CONDESCENSION OF**.
- HUMILITY**
Attractive to Christ, 539.
Implored, 999.
Implored by sage, 1068.
Prayer for, 1428.
 See **ABASEMENT**.
- HUMAN FRAILTY**. See **ABASEMENT**.
- HUMANITY**
Of Christ, 207, 208, 227, 443.
- IDOLS OF HEART**,
Prayer for destruction of, 416, 449, 470, 671.
- ILLS**
Draw toward heaven, 1115.
 See **AFFLICTIONS**.
- IMMENSITY**
Of Christ's love, 233, 231, 541.
 See **AMAZING**.
- OF GOD'S REIGN**, 154, 153.
- IMMINENT**,
Death is, 333, 353, 362, 378, 336, 377, 1110.
- IMMORTALITY**
Of good deeds, 1157.
Of Jesus, 1169, 1193.
Of soul, 317, 337, 394, 1101, 1134, 1153, 1159.
With Christ, 621, 1104.
- IMPARTING, Law of love**, 1053.
- IMPORTUNITY OF PRAYER**, 715, 849.
- INCARNATION**, 199, 207, 496, 599.
- INDIFFERENCE**
To Christ bewailed, 469, 592.
To spiritual troubles deplored, 442, 444, 523.
- INDUSTRY**, 1345, 1870. See **WORK**.
- INDWELLING**
Of Christ implored, 677, 678, 736, 1051.
Of God supplicated, 863, 1091.
- INFIDELITY DEPLORED**, 405, 444.
- INFINITE, God is**, 105-107.
- INFLUENCE**,
Divine prayed for, 1407.
- INGRATITUDE**
Deplored, 432, 443, 444, 469.
- INJUSTICE**
Of judges seen by God, 1033.
- Institution and Ordinances**, 908-939, 1464-1437.
- INTERCESSION**,
Glory to Christ for, 253, 250.
Of Christ, 280, 284, 299, 392, 669.
 See **ADVOCATE**.
- INSPIRATION OF BIBLE**, 75, 76.
- INSTALLATION**,
Hymns for, 933, 942, 943, 945, 964.
- INTERCESSOR**,
Christ the, 280, 284, 299, 392, 669.
- INTUITION FOR THE RIGHT**, 910.
- INVITATION**
Of bereaved, 10.
Of Christ to himself, 229, 390, 742.
Of disconsolate to God, 865.
Of weary to Christ, 355, 356, 357, 366, 363, 369.
To angels to praise Christ, 981.
To Christ, the ark, 773.
To Christ's praise from all, 702.
To follow Christ in baptism, 1479.
To gospel feast, 322, 610.
To heaven, 382.
To sanctuary, 51.
To trust Christ, 387.
To worship, 502.
- INVITATION TO JESUS**
Of captives in sin, 341.
Of doubting souls, 321.
Of hungry souls, 319.
Of sinners, 328, 329, 340, 667.
Of thirsty souls, 320.
Of wanderer, 324, 325.
Of young hearts, 331.
 See **CALL TO SINNERS**.
- INVITATIONS**
Of Christ unheeded, 431.
- IRRESOLUTION MOURNED**, 471, 568.
- JEHOVAH**,
Defense, 60.
Friend, 69.
Invoked, 638.
- JEHOVAH**,
Praise to, 73, 86.
Reigns, 44.
The I Am, 93. See **GOD**.
- JERUSALEM**,
Entrance by Christ, 234.
Joys of, 1233, 1234, 1239, 1273.
Longed for, 1233, 1234, 1237, 1239, 1261, 1262.
New, descent of, 1208, 1217, 1234, 1262. See **ZION**.
- JESUS**. See **CHRIST**.
- JEWS**,
Conversion of, 955.
Exodus of, 160, 1034.
Return of huddled, 980, 988.
Return of implored, 943, 963.
Spiritual restoration of, 1491.
- JOINING CHURCH**, 426-429, 444, 446, 453, 646, 875, 1459.
- JOY**,
Christ the, 259, 268, 269, 293, 296, 427, 642.
At death of Christian, 1150.
In advent of Christ, 216-219.
In Christ, 593.
In Christ's reign, 557-562.
In Christian communion, 703, 703-710, 716, 718.
In heaven over penitents, 1408.
In reign of Christ, 216.
In reunion, 727.
Of Israel, Christ the, 204.
Of new comer, 225, 437, 501, 554, 645, 729.
Of self-denial, 643.
To the world at Christ's reign, 216.
- JOYS**
Come from Christ like a river, 1323.
Of Christian, 527, 608, 641, 645, 689.
Of Christian in hope of heaven, 1181-1183, 1267.
Of forgiveness, 457, 712.
Of heaven, 497-500, 1204.
Of New Jerusalem, 1233, 1234, 1239, 1273.
Of Past, 1115.
Of past longed for, 476.
Of salvation, 572.
Of world, 671.
Evaluation above earthly, 1247, 1248, 1356.
Return of, 900.
- JOYFUL**
Anticipation of reunion, 873.
- JOYFULLY**, *Chorus of*, 1270.
- JUBILEE**,
Hymns of, 974-976.
Year of, 364, 365.
- JUDGES, Unjust, swept away**, 1033.
- JUDGMENT**
Christ coming to, 1443.
Of Christ by Pilate, 245.
Of oppressed by God, 1020-1022, 1060.
- JUDGMENT-DAY**,
Be ready for, 345.
Description of, 302, 343, 349, 359-361, 376, 1073, 1079, 1085, 1154, 1155, 1196.
Mourning at, 390.
Sure to come, 332-334.
Where will sinners be at 350.
- JUSTICE**
Of God, 134, 151, 406, 809.
Made void, 1031, 1033.
- JUSTIFICATION**
By Christ's righteousness, 550, 575, 573, 620.
- KEDAR**, 965.

- KEDRON, *Brook of*, 226.
 KINDNESS OF GOD, 495.
 KING. See THRONE.
 KINGS AND PRIESTS
Through Christ, 577.
 KINGDOM OF CHRIST
Secure, 44.
Universal, 518. See THRONE.
 KNOCKING OF CHRIST
At the heart, 804, 436, 1412.
 KNOWLEDGE
Of God through love, 503.
In vain without love, 590.
 LABOR. See WORK.
 LAMB—CHRIST,
Accepted by sinner, 393.
Behold the, 583.
Light of heaven, 437.
Of God, 317.
Opens seals, 734.
Praise to, 238, 556, 577, 632, 1252, 1255, 1267.
Victorious, 1441.
 LAND
Of Canaan, 1220, 1246, 1247, 1272.
Of free, 1004.
Of rest, 339.
 LANGUAGE
Of devotion, 472, 619, 624.
 LAST DAY. See JUDGMENT-DAY.
 LAW OF LOVE, *giving*, 1055.
 LEADER, *Christ a*, 518, 720.
 LEAVES FALLING
Remind of death, 1173.
 LEPROSY OF SIN, 465, 480.
 LIBERALITY,
In giving, 1043, 1047.
Universal law, 1053.
 LIBERTY,
God, author of, 1004.
Life is, 1039. See FREEDOM.
 Life and Death of Christ, 223—251, 1408-1411.
 LIFE,
A boisterous sea, 663.
A conflict, 518, 519, 566, 611, 612.
Book of, 111.
Christ the, 642.
Close of, will be tight, 682, 1076.
Earnest, 372.
Evening of, 776, 1337.
Experiences of, tempered by Christ, 1340.
Fleeting, 102, 114, 117, 187, 890, 883, 394, 877, 1105, 1117, 1118, 1147, 1148, 1167, 1171, 1230.
Is liberty, 1039.
The lost, 253.
Of the soul, 483.
Pilgrimage. See PILGRIMAGE.
River of, 990, 997.
Shortness of, 826. See FLEETING.
Spring time of, 697.
Stream of, 1840.
Sun, emblem of, 72.
Time for salvation, 808, 809.
Tree of, 1259.
Vanity of, 1117, 1118.
Voyage of over, 1210.
Wasted, 551.
Weary of, 884.
 LIGHT
At evening time, 1076.
Christ a, 50, 450, 485, 598, 630, 643, 736.
Of Christ invoked, 450, 831.
Of truth implored, 1341.
God a, 522, 823, 897.
God source of, 89.
In sorrow, 776.
Of adversity, God the, 522.
Of Bible, 74-80.
 LIGHT
Of gospel, 46, 77-80.
Of heaven, Christ is, 437, 1249.
Of Jehovah, 69.
Of Sabbath, 62, 72.
Shed upon daily duties by love, 521, 595, 623.
Shed upon Zion, 437, 672.
To blind, Christ is a, 213.
To Gentile, Christ a, 204.
Walk in, 823.
World of, 99.
 LIKENESS TO CHRIST
Longed for, 903, 904.
 LITANY, 454, 457.
 LITTLE PRAYER-MEETING, 1457.
 LITTLE THINGS OF VALUE, 1061.
 LITTLE TRAVELERS, 1516.
 LIVING TO CHRIST. See VOWS.
 LONGINGS
For Christ, 401, 404, 413, 416, 420, 423, 425, 466, 485, 1461.
For Christ's presence in heaven, 1202, 1204, 1205, 1207, 1218, 1216, 1225, 1227, 1230, 1248, 1249, 1264.
For heaven, 834, 1504.
For Jerusalem, 1233, 1234, 1237, 1239, 1262.
For likeness to Christ, 903, 904.
For Paradise, 1259.
Of bereav'd mother for child, 1183.
Of bereaved mother for death, 1036.
Satisfied, 610.
Unsatisfied, 315.
 LONG LIFE NOT DESIRED, 1193.
 LONG-SUFFERING
Of Christ, 804, 351, 371, 374, 387, 405.
Of Christ incitement to penitence, 837.
 LOOKING
To Jesus, 317, 1420, 1492.
In temptation and trial, 1441.
 LOOKS OF CHRIST
Glorious, 509, 510, 592, 714, 730.
 LORD. See CHRIST.
 LORD'S-DAY, 25, 30, 40, 41.
See SABBATH.
 LORD'S PRAYER, 1363.
 LORD'S SUPPER. See SACRAMENT.
 LOVE
At home, 1371.
Best blessing, 510.
Better than wrath, 827, 859.
Between church and Christ, 740.
Bond of the race, 1039.
Bond of union, 710, 773.
Christ is, 232.
Constant to God, 418, 422.
Ecstasy of, 603.
Eden of, 1267.
First, lost, 430, 433, 459, 592, 698.
For Christ weak, 862.
For church, 717.
Fraternal, 710, 718.
Gives peace, 1019.
Giving, law of, 1053.
God is, 91, 94, 110, 118, 123, 1283.
God source of, 81.
Heals contentions of Chr's, 438.
Heaven of, 603.
Imparting, law of, 1053.
In the family, 1119.
Much, 1195.
Mutual implored, 802, 1010, 1046.
Name of Christ, 533-540.
Name of God, 670.
Of Christ boundless, 1411.
Of Christians prized, 504.
Of friends secondary to God, 814.
 LOVE
Of Zion, 717.
Only true bonds, 710, 1089.
Perfect, 768.
Praise for God's, 133, 150, 1123.
Strength of, 530.
Subdues the heart, 646.
The nature of Christ, 539, 540.
The teacher, 508.
To Christ, 652.
To Christ abiding, 535.
To Christ not for reward, 424.
To Christ true, 595.
To God and neighbor, 61.
To God unending, 144.
And truth, Christ is, 415.
Unity of Christians, 71.
 LOVE OF CHRIST
Amazing, 823, 579.
Boundless, 541.
Depths of, 862.
Eternity of, 542.
Ever the same, 419.
Fraternal, 665.
Glorious in, 272.
Greater than friends, 867.
Infinite, 574.
Imminency of, 233, 851.
Makes all equal, 1305.
More patient than parents, 555, 862.
Mystery of, 269.
Overcoming the sinner, 351.
Secured by, 270.
Sympathetic, 271.
Unchanging, 268, 562.
Unequaled, 534, 579, 647, 660.
Unquenchable, 571.
Wonderous, 331, 452.
Wronged, 488.
 LOVE OF GOD
Evidenced by nature, 91.
Evidenced by heart-workings, 91.
Seen in providence, 113.
Seen in salvation, 110, 128.
Source of all good, 81.
See LOVE OF CHRIST.
 LOVE OF THE SPIRIT DESPISED, 1399, 1403.
 LOVED ONES
Departed, union of longed for, 800.
Not dead, 1157.
 LOVING-KINDNESS
Of Christ, 546, 1418.
See LOVE OF CHRIST.
 LUKEWARMNESS
Deplored, 472, 619, 624.
 MAJESTY OF GOD, 105, 139, 143, 151, 155, 157, 1201.
 MAN,
Brotherhood of, 83, 1009, 1015, 1033, 1059, 1305.
Equality of, 1059, 1305.
Fickle condition of, 842.
Of sin destroy, 1200.
Weakness of, 821, 825, 826, 841, 1117, 1118.
Worthless, compared with God, 107. See ABASEMENT.
 MANNA,
Bible the, 76.
Christ the, 833.
Hidden, 711.
 MARTYRS, 594.
Blood of, 1437.
 MARY
At cross, 236, 237.
At the Saviour's tomb, 353.
Magdalen, 609.
 MATERNAL HYMN, 1507.
 MATCHLESS GRACE OF GOD, 543.

MEDIATOR, 392, 669.
Christ the, 447, 514, 571.
 See **ADVOCATE**.

MEDITATION
At evening, 1300.
In night, 732. See **PRAYER**.

MEERNESS
Of Christ, 230, 245, 250.
Prayed for, 1428.

MEEK, *Blessed are the*, 184.

MEMBERS, *Receiving of*, 681, 1459.

MEMORY,
God's goodness sweet, 157.
Of good enduring, 1092.

MERCIES
Of God constant, 133, 180.

MERCIFUL MAN, *Blessed*, 1047.

MERCY,
Covenant, 1463.
Implored, 451, 457, 524, 649.
Long enduring, 351.
Of Christ, all-sufficiency of, 543.
Of Christ, beauty of, 228.
Of Christ, encouragement of, 635.
Of God enduring, 133, 180.
Of God in Christ, 1417.
Of God shut off from, 379.
Of God tempers the wind, 189.
Of God unlimited, 319-322, 340.
Not wrath, the object of Christ's mission, 1413.
Pleading for, 1423.

MERCY-SEAT,
Blessings of, 733.
Only place for sinners, 479.
Refuge, 693.

MESSIAH, *Reign of prayed for*, 1033.

MILLENNIUM
Anticipated, 951, 952, 956, 965, 996, 997, 1000.
Described, 1053.
Sabbath of, 83.

MINISTERS,
Superior vocation of, 1040.
To Christ, angels are, 277, 286-283, 292, 299, 517.
Of Zion, 1040.

MINISTERING SPIRITS,
Angels are, 135, 151, 164, 653, 692, 1343.

MINISTRY
Of divine appointment, 962.

MISSIONS and Reform, 940-1065, 1489-1501.

MIRACLES OF GRACE, 1195.

MISSIONARY HYMNS,
At death of missionary, 1209.
Call of heathen, 943, 959, 985, 986, 994, 995, 996, 997.
Departure of missionaries, 945, 952, 953, 954, 962, 977, 994, 985, 991, 998.
For missionary sacrament, 916, 943, 945, 946, 949, 950, 952, 961, 972, 974.
God's power invoked, 948, 961, 1023, 1029.
God's Spirit invoked, 947, 956, 960.
Great results from small beginnings, 973.
Home Missions, 1489, 1496, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501.
Inspiring, 943, 944, 946, 949, 951, 952, 955, 956, 959, 965, 979, 980, 986, 993, 997, 1000, 1001, 1003, 1040.
Spread the gospel, 943-945, 949, 951, 962, 977, 985, 991, 995, 996, 1003.

MISER, *Despair not of*, 1061.

MONTHLY CONCERT,
 See **MISSIONARY HYMNS**.

MORNING,
Child sweeter than, 1335.
Of Sabbath. See **SABBATH**.
Star, guidance implored, 1190.
Time to praise God, 1367.
Worship of, 713.

MORNING HYMNS,
Blest day awaited, 1313.
Do all for God, 1280.
Farewell to despondency, 1279.
God works in all, 1281.
God's light implored, 1306, 1327.
God's love renewed, 1301.
God's protection thanked, 1161, 1342.
Gratitude, 1342.
Guidance implored, 1299, 1315.
Like the sun, 1293.
Purity desired, 1302, 1312.
Thanks for life, 1314.
Voice renewed, 1293.

MORALITY
Of man. See **LIFE FLEETING**.

MORIFICATION
Of sin. See **ABASEMENT**.

MOSES and LAMB *Song of*, 632.

MOTHER, *Prayer of for death*, 1086.

MOTHER NOT, 1073-1075.

MOURNERS INVITED TO ARK, 773.

MOURNING
At judgment, 390.
For Zion, 747.
Rebuked, 186, 188, 193.

MURMURS, *Free from*, 795.

MUSIC
At Christ's birth, 215, 219.
In honor of Christ.
 See **PRaise to CHRIST**.
Language of praise, 137, 169.
Of Christ's name, 553, 562, 574.
Recalls mysterious antecedent life, 285.
To God by all, 202.
 See **PRaise to GOD**.
Toward Zion by Christians, 616, 619, 632, 638, 655, 729.

MYSTERY
Of God's Providence, 745, 764.
Of some antecedent life, 235.

NAME OF CHRIST
Exalted, 533.
Knowledge of, wrestled for, 533.
In Christian's trust, 563.
Is love, 539, 540.
Melodious, 598.
Musical, 553, 562, 605, 607.
Precious, 599.

NAME OF GOD EFFICACIOUS, 600.

NAME OF JESUS
Made familiar, 1057.

NATIONS
Bow before thrones of God, 130, 132, 142.
Controlled by God, 124, 963.
Prayer for, 916, 5th verse.

NATIONAL BLESSINGS, 1323.

NATIONAL TROUBLES,
Calm from implored, 973.

NATIVE LAND
Commented to God, 1042.
Land of free, 1004.
May God bless, 1025.
Oppressed by slavery, 1084.

NATIVITY
Of Christ. See **CHRIST, BIRTH OF**.

NATURE,
Declares God.
 See **God in NATURE**.
Inspires praise, 118.
Manifests God's power, 129, 142.
Of Christ in love, 539.
Peace of, 83.

NATURE,
Rejoices in God, 1349, 1351.
Rated by God, 1326, 1344.
A temple, 735.

NEARNESS
To Christ, 401, 498, 793, 1051.
To God, aspiration for, 191, 585.
To God invoked, 398.

NEGLECT OF GOD. See **ABASEMENT**.

NEIGHBOR, Who is thy? 1051, 1305.

NEW CONVERT,
Consolation of, 878.
Death of, 1097, 1124.
Gratitude of, 418, 422.
Joy of, 225, 487, 501, 554, 645, 729.
Perseverance of, 878.
Portrayed, 403, 453, 461.
Submission of, 818.
Yielded to Christ's love, 646.

NEW JERUSALEM,
Glories of, 1233, 1234, 1239, 1273.

NEW HEAVENS, 142.

NEW LIFE FROM HOLY SPIRIT, 624.

NEW YEAR, 326, 455, 515, 1112.

NIGHT
Belongs to God, 84.
Changed to day, 972.
Guidance in implored, 894.
Meditation in, 752.
Tells of God, 87.
Vail of God's temple, 99.

NIGHT WATCHES,
Aspiration to God in, 782.
Communion with God in, 732, 1273, 1290.

NOW
The accepted time. See **DELAY**.

OBEDIENCE
To God, 591. See **RESIGNATION**.

OBSTINACY broken down, 351.

OCRAH,
Christ's presence desired on, 224.
Death on, 1100.
Gospel beaver, 998.
Hymn for, 1285, 1286.
Hymn upon, 1212.
Of God's love, 1289.
Of life bolsterous, Christ's presence desired in, 223, 608.
Praises the Lord, 301.
Star of Bethlehem rises over, 593.
Way of God, 478, 969.

OFFERING OF HEART, *The true*, 14.

OFFICES OF CHRIST GROUPED, 202, 212, 218, 399, 607.

OLD AGE
Described, 1118.
Hymns for, 725, 869, 1397, 1350.
 See **AGED CHRISTIAN**.

OLIVET, Garden of, 226.

OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD. See **POWER**.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD, 106, 108, 109, 110, 112, 122, 126, 192, 691.

OMNISCIENCE, 109, 1308.

ONE THING NEEDED, 1415.

ONE
With God, Christians are, 864.

ONENESS WITH CHRIST. See **UNION**.

ONWARD, 982, 1020, 1256.
 See **COURAGE**.

ORACLE SEALED, 460.

ORDINANCES, Delight in,
 See **SANCTUARY and SACRAMENT**.

ORDINATION,
Hymns for, 941-943, 1436.
Of missionary, 953, 982, 977, 984, 985, 991.

ORIGINAL SIN. See **ABASEMENT**.

ORPHAN CHILDREN,
Appeal of, 1049.
God, father of, 780.

- OPPRESSED**
Judged by God, 1020-1022, 1060.
Saved by God, 1032.
- OPPRESSION**
Broken at last, 971.
Ended, 1001.
- OUTCASTS**. See **POOR**.
- PARADISE**. See **HEAVEN**.
Beauty of, 101.
Longed for, 1259.
Regained, 1269.
- PARADOXES**
Of Christian's experience, 784.
- PARDON**. See **FORGIVENESS**.
- PARDON OF GOD**. See **ARMOR**.
- PARENT**. See **FATHER**.
- PARENTAL PRAYER FOR YOUTH**, 1514.
- PARTING**, *Hymns for*, 724, 853, 1163, 1214, 1354.
- PARTING MISSIONARY HYMN**, See **MISSIONARY**.
- PARTINGS**,
No more, 703, 707, 719.
Not in heaven, 1159, 1354.
- PASSING AWAY**, 1350.
- PASSION**
Of Christ, 225, 226, 231, 239, 246, 396, 412.
Waxes subdued, 829.
- PASSIONS**, *Be ware of*, 526.
- PAST**,
Joys of longed for, 476.
Ties of extolled, 1115.
- PATERNAL**,
God in. See **ABBA, FATHER**.
- PATIENCE OF CHRIST**, 230, 555, 802.
 See **RESIGNATION**.
- PATTERN**,
Christ our. See **EXAMPLE**.
- PEACE**
Anticipated, 1012.
At home, 1371.
Attained through love, 1019.
Christian, depths of, 675, 676, 689, 695.
From Christ, 750.
Heaven, abode of, 339, 787.
Invoked, 766, 1011.
Land of, 339.
My pillow, 1294.
Of forgiven ones, 484.
Of nature, 83.
Of Sabbath, 6, 8, 9, 12, 15, 19, 26, 29, 30, 55.
Of Salem, 32.
Of Zion, 43, 48.
Prince of, 639, 721.
True, 785.
Universal, anticipated, 911, 1012.
Universal, attained thro' love, 1019.
Universal, prayed for, 957, 967, 980, 987.
- PEACE ON EARTH**,
 See **GOOD-WILL TO MEN**.
- PEACEMAKERS**,
Night of Christ's birth, 215.
- PEARL OF GREAT PRICE**, 77, 1425.
- PENITENCE AND CONSECRATION**, 393-430, 1422-1434.
- PENITENCE**,
Because sins cruc'd Christ, 354.
Described, 403, 413, 523.
For bosom sin, 470.
For faithlessness, 444.
For ingratitude, 460.
For pride, 232.
For wanderings, 413, 414.
Humble, 432, 601, 812.
 See **PROSTRATE**.
In a look from Christ, 318.
- PENITENCE**
In view of the cross, 1432.
Longed for, 442, 444, 469.
Of backslider, 403, 413, 414, 667.
Shown by rivers of tears, 323, 327.
 See **TRANS**.
Urged, 403.
 See **ABASEMENT OF SELF**.
- PENTECOST**, *Day of*, 291.
- PERFECTION OF LOVE**, 768.
- PERSEVERANCE**
In achievement, 872.
In Christian life, 409, 418, 428, 892.
In Christian warfare, 1256.
In prayer, 715, 849.
Of young Christian, 878.
Prayer for, 247.
- PENITENCE**,
None in heaven, 1272.
Jesus refuge from, 773.
- PHYSICIAN**,
Christ the, 336, 419, 465, 671, 855.
- PIETY**, *Early*, 1335, 1362, 1364, 1367, 1373. See **CHILD**.
- PILGRIM**,
Little, 1516.
On the earth, 1257.
Song, 1595.
- PILGRIM VAILERS**,
Great of earth, 1005.
Landing of, 953, 1007.
Legacy cherished, 1006.
- PILGRIM IN LIFE**,
Comforted by hope of heaven, 468.
Guided by Christ, 1194.
- PILGRIMAGE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE**,
Compensated by heaven, 499, 824, 1107, 1166, 1247.
Prayer for guidance through, 638, 690.
Royal, 711.
- PILLAR OF CLOUD AND FIRE**, 522.
- PITY**. See **COMPASSION**.
- PLEASANT**,
False, 814.
Of religion only real, 1455.
Unsatisfying, 370, 530.
- POOR**,
Christ's representatives, 1054.
Help for Christ's sake, 1055, 1063.
Helped by God, 141, 1032.
Prayer for, 1060.
- POWER OF GOD**
Adored, 161.
Displayed in behalf of widows, fatherless, and poor, 141.
Displayed in behalf of Christians, 143, 159.
Manifested in conversion of heathen, 909, 948, 951, 956, 1003.
Over nations, 124, 993.
Over nature and empire, 159.
Over winds and waves, 129.
Seen in creation, 108.
Seen in nature, 112, 126.
Seen in omniscience, 109.
Seen in exodus of Jews, 160.
- POWER OF HOLY SPIRIT**, 523.
- PRAISE, JOY, AND CONFLICT**, 432-679, 1443-1455.
- PRAISE**
At opening worship, 115, 116.
For God's care, 163, 185.
For God's favor, 171.
For God's goodness, 68, 115, 118.
For God's help in trouble, 133.
For God's justice, 134, 151.
For God's love, 1, 123, 133, 150.
For God's omnipotence, 151, 152, 158.
For God's protection, 147, 152.
For redemption, 170, 212, 221.
- PRAISE**
For salvation by Christ, 163, 577, 578, 620, 637.
From the heavens, 1852.
Invitation to, 1380.
In Zion, 169.
Nature inspires, 118.
Of sanctuary, 1, 2, 25, 33, 40-42, 47, 57, 66, 67.
To Holy Spirit, 194, 196, 197.
To Jehovah, 78, 86.
To Lamb, 556. See **LAMB**.
To Trinity, 194, 195, 199, 201, 223.
- PRAISE TO CHRIST**, 1502.
As advocate, 559.
As conqueror over the grave, 260, 276, 280, 283, 284, 287, 292, 560, 561.
As Creator, 142, 212.
As Deliverer, 557.
As Enraver, 575.
As Expiator, 257-259, 512, 556, 1448.
As God, 199, 202, 207, 211, 213, 262.
As High Priest, 253, 265, 271, 571.
As Holy One, 1258.
As Jehovah, 130.
As Lord of Hosts, 211.
As Prince of Peace, 202, 218.
As the Anointed, 209.
As the I Am, 293.
As the Lamb, 200, 288, 576, 577, 632, 702, 1251, 1252, 1255, 1267.
As the Most High, 211.
As the new-born King, 209, 210, 512, 556.
As Prophet, Priest, and King, 209, 258, 1448.
As Redeemer, 212, 217, 558, 578, 574, 1443.
As Saviour, 163, 578, 579, 907.
As Sovereign, 256, 292, 294, 301, 517, 560, 1502.
At evening, 223.
For abundant mercy, 64, 650.
For all good, 162, 202.
For free redemption, 212.
For love to us while sinners, 1448.
For loving-kindness, 545.
For matchless power, 202.
For providence, 212.
For redeeming love, 467, 655.
From all creatures, 202, 208, 213, 216, 217.
From all nations, 203.
From all in earth and heaven, 156-158, 248, 258-260, 576, 577.
Inspired by spirit, 654.
Jubilant, 65, 213, 295-299, 301, 309, 505, 509, 512, 517, 702.
Rapturous, 556, 562, 574, 583.
 See **GLORY TO CHRIST**.
- PRAISE TO GOD**
For acts of love, 93, 180, 1064.
For all His attributes, 163, 166, 170, 178, 179.
For creation, 100, 103, 180, 142, 146.
For faithfulness, 161.
For love in Christ, 104.
For salvation, 637.
For truth and mercy, 96.
For unchangeableness, 123.
From all in earth and heaven, 94, 130, 167, 168.
From all His works, 97.
Heaven place of, 586.
In sanctuary, 153.
Rapturous, 132, 137, 150.
Spring inspires, 654, 1324.
To His greatness, 136, 159.
Unending, 137, 151, 1032.

PRAYER

Acceptable to Christ, 690.
Against separ'n from Christ, 911.
Ascending from sanctuary, 18.
At morning, 718.
At new year, 435.
Before sermon, 1401.
Better than gems, 282.
Blessings of, 686.
Boldness of, 265, 1488.
The Christian's solace, 1437.
Description of, 686, 694, 696.
Efficacious, 1137.
Entire consecration, 873.
Everywhere, 691.
For Christ's pity, 407, 408, 443, 454, 457.
For Christ's presence, 420.
For Christ's presence at evening, 1249.
For contr'n, 232, 442, 444, 469, 470.
For devotions, 1487.
For end of slavery, 1017, 1027, 1034-1037.
For escape from sin bondage, 411, 444, 463.
For forgiveness, 22, 392, 406, 412, 413, 432, 463.
For freedom, 973, 1017.
For help to wait h. 345, 568.
For Holy Spirit, 405, 1396.
For lambs of Rock, 925.
For light, 450.
For light of Christ, 881.
For love of Christ in heart, 1391.
For mercy, 454, 457, 524, 649.
For ministers, 90, 1401.
For nations, 916, 5th verse.
For nearness to Christ, 438.
For pardon of backslidings, 416, 433, 443.
For perseverance, 247.
For preservation of truth, 34.
For poor, 1060.
For remembrance by Christ, 447.
For rest, 416.
For sanctification, 411, 412, 413.
For strong faith, 1433.
For the slave, 1037.
For universal peace, 957, 967, 980, 987.
From a lonely spirit, 374.
Heard, 11, 715.
Importunate, 715, 849, 1423.
In weakness, 811.
Is Christian's staff, 1390.
Is Chr'n's vital breath, 694, 1437.
Lord's, 1363.
Meeting, 1457.
Not in vain, 190.
Of a child, 596.
Of Christ on cross, 412.
Of pilgrim for guidance, 688, 690.
Relief by, 687.
Sabbath consecrated to, 23, 24.
Secret, 1316, 1321, 1342, 1347.
Sincere, 601.
Spirit of desire, 631, 699.
To Trinity, 819.
Urged to, 386.
Without ceasing, 1380, 1347.
See WORSHIP.

PREACHERS, Prayer for, 90.
PREACHING OF CHRIST, 229.
At home, 1499.
PRECIOUS,
Christ's blood is, 387, 399, 426, 603.
Sabbath in. See SABBATH.
PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST, 243, 259, 366, 404, 439, 489, 603, 605.
PREPARATION FOR DEATH ENJOINED, 308, 309, 311, 326, 335.

PRESENCE

At little prayer-meeting, 1457.
Of Christ all sufficient, 587.
Of Christ implored, 199, 205, 262, 420, 531, 537, 677, 678, 739, 886, 1224.
Of Christ in heart of child, 596.
Of Christ in heaven,
See LONGINGS.
Of Christ precious, 621, 652.
Of God everywhere, 691.
Of God in heaven, 1122.
Of God in sanctuary, 153.
Of God invoked, 199, 699.
Of God satisfying, 191.
Of Spirit implored,
See HOLY SPIRIT.

PRESERVER,
God our, 1392. See REFUGE.

PRIDE CONFESSED, 444.

PRIESTS, Christians are, 577.

PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST, 209, 253, 258, 265, 271, 272, 571.

PRINCE, CHRIST,
Of life, 217, 512.
Of light, 215.
Of peace. See CHRIST.
Of Salem, 228.

PRIZE, The heavenly, 564.

PRODIGAL, Return of, 854.

PROFANITY, Child should hate, 1369.

PROFESSION OF RELIGION,
See JOINING CHURCH.

PROGRESS,
God's help in, 1029.
Of freedom, 1028, 1036.
Of revival, 951, 952.
Of truth, 973, 993, 997.
Serenity of Christian's, 588.

PROMISES,
Pleading the, 1423.
Sure, 172, 453, 737, 1435.

PROPHETS SPEAK OF CHRIST, 204.

PROPHET, PRIEST, & KING, 209, 253.

PROSPERITY,
God the shield of, 522.
Made brighter by reference to God, 1284.

PROSTRATE
At Christ's feet, 400, 421, 432, 454, 457, 891.
At mercy-seat, 479.
Before cross, 409, 420, 463.

PROTECTION
Of Christ invoked, 663.
Of God invoked, 147, 653, 673, 692.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD
Constant, 88, 92, 93, 102, 109, 111, 126, 180, 494, 687.
Ground of repose, 397.
Minute, 145.
Mystery of, 745, 754.
Over Christians, 173.
Praise for, 166.

PURITY Restored, 403.
Prayer for, 1288, 1302, 1312.
See CLEANSING.

QUENCH
Not smallest spark of grace, 403.

QUICKENED
Conscience by God's word, 27.

QUICKENING
Grace, 530.
Influence of Holy Spirit, 852.
Spirit a, 412, 472.

QUIET FROM GOD, 1307.

QUIETNESS. See SERENITY.

RACE, Christian, 519, 564, 1066.

RANSOM,
Christ's blood is, 355, 387, 426.

RAPTURE OF CHRIST'S PRESENCE, 1207, 1225, 1226.

REBEL Repentant, 400, 443, 469.

RECONCILIATION

Of Christ, 839.
Through Christ, 665, 669.

REDEEMER,

Praise to Christ as, 212, 563, 573, 574.
Tears of, 1431.

REDEEMED ONES AROUND THE THRONE, 1241, 1251-1255.

REDEEMING LOVE,

Praise to Christ for, 467, 653.

REDEMPTION,

Praise for, 170, 212, 221.
Wonders of, 1406.

REFORMERS ENCOURAGED, 1056.

REFUGE, Mercy-seat, 479, 693.

REFUGE, CHRIST A

The ark of grace, 456.
Flying to, 342.
From distress, 569, 771.
From doubts, 771.
From harassments, 456.
From God's justice, 543.
From God's wrath, 516.
From hell, 552.
From pestilence, 773.
From shadows of life, 776.
From snares, 570.
From sorrow, 774.
Hast thou? 1340.
In sorrow, 774, 890.
In storm of sin, 771.
In weakness, 342.
Invitation to, 773.
Prayed for, 771, 837, 1200.
The rock, 890.
Through life, 570.

REFUGE, GOD A

Against earth and hell, 174.
Against pestilence, 775.
In sharp distress, 173, 776.
In troubles only, 187, 837.
When deserted by friends, 181.

REGENERATION

Essential, 461.
Sovereignty of Spirit in, 1395.
Supplanted, 103.
See NEW CONVERT.

REIGN,

Extent of God's, 151, 153.
Of Christ invoked, 1200.
Of God, 155.

REIGNS, Jehovah, 44.

REJOICE ALWAYS, 617.

See INDICES OF FIRST LINKS.

RELEASE FROM SIN-BONDAGE IMPELORED, 411, 444, 463.

RELIABILITY OF GOD, 149, 152.

RELiance ON CHRIST

For salvation, 737.
For spiritual life, 723.
In sorrow, 896.

RELiance ON GOD, 822, 844.

See TRUST.

RELIEF

To adversity by faith in God, 776, 790.
By prayer, 687.
From trials, Christ a, 670, 772, 779, 805.
In sickness, Christ a, 806.

RELIGION,

Pleasures of, 1453.
Practical, 1403.
Without love, vain, 1445.

REMEMBER CHRIST, 917, 1460.

ATHLETE, 755. See SACRAMENT.

REMEMBERANCE

Of Christ prayed for, 913.
Of departed ones at eve, 1386, 1387.
Of God implored, 820.

- REPENTANCE,**
And faith, 1434.
Call to, 313, 323, 329, 354, 358, 367, 375, 387.
Call to unheeded, 431.
Entreaty to immediate, 334, 358, 362, 367, 368, 369, 371, 373, 377, 378, 385, 389, 1419.
In view of sufferings of Christ, 1431.
Prayer for, 1429.
Promised none, 27.
Reasonable, 1419. See **PENITENCE**.
- REPOSE.** See **SERENITY**.
- REPROACH ENDURED FOR CHRIST,**
 415, 429, 578, 579.
- REPROOF WELCOMED,** 504.
- RESIGNATION**
At absence from sanctuary, 783.
Because Christ suffered, 417.
Because God is a Father, 445.
Because God is good, 796, 810, 811.
Because God is just, 745.
Because heaven hears, 808, 807, 836, 871.
Because of God's love, 591, 763, 764, 1082.
Because of God's presence, 451, 795.
Because of God's support, 793.
Because of God's wisdom, 809, 817.
Implored, 679, 750, 1264.
In adversity and prosperity, 1284.
In bereavements, 775.
In hope of heaven, 752.
In sickness, 763.
In sufferings, 574.
Prayer for, 631, 728, 795, 809, 1068.
Strength equal to day, 765.
Through faith, 193, 743, 753.
Through smile of God, 790.
To God's hidden face, 592.
To sweet will of God, 784.
Under burdens, 1067.
- REST**
In ark of God, 833.
In grave, 1162, 1268.
In heaven, 468, 1265, 1267.
Longed for, 344.
Nowhere, but in God, 416.
Only in heaven, 787.
Sweet land of, 1504.
- REST IN CHRIST,** 223, 355-357.
From burden of sin, 305, 307.
From disappointment with the world, 414.
From waves of sorrow, 440.
On Christ's bosom, 647, 1266.
Weary at, 1199.
- RESTORATION**
Of backslider, 416, 433, 443.
Of sick and blind, 448.
- RESURRECTION & Glory of Christ,**
 252-301.
- RESURRECTION,**
Day of, 1109, 1144, 1154, 1170, 1240.
Of Christ, 42, 65, 255, 261, 273, 276-278, 288, 284, 287, 298, 407, 1078, 1080.
Of Jews hailed, 980, 988.
Of Jesus implored, 948, 968.
Of the body, 1142, 1143, 1158, 1265.
- RETURN**
Of backslider, 403, 413, 414, 467.
Of Christ invoked, 430, 433.
Of joys, 900.
Of prodigal, 854.
Of the Sabbath hailed, 8, 8, 28, 29, 45, 61, 70.
- REUNION**
In heaven, 716, 719, 1119, 1122, 1163, 1179, 1214, 1221.
- REUNION,**
Joy in, 727.
Joyful anticipation of, 578.
- REVELATION**
Of Christ desired, 475.
Of Christ to heart, 205.
Welcomed, 1381.
- REVIVAL**
Progressing, 951, 952.
Promised by Christ, 751, 816.
Implored, 584, 624, 583.
 See **CHURCH**.
- REWARD**
For fidelity in spring-time of life, 691.
For labor, 625.
Of heaven, 824.
- RICH,**
Christians are, though poor, 711.
- RIGHT,**
Discernment of, 970.
Triumph at last, 971.
- RIGHTFULS.** See **BELIEVERS**.
- RIGHTEOUSNESS,**
Thus it becometh to fulfil, 934.
- RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST**
Perfect, 578, 644.
Plead by sinners, 578.
Salvation by, 620.
Surpassing beauty of, 575.
Unfading beauty of, 550.
Value of, 1424.
- RITES AND CEREMONIES**
Can not regenerate, 1395.
- RIVER OF LIFE,** 990, 997.
- ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS**
From Christ, 550, 575.
- ROCK, Christ a,** 440, 614, 758.
- ROCK OF AGES,**
Christ, 346, 552, 845, 1380.
- ROSE OF SHARON,** 1312.
- Sabbath and Sanctuary,** 1-72, 1375-1377.
- SABBATH,**
Bless'g to all, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 20, 80.
Close of, 15, 19.
Desolate without Christ, 8, 9.
Emblem of heaven, 6, 7, 9, 10, 15, 26, 28, 29, 52, 54, 55, 1440.
Heavenly, foretaste of, 1440.
Holy rest of, 26, 28, 30, 36, 45, 52, 1308.
Inferior to heaven, 4.
Kept, happy week follows, 30.
Light of blessed, 62, 72.
Lord's day, 25, 30, 40, 41.
Loved, 4, 6, 20.
Of millennium, 83.
Peace of, 52, 55. See **PEACE**.
Perhaps the last, 27.
Return hailed, 8, 8, 28, 29, 45, 61, 70.
Sweet, 1, 2, 6, 28, 29, 36, 45, 47, 57.
Well kept, 8, 4.
- SABBATH MORNING,**
Approach of sacred time, 9, 56, 1308.
Aspiration for Christian peace on, 9.
Bright dawn of, 62, 65.
Consecrated to prayer, 23, 24.
Prayer for right thoughts on, 3.
Precious, 29, 36.
Time for hosannas, 40-42.
Time for public worship, 83, 40, 41, 45, 52.
Welcomed, 61, 70.
- SABBATH EVE,**
Prayer for peace and love on, 49, 55, 1440.
Light from heaven with, 1070.
Setting sun of, 19, 55.
- SABBATH-SCHOOLS,**
Hymns for, 1515.
Children saved by Christ's blood, 1270, 1366.
Christ an example, 1364, 1373.
Christ took children in his arms, 1362.
Christ the Saviour of children, 1517.
Death of child, 1374.
Early piety beautiful, 1385.
Early piety enjoined, 1368, 1373.
God all seeing, 1365, 1368.
Goodness of God, 1365.
Gratitude for blessings, 1367, 1372.
Harmony, 1371.
Heaven at hand, 1250.
Industry enjoined, 1370.
Innocent in heart, 1359.
Lord's prayer, 1363.
No partings in heaven, 1354.
Singular company rejected, 1369.
Wonderous story of Christ, 1362, 1366.
Youth seed-time, 697.
- SACRAMENT WAYS,**
Abasement of self, 923.
Christ's remembrance implored, 918.
Christ the bread, 920, 927.
Condescension of Christ, 921.
Consecration of self, 922.
Humble gratitude, 916, 917.
In remembrance of Christ, 735, 1303.
Perpetuity of feast, 919.
Rapture, 922.
Unbroken union with Christ, 929.
Wants of Christian, 930.
Welcome to, 685. See **CHRIST**.
- SACRIFICE,**
Christ the great, 248, 258, 263, 278, 306, 327.
Christ the only, 327, 393.
For Christ, 424, 429.
Of Christ, 463, 684.
Of Christ infinite, 424, 446.
Of self, 521, 595.
- SAFE, Flock of Christ,** 914.
- SAFETY IN GOD,** 569. See **REFUGE**.
- SAGES**
Invited to worship Christ, 210.
- SAILOR,**
Absent, 1165.
In danger, 224.
Sympathy of Christ for, 860.
 See **OCEAN**.
- SAINT GREETED IN HEAVEN,** 1222.
 See **BELIEVERS**.
- SAINTE,**
Above and below, 1447.
Communion of sweet, 1264.
Example of lives, 565.
Redeemed, 770, 800, 1241, 1244.
 See **BELIEVERS**.
- SALEM,**
Christ, prince of, 228.
Peace of, 82.
- SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST**
Assured, 786, 798.
First concern, 884.
For all, 307, 319.
Free, 391, 610, 667.
Gratitude for, 552.
Joyful sound, 572.
Of sinners wonderful, 110.
Only from Christ, 435, 436, 620.
Praise for, 163, 371, 578, 620, 637.
Sinner urged to, 384, 667.
Supplanted, 891, 898, 901.
Trust Christ for, 640.
Samaritan, The good, 1305.

- SANCTIFICATION**
Implored, 660, 700, 861.
Longed for, 411-418.
Through trial, 410.
- SANCTUARY**
Abode of God, 5, 89, 43, 45, 62, 73.
Absent by sickness, 16.
Attractive, 48.
Better than tents of sin, 38, 45.
Best place, 714, 717.
Christ desired at, 13, 14.
Gate of heaven, 12, 18.
God blessed for revelation at, 24.
God longed for at, 13, 24, 53, 54, 58, 59.
God's presence in, 158.
Invitation to of bereaved, 10, 51.
Lord's throne, 31.
Loved, 81.
Meet God in, when sorrowing, 10.
Most attractive, 2, 13, 20, 33, 45, 47, 48, 63.
Of nature, 735.
Place to worship, 33.
Praise of. See **PRaise**.
Prayer ascending from, 19.
Shelter, 17, 18.
Where Christians are, 7, 8, 16.
Wide extent of, 11.
Young invited to, 51.
- SANGUINE ONE**
Chastened, 1184.
- SATAN**. See **SIN**.
- SATISFACTION**
In Christ's face, 525.
In God, 451.
- SAVIOUR**
Christ the only, 346, 367, 435.
Looking to a bleeding, 1432.
Praise to Christ as, 163, 573, 579, 907.
- SCPTER**
May God stretch forth, 524.
- SCHOOL**, *Song of the*, 1516.
- SCOFFERS**
Punished, 383.
- SCOFFING**
Deprecated, 363, 388.
- SCRIPTURES**. See **BIBLE**.
- SEA**
Christ walking on, 368.
 See **OCEAN**.
- SEAL**
My forgiveness, 1293.
- SEALS**
Opened, 734.
- SEARCHER OF HEARTS**, 931.
- SEASONS**
Declare God's glory, 1351.
Ruled by God, 1326, 1328, 1344.
- SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST**
 See **COMING OF CHRIST** and **JUDGMENT-DAY**.
- SECRET MEDITATION**, 1347.
- SECRET PRAYER**, 1316, 1321, 1342.
- SECTARIANISM**
Deprecated, 1010, 1015.
- SECURE**
In Christ's bosom, 494, 1329.
Sinner, 326, 329, 388, 375.
Stayed on Christ, 1333.
Whose sins are pardoned, 484.
- SEED OF TRUTH**
Prayer for preservation of, 34.
- SEED-TIME**, 1494.
Of life, 697.
- SEEKING JESUS**, 421.
 See **LONGINGS**.
- SELF-ABASEMENT**
 See **ABASEMENT**.
- SELF-CONDEMNATION**
 See **ABASEMENT**.
- SELF-DENIAL**. See **VOWS**.
A joy, 648.
- SELF-EXAMINATION**, 1454.
- SELF-LOVE**
Described, 648.
- SELF-RELIANCE**
Deprecated, 728, 1424.
 See **ABASEMENT**.
- SELFISHNESS**
Deprecated, 1043.
- SEPARATION**
From Christ deprecated, 732.
From sanctuary, resignation at, 733.
- SERAPH**
Speaking to shepherds, 206, 215, 222.
- SERENITY**
Implored, 795.
In harassments, 1307.
In God, 445.
Of Christian progress, 588.
Of life's close, 682, 1076.
In Christian heart unfathomable, 675-677, 689.
- SERMON**
Perhaps the last, 27.
- SERVANT**
Of God, death of, 1138, 1139, 1151.
 See **DEATH OF CHRISTIAN**.
- SERVICE**
Of God, dedicated to,
 See **VOWS**.
- SEVERE CHASTISEMENT**
Deprecated, 476, 1132, 1219.
- SHAME**
Borne for Christ, 404, 415, 429, 566, 567, 878, 879.
For sin, 401.
- SHARER OF TRIALS**
Is Christ thy? 1340.
- SHARING**
Of burdens, 710, 716, 721, 1067.
- SHELTER**
Sanctuary, 17, 18.
Christ a. See **REFUGE**.
- SHEPHERD**
God a, 92, 670, 684.
- SHEPHERD, CHRIST**
Care of, 845.
Constancy of, 628.
Gratitude to, 606.
Guidance of, 731.
Love of, 627.
Presence of invoked, 699, 1293.
Where is he? 730, 732.
- SHEPHERDS**
At Christ's birth, 204, 206, 210, 215, 223.
- SHIELD**
Of faith, 612.
- SHINING SHORE, THE**, 1505.
- SHORTNESS**
Of time. See **LIFE**.
- SHOWERS**
Sent by God, 1325, 1326.
- SICKNESS**
Christ mindful of, 769.
Comforter desired in, 860.
Good Physician rememb'd, 855.
Kept from sanctuary by, 16.
Perfect love in, 768.
Presence of Christ desired in, 757, 805.
Resignation in, 763.
Sweet to trust Christ in, 806, 807.
- SILENT**
Land, 1181.
Worship, 656, 676, 683, 689, 695, 696.
- SILLOAM**, 1312.
- SIMPLICITY**
In dealing with Christ, 1057.
- SIN**
A sense of, 1494.
Bars out Christ, 436.
Christ expiation of, 327.
Disease of, 336, 465, 480.
Forgiven, 620.
Freedom from, 470.
Hell-deserving, 330, 406, 435.
Madness of, 431.
Power of, 459. See **BONDAGE**.
Release from implored, 411, 444, 463.
Renouncing, 735.
Shame for, 401.
Weary of, 411, 434, 452, 456, 470.
- SINS**
Crucify Christ, 354.
Forgiveness of many, 316, 609.
Shun, 323.
Tears for, 403, 407, 446, 454, 457, 603.
- SINCERITY**
In prayer, 601.
- SING PRAISES**, 115, 142, 158, 294, 557, 1022.
- SINGLE EYE**
To Christ in what is done, 423, 464.
- SINNER**
Confession of. See **CONFESSION**.
Deserving hell, 406, 435.
Exhorted to Zion's gate, 353.
Imminent danger of, 358, 362, 367, 378, 386, 388.
Old invited to Christ, 851.
Overcome by Christ's love, 851.
Walks the broad way, 310.
Where appear at judgment, 850.
Wretched, 393, 421, 433, 901.
- SINNERS**
Broad road of, 310.
Burdened. See **BURDENED**.
Call to. See **CALL TO SINNERS**.
Call to unheeded, 431.
Called sons of God, 636.
Entreaty to immediate repentance.
 See **REPENTANCE**.
Invited to Christ, 340, 349, 1419, 1425.
Invited to worship new-born king, 210.
Madness of, 1414.
Mercy-seat a refuge for, 698.
Mercy-seat only refuge, 479.
Urged to penitence, 403.
 See **ADMONITION**.
Urged to salvation, 667.
 See **ADMONITION**.
Warned. See **ADMONITION**.
- SIN-SICK SOUL**, 465, 480.
- SISTER**
Death of, 1231.
- SLAVES**
Sufferings regarded by God, 1032-1037.
- SLAVERY**
Ceasing from constitutes true just, 1016.
Christ's coming desired on account of, 1014.
Deprecated, 1015.
Native land oppressed by, 1034.
Prayer for end, 1017, 1027, 1034-1037.
Soon shall end, 364, 1492.
- SLEEP**
Gift of God to his beloved, 1073, 1074.
In Jesus, 1093, 1106.
Refreshed by, 1257, 1299.
 See **MORNING**.

- SLOTH,**
Spiritual, 472, 624, 816, 883, 1449, 1453.
- SMILE OF GOD**
A delight in sorrow, 582, 790.
Of Jesus enlightens, 296.
- SNOW AND FROST**
Retire at God's command, 1325, 1344.
- SOCIETY**
Of saints chosen, 504, 705, 709, 1264.
Of sinners avoided, 184, 1369.
- SOLACE**
All from God, 547. See **SERENITY**.
- SOLITUDE**
Christian awake, 982, 992.
- SOLDIERS OF CHRIST**
Christians are, 566, 612, 613, 633.
Triumphant, 1003.
- SOLITUDE**
God dispels, 1343.
- SON OF GOD.** See **CHRIST**.
- SONS OF GOD**
Blessedness of, 864.
Sinners called, 636.
See **ABBA, FATHER**.
- SONG OF HEAVEN,**
SONGS
Of praise at creation, Christ's birth, & the new earth, 142.
See **CREATION**.
Of angels, 1452. See **ANGELS**.
Of Zion, 1120. See **PRaise, MUSIC**, and **SING PRAISES**.
- SORROW**
Heaven cure of, 803, 807.
Hope in, 793.
Of Zion scattered, 726.
Partner of love, 648.
Prayer for help in waves of, 750, 758.
Smile of God in, 790.
Waves of overwhelming, 885.
- SORROWS**
Healed by Christ, 425.
Illumined by Christ, 774.
Illumined by God's word, 776.
Laid on Christ, 772.
Relieved by hope of heaven, 1228, 1237.
Shared by Christ, 679.
See **AFFLICTIONS**.
- SORT**
Arrayed for heaven, 550, 575.
Awake! 519, 526, 545, 564.
Heaven within, 1013.
Immortal, 817, 837, 894, 1101, 1134, 1158, 1159.
Lifeless without Christ, 483.
To be cared for first, 1415.
Watch against foes to, 611, 612.
- SOURCE**
Of all good, God, 88, 89.
Of truth, God, 90.
Of wisdom, God, 90, 94.
Of sovereign grace, 1502.
- SOVEREIGNTY**
Of Christ. See **THRONE**.
Of Spirit, 1394.
- SOWING SPIRITUAL SEED**, 1494.
- SPIRIT**
And the Bride say, Come, 1200.
See **HOLY SPIRIT**.
- SPRING**
Emblem of heaven, 1324.
Inspires devotion, 1351.
Inspires praise to God, 654, 1324.
Speaks of God, 84, 1325, 1344.
Surpassed by early piety, 1385.
- SPRING-TIME OF LIFE**, 697.
- STAR**
In the east, 282.
- STAR**
Of Bethlehem, 538, 1303.
Of Christ, 1190, 1218.
Shine on sailor, 1165.
- STARS**
Emblems of truth, 1341.
Fading, emblem of dying Christward, 1126, 1159.
- STEWARD**
Faithful, 625, 626, 1151.
- STEWARDSHIP**, 622.
- STORMS**
God's voice, 139, 143, 189.
Not feared, 1111.
Of life, Christ refuge from, 837.
Of life, help on to heaven, 871.
Song in, 1444.
Of sorrow, Christ pilot in, 750, 771.
Of sorrow, source of blessings, 745.
Of temptation hushed, 761.
Ruled by God, 969.
- STORY OF CHRIST**, 204, 1866.
- STRAIT GATE**, 310, 395.
- STRANGER**
Go visit, 1050.
- STRANGERS AND SOJOURNERS**, 468.
- STREAM OF LIFE**, 1340.
- STRENGTH**
By the way, 1436.
Equal to day, 765, 767.
God our, 519, 599.
Of God, 149, 495.
Of love, 580.
- STRIPPED**
Of all comforts (chant), 1132.
- STRIVING**
For heaven, 819, 578, 613, 722.
- STRONG**
In the Lord, 661, 759, 760, 761, 765.
- STUBBORN HEART**
Subdued by Christ's love, 351, 646.
- SUBJECTION**
Of the nations to Christ,
See **THRONE**.
- SUBMISSION**
Because of God's love, 646.
Of new convert, 818.
To God's hidden face, 592.
See **RESIGNATION**.
- SUBSTANCE**
Honoring Christ with, 1055.
- SUCCOR.** See **ASSISTANCE**.
- SUDDEN DEATH.** See **IMMINENT**.
- SUFFERINGS**
Christ's presence implored in, 874.
Shared by Christ, 417, 441.
See **SORROW**.
- SUFFICIENCY**
Of atonement, 258, 346, 426, 480, 634.
Of Christ's blood, 898, 634.
- SUMMER**
Declares God's favor, 1323.
Displays his majesty, 1351.
- SUN**
Christ the, 203, 418, 643.
Emblem of God, 50.
Emblem of God's throne, 89.
Emblem of gospel, 50.
Emblem of Jesus, 50.
Emblem of life, 72.
God a, 673.
Of righteousness, 50, 408, 540.
Tells of God, 67.
- SUN SETTING**
Approaching, 1353, 1356.
Emblem of death, 1102, 1331.
Of life, 1327.
Of Sabbath, 19, 55, 1070.
Reminds of peaceful death, 1333.
- SUNDAY-SCHOOLS**
Hymns for,
See **SABBATH-SCHOOLS**.
- SUPPER**
The Lord's. See **SACRAMENT**.
- SUPPORT**
Christ a, 711, 843.
Christ a, in death, 779, 1084.
Of God sufficient, 191.
- SUPPORTER**
God a, 188, 191, 515, 822, 825, 849.
- SUPREME**
Love to Christ,
See **CHRIST ALL IN ALL**.
- SUPREMACY**
Of Christ, 295-297, 801, 437, 432, 513, 551, 561, 909.
Of God. See **THRONE**.
- SURE**
Decrees are, 1352.
Promises are, 725, 737.
- SURETY**
Christ our, 453, 669.
- SURPASSING.** See **LOVE OF CHRIST**.
- SURRENDER TO CHRIST**, 646.
- SUSTAINER**
God the, 822, 825, 849.
- SYMPATHY**
Of Christ, 265, 270-272.
Of Christians, beauty of, 680, 1046, 1047.
Of Christians extolled, 708-710, 716.
Of Christians freely offered, 681, 685.
Of Christians implored, 802, 1010, 1046.
Of Christians with those that weep, 801, 1046, 1047.
- TABLE**
The Lord's. See **SACRAMENT**.
- TALENTS**
Improve, 1345. See **WORK**.
- TALKING**
With God. See **COMMUNION**.
- TEACH**
Resignation, 836.
Some melodious measure, 650.
That all life is from God, 145.
To abhor evil, 1288.
To live and to die, 1287.
- TEACHER**
Love is the, 508.
- TEARS**
Changed to smiles, 905.
Counted, 434.
For lost joys, 476.
For sin, 403, 407, 446, 454, 457, 668.
Insufficient, 327.
Of Christ, 407, 801.
Over trials, 794.
Wiped away, 816, 1121, 1152, 1251.
- TEMPERANCE**, 1002, 1041, 1044, 1045.
Hymn for children, 1065.
- TEMPLE**
Nature a, 735.
Of God. See **SANCTUARY**.
- TEMPTATIONS**
Conquered, 761, 762, 907.
Constant, 490.
Dangers of, 526.
Storms of hushed, 761.
- THANKS.** See **GRATITUDE**.
- THANKSGIVING**
Always, 486.
At evening, 1295, 1296, 1319, 1322.
Day, hymn for, 1323.
For salvation, 685.
- THIRSTING**
For God. See **LONGINGS**.
- THIRCE HOLY**
Christ, 201, 211, 214.

- THRONE**
Belongs to God, 124.
- THRONE OF CHRIST**
Ascended to, 252, 253, 256, 268, 270, 271, 288, 292.
Glory of, 252, 256, 268, 270, 271, 292.
Reascended to, 212, 263.
 See also
- THRONE OF GOD**
In Zion, 152.
Isaiah is, 124.
Nations bow before, 180, 192, 142.
Red'm'd around, 1241, 1251-1255.
Secure, 44, 1030.
Splendor of, 130, 195, 154, 159.
Tear idols from, 416, 449, 470.
Truth support of, 132, 134, 1030.
- THRONE OF GRACE**
Everywhere, 691.
- TRY WILL BE DONE**, 752, 775, 809, 817, 1013, 1082, 1284.
 See RESIGNATION.
- TIDINGS**
Of good to all people, 206, 214, 222.
- TIES**
Of the past broken, 1115.
- Time, Eternity, Life and Death**, 1070-1212.
- Times and Seasons**, 1278-1351.
- TIME**
Fleeting, 303, 326.
 See LIFE FLEETING.
- TITLE**
To heaven, 803.
- TOTAL ABSTINENCE**,
 See TEMPERANCE.
- TOMB**,
Mary at Saviour's, 352.
- TO-MORROW**
Not ours, 1441.
- TONGUES OF FIRE**, 291.
- TOYS OF EARTH**,
Fondness for confessed, 472, 479.
- TRACTS**,
The distributor encour'g'd, 1490.
- TREASURE**
In heaven, 1107.
Of gold not comparable with Bible, 1373.
- TREE OF LIFE**, 1259.
- Trials and Temptations**, 733-907, 1435-1442.
- TRIALS**
Borne by love, 600.
Explained, 458.
Healed by praise, 456.
Of Christ, 245.
Prayer a refuge in, 1498.
Sanctification through, 410.
Separate not from Christ, 595.
Sustained through Christ, 725, 762-765, 769.
 See AFFLICTIONS.
- Trinity**, 197-202.
- TRINITY**
Glory to, 201, 505, 517, 1024.
Prayer to, 819.
Praise to, 194, 195, 199, 201, 223, 1402.
- TRIUMPH**
In heaven at last, 518, 644.
Of Christ's grace over heathen, 909, 943, 956, 961, 1003.
Of Christ's soldiers, 1003.
Of freedom, 971.
Of truth at last, 971.
Over all nations, 974, 976, 1018.
Over Gentle and Jew, 955.
Over oppressors, 901, 1001, 1023.
Over sinners, 949, 950.
Through grace, 518, 644.
 See VICTORY OF CHRISTIANS.
- TROUBLES**,
Christian's course above, 589.
God's help in, 138.
Healed by Christ, 741, 744.
Indifference to spiritual de-
piored, 442, 444, 523.
Serenity in, 1307.
 See AFFLICTIONS.
- TRUMPET**
Of gospel, 202, 949, 950.
- TRUST IN CHRIST**
Desired, 149, 440.
For salvation, 640, 786.
For the morrow, 857.
In affliction, 741, 744, 745.
Invitation to, 387.
- TRUST IN GOD**
Alone, 841, 844.
At night, 1287, 1289.
Encouraged by the promises,
 1451.
For all good, 785.
On ocean, 1285, 1286.
Though stripped of all good, 127.
Through life, 619.
Through life and death, 813, 841.
- TRUTH**,
God source of, 90.
Holy Spirit the seal of, 1397.
Implored, 1341.
Of Christ, 737.
Of God firm, 173.
Progress of, 973, 980, 993, 997.
Sacred, harmony of, 1376.
Stars, emblems of, 1341.
Support of God's throne, 132, 134, 1034.
Triumph at last, 971.
What is? 1066.
- TURN**
To God. See ADMONITION.
- UNBELIEF**
Deplored, 1077. See ABASEMENT.
- UNCHANGEABLENESS**
Of Christ's love, 542.
Of God, 107, 123, 821.
- UNEQUALED**,
Christ is, 644, 652, 658, 739, 755, 757.
- UNFRUITFULNESS** See ABASEMENT.
- UNION**
Of Christ with Christians, 510, 529, 532.
Of Christians, 680, 681, 685, 703, 706, 707, 710, 716, 721.
Of saints, 1462.
To Christ of burdened sinners,
 353, 356, 364, 367, 369, 372, 382.
With Christ, 460, 541, 542, 676, 677, 693, 700, 759, 910.
With Christ constant, 596.
With Christ desired, 585.
With Christ forever, 621.
With departed friends desired,
 800.
- UNITING**
With the church,
 See JOINING THE CHURCH.
- UNITY**
Of Christians, 11, 71, 718, 802, 1010.
Of Christians extolled, 704-708, 716, 718.
- UNIVERSAL**,
Christ, Lord, 212.
Peace anticipated, 911, 1012.
Peace attained thro' love, 1019.
Reign of Christ, 513.
Reign of freedom, 1027.
- UNREST**
Confessed, 815, 456.
Deprecated, 741, 883.
Without Christ, 904.
- UNSHAKEN HOPE**, 703, 716.
- UNSPEAKABLE GIFT**, 491.
- UNSPEAKABLE LOVE**. See LOVE.
- UNSTEADFASTNESS**, 471.
Of man's condition, 842.
- UPBUILDING**
Of church desired, 751, 897, 908.
- UPPER ROOM**
Of early disciples, 291.
- USELESS**
Cumberer, 1297.
- VANITY**
Of life, 1117, 1118.
Of pleasures, 370, 530.
- VICTORY**. See TRIUMPH.
Of Christ over the grave,
 See DEATH.
Of Zion, 726.
- VICTORY OF CHRISTIANS**,
Not till crown is won, 611, 613.
Over doubts and death, 640, 1271.
Over passions, 640.
Over sin, 612, 722.
Over trials, 907.
Sure, 614.
Urged to through Christ, 612, 613, 618, 633.
- VILE**
Self, 383, 432, 457, 447, 430.
- VISION**
Of Christ, 536.
Of solitude, 1343.
- VISIT**
Stranger, 1050.
- VISITING THE POOR**, 1493.
- VITAL UNION**
To Christ. See UNION.
- VOICE**
Of Christ, charm of, 590, 730.
Of God, power of, 591.
Of God, within, 475.
Of God in storms, 139, 143, 139.
Still small of Spirit, 513.
- VOWS TO SERVE CHRIST**,
Because of Christ's love, 440, 453, 616.
Before men and angels, 428.
Forever, 449, 378.
- VOYAGE OF LIFE**,
Christ pilot of, 668.
Over, 1210.
- WAITING**
For God's will, 151, 745.
Saviour, The, 1412.
 See RESIGNATION.
- WAKING HYMN**, 1279, 1281, 1313.
- WALKING**
On sea, Christ, 868.
With God, 693. See UNION.
- WANDERER, RETURN**, 324, 825.
- WANDERINGS**
Confessed, 418, 414, 431, 473, 650, 833.
Deprecated, 400, 782, 839.
Prayer for restoration from, 416, 433, 443.
Stopped by Christ, 403, 473, 650, 812.
- WANTS**
Of Christian, 631, 930.
- WAR**
Controlled by God, 963.
Deprecated, 1014, 1015.
No more, 1012.
- WARFARE**.
 See SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.
- Warning and Invitation**, 802-897, 1412-1421.
- WARNINGS TO SINNER**, 1419.
 See ADMONITION.
- WASHING**,
ual, 624. See CLEANSING.

- WATCH**
Against foes to the soul, 611, 612.
Entreaty to, 386, 611, 626, 633.
Prayer for help to, 345, 568.
- WATCHMAN**
What of night? 972.
- WATER**
Living. See **FOUNTAIN**.
Turned to wine, 595.
- WAVES**
Obedient to God, 756, 829.
Of passion subdued, 829.
Of sorrow overwhelming, 885.
 See **DESPAIR**.
Of sorrow, prayer for help in, 750, 758.
Of trouble, Christ help in, 440, 456.
- WAY**
Christ, 520, 547.
Of sinner broad, 810.
To Zion, sing on the, 720.
To Zion bright, 616, 683.
To heaven smoothed by Christ, 769.
- WAYS**
Of God just, 809.
- WEAKNESS**
Consciousness of, 1068.
Of man, 821, 825, 826, 841, 1117, 1118.
Prayer in, 811.
 See **ABASUREMENT OF SELF**.
- WEARY**
At rest, 884, 1199.
Invited to Christ, 355-357, 366, 368, 369.
Of life, 884.
With sin, 411, 494, 452, 456, 470.
- WEARINESS**
Acknowledged, 679.
- WEEP NOT**
For death of Christian, 866, 1168, 1172.
For saints departed, 1093.
- WELCOME**
Death is, 893.
Of Christ by the soul, 659.
Of sinner by Christ, 343.
- WELL DONE**, 1345.
- WEST**
Missionary labor in, 1500.
- WICKED**
Cease from troubling, 884.
Destiny of, 312.
Smitten by God, 184, 192.
 See **SINNERS**.
- WIDOW**
God support of, 781.
- WILL**
Of God he done, 752, 775, 809, 817, 1013, 1082, 1284.
Of God blessed, 784, 796.
Of self lost in God's, 784, 792, 796.
- WILDERNESS**
Of this world, 899.
- WIND**
Holy Spirit compared to, 1394.
- WINTER**
Declares God's power, 1351.
Emblem of death, 1118.
Of separation from Christ, 1211.
- WINGS**
Shadow of thy, resting beneath, 494, 1287.
- WISDOM**
God is, 651.
God source of, 90, 94.
Of God seen in nature, 112, 651.
- WITNESS**
Of Spirit desired, 1264.
- WONDERFUL**
Power of divine grace, 110, 554, 570, 636.
 See **HOLY SPIRIT**.
- WORD**
Christ the, 199, 207, 496, 959.
Of God like dew, 1383.
- WORDS**, *Gentle*, 1048, 1062.
- WORK**
Arouse to, 992, 1494.
Cheered by Christ, 595.
For fellow-men, 1067.
Hallowed by love, 628.
Is rest when Christ is present, 475.
Of life all for Christ, 423, 464.
Reward for, 625.
- WORKS**
Of love, satisfy longings, 1066.
Of no avail in justification, 1424.
- WORLD**
Desert, 899.
False, 370, 395, 400, 479, 497, 500, 530, 514, 887, 1116, 1215.
Inferior to heaven, 887.
Joys of, 671.
Made better by one's life, 892.
Parting with, 671.
Unsatisfying, 478, 814, 1215.
- WORSHIP**
Family at evening, 657, 849, 1287, 1291, 1294, 1300, 1317, 1321, 1329, 1341.
Family at morning, 1280, 1298, 1299, 1301, 1306, 1313-1315, 1327, 1332, 1342. See **PRAYER**.
Invitation to, 502.
Opening of, 13.
Praise at opening of, 115, 116.
Promised, 23.
Public, blessedness of, 1-78, 1375.
Public, close of, 19-22, 49, 63.
Public, not pomp, 14, 39.
Public, rapturous, 24, 28, 37, 45, 52, 57, 59.
Sabbath time for, 38, 40, 41, 45, 52.
Sanctuary place to, 33.
Secret, 1316, 1321, 1342, 1347.
Silent, 656, 675, 676, 683, 689, 695, 696.
Social, 502.
- WORTHLESS**
Self, 883, 446.
- WORTHY**
The Lamb, 200, 512, 576, 702, 1251, 1252, 1255.
- WOUNDS**
Of Jesus. See **BLOOD**.
- WRATH OF GOD**
Deprecated, 827, 859.
- WRESTLING**
Of angel with Jacob, 598.
- WRETCH UNDONE**, 421.
- WRETCHED SINNER**, 398, 421, 488, 901.
- YEAR**
Close of, 1112, 1167.
Freedom of jubilee, 364, 365
Of jubilee, 364, 365.
- YEARNING**
For Christ, 588.
 See **LONGINGS**.
- YIELD**. See **SUBMISSION**.
- YOKE**
Of Christ light, 305, 372, 411.
Of Christ sweet, 416.
- YOUNG CHRISTIAN**
 See **NEW CONVERT**.
Death of, 1097, 1124.
- YOUNG CONVERT**
 See **NEW CONVERT**.
- YOUNG**
Hard to die, 1093.
Invited to sanctuary, 51.
Kept pure by Scripture, 80.
- YOUTH**
Scripture a guide to, 80.
Time to seek God, 814, 1358.
- ZEAL**
Faith fired by, 748.
For God desired, 472, 624.
In Christian race, 519.
In praising God, 1352.
Not atone for sin, 346.
Reprehension for lack of, 1458.
- ZION**
Beloved of God, 190.
Best place, 81, 82, 43.
Better than Sinai, 705.
Built on corner-stone, 507.
Christ light of, 437, 672.
City of God, 988.
Depressed, 747.
Exalted, 672.
Friends in, 51, 43, 48, 49, 59, 68.
Glorious, 717.
Glory of, 1164.
Hill of fruitful, 688.
Longed for, 906.
Love for, 717.
Lovers of, 43, 68.
Low state deplored, 804.
Messengers of, 1040.
Peace of, 43, 48.
Praise in, 169.
Singing on way to, 720.
Songs of, 1120.
Sorrow past, 726.
Throne of God in, 152.
To be renewed, 190.
Triumphant, 911, 946, 968, 989, 1008.
Unforgotten by God, 915.
Victory of, 726.
Way to bright, 616, 688.

INDEX OF TEXTS.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE HYMNS.

GENESIS.

1: 1, 2.....	142, 938
1: 8.....	959
1: 9-25.....	112
3: 19, last clause.....	1133
5: 24.....	693
6: 3.....	318
7: 1.....	773
8: 9.....	414, 843
8: 22.....	1326, 1328
15: 1.....	653, 673
15: 12.....	241
16: 3.....	877
17: 8.....	1450
17: 18.....	1517
18: 14.....	108, 159
18: 27.....	437
19: 16, 17.....	1185
19: 17.....	367
22: 8.....	512
24: 31.....	681, 1133
24: 56.....	557, 1471
24: 58.....	382
24: 64.....	1228
27: 36.....	783
28: 12.....	178
28: 16, 17.....	153
28: 17.....	709
28: 19-22.....	688
31: 13.....	688
32: 24-39.....	538
32: 25.....	849
33: 24-26.....	1192
37: 30.....	470
37: 30, last clause.....	999
47: 9.....	1116, 1350
49: 38.....	1304

EXODUS.

2: 2.....	926
3: 5.....	10
6: 8.....	1595
14: 21.....	160
15: 1.....	268
15: 11.....	105
16: 23.....	29
16: 25.....	54
16: 25, 26.....	1308
19: 5.....	819
20: 11.....	1308
20: 11.....	8
20: 18.....	149
22: 23.....	863
23: 27.....	526
25: 22.....	5, 733
28: 23.....	571
31: 13.....	1440
31: 15.....	30
32: 12.....	827
32: 29.....	930
33: 14.....	532
33: 19.....	509
34: 6.....	604
34: 34-35.....	524
40: 38.....	522

LEVITICUS.

16: 31.....	70
24: 3.....	52

LEVITICUS (continued).

25: 9, 10.....	365
25: 9-54.....	1028
26: 2.....	52
26: 45.....	1450

NUMBERS.

6: 26.....	1011
10: 29.....	1345, 1450
28: 10.....	1128

DEUTERONOMY.

4: 35.....	154
6: 7.....	927
8: 2.....	180
10: 15.....	1307
26: 7.....	793
32: 4.....	745
32: 2, 3.....	18
32: 31.....	367
33: 25.....	765
33: 26.....	1278
33: 27.....	827
34: 1.....	1246

JOSHUA.

24: 15.....	1495
-------------	------

JUDGES.

5: 3.....	201
5: 28.....	1221
6: 23.....	895
19: 9.....	59, 848
19: 20.....	531

RUTH.

1: 16, 17.....	854
----------------	-----

I. SAMUEL.

1: 14.....	1002
1: 17.....	21
3: 8.....	1175
3: 10.....	475
3: 18.....	792
7: 3.....	325
7: 12.....	650
11: 36.....	582
16: 7.....	101
22: 23.....	678

II. SAMUEL.

1: 23.....	1179
1: 26.....	1231
1: 19-27.....	1115
12: 23.....	719, 1071
22: 3.....	1307
22: 6.....	410
22: 11.....	189
22: 29, 30.....	597
23: 5.....	445
24: 14.....	182

I. KINGS.

2: 16.....	795
2: 20.....	795

I. KINGS (continued).

3: 5.....	690
8: 27.....	983
8: 30.....	454
8: 45.....	1029
9: 3.....	940
11: 21, 22.....	1004
13: 37.....	429
18: 44.....	766
19: 11-13.....	1243

II. KINGS.

2: 11, 12.....	1277
3: 8.....	547
4: 26.....	1186
6: 17.....	1670
7: 3-5.....	81
22: 20.....	1162

I. CHRONICLES.

16: 8.....	562
16: 25.....	165
23: 30.....	1306
28: 9.....	1145
29: 11, 12-15.....	117
29: 13.....	418
29: 15.....	1007, 1071

II. CHRONICLES.

2: 5.....	124
6: 21.....	337
7: 5.....	945
13: 12.....	618
15: 15.....	922
30: 9.....	849

NEHEMIAH.

2: 5.....	1042
5: 19.....	820
9: 5.....	164

ESTHER.

4: 16.....	421
7: 2.....	690

JOB.

1: 21.....	1130
3: 17, 18.....	1099
3: 17-19.....	1199
5: 17.....	1184
5: 19.....	727
7: 6.....	1105, 1171
7: 16.....	1183
9: 12.....	159
10: 1.....	884
10: 2.....	592
13: 5.....	801
13: 15.....	894, 1449
14: 1, 2 and 5, 6.....	526
14: 1-13.....	1117
14: 1-14.....	1134
14: 2.....	394
15: 16.....	1434
16: 22.....	311
17: 7.....	476
22: 21.....	909
23: 3, 4.....	425

JOB (continued).

29: 2.....	430
34: 19.....	1059
34: 29.....	1307
38: 1.....	1344
38: 11.....	829
38: 31, 32.....	1356

PSALMS.

1: 1.....	154
1: 1.....	1369
2: 8.....	1003
3: 1.....	761
3: 5.....	1291
3: 8.....	690
4: 1.....	1322
4: 1.....	863
4: 5.....	811
4: 8.....	1287
5: 1.....	23
5: 3.....	3, 467, 1514
5: 6.....	1093
6: 2.....	81
6: 4.....	365
6: 6.....	314
7: 6.....	101
7: 12.....	1419
9: 1.....	64
9: 1-11.....	1022
9: 9.....	173, 777, 1055
9: 12-20.....	1020
9: 14.....	169
10: 13.....	1426
11: 17, 18.....	1035
11: 1.....	1631
12: 7.....	1311
14: 7.....	697
16: 1.....	1288, 1310
16: 3.....	464
16: 8-11.....	1235
16: 9-11.....	1153
16: 11, 451, 475, 582, 1504	
17: 1.....	760
17: 15.....	497, 1158, 1279
18: 1-3.....	144
18: 1-6.....	760
18: 9-12.....	155
18: 10-13.....	168
18: 15-19.....	769
19: 1.....	84
19: 1-6.....	87
19: 1-9.....	446
19: 12.....	1449
19: 13, 14.....	683
20: 2.....	1446
22: 1.....	885
22: 1-22.....	526
22: 3.....	275
22: 4.....	1006
22: 23.....	556
23: 1.....	85, 92, 281, 628
23: 1, 2.....	845
23: 1-4.....	731
23: 2, 8.....	670
23: 4.....	890, 1131, 1446
24: 3, 4.....	58
24: 7-10.....	260, 683
25: 16.....	876

PSALMS (continued).	PSALMS (continued).	PSALMS (continued).	PSALMS (continued).
26: 8..... 77	51: 11..... 405	88: 309, 1080	119: 185..... 598
27: 4..... 414	51: 12..... 981, 1091	89: 5-14..... 1851	119: 191..... 850
27: 1..... 402, 450, 506	51: 14..... 1288, 1427	89: 6..... 129	119: 165..... 561, 1465
27: 5..... 771, 1217	51: 17..... 14, 442	89: 15..... 1382	119: 172..... 74
27: 8..... 812	52: 9..... 402	89: 48..... 1340	119: 175..... 416
27: 1-6..... 912	56: 794	90: 117, 187, 1147	121: 678, 692, 1161
27: 8-11..... 181	55: 1..... 374, 403	90: 1-10..... 821	121: 4..... 896
28: 1..... 1290	55: 6, 468, 588, 674, 1504	90: 2..... 167	121: 8..... 1310
29: 118	55: 17..... 1309	90: 5..... 455	122: 81, 82, 43, 1275
29: 9..... 270	55: 22, 444, 452, 766, 825	90: 9..... 326	122: 1, 2..... 1178
29: 11..... 101	55: 22..... 1420	90: 9-12..... 871	122: 4..... 48
30: 1-3..... 778	57: 147	91: 138	125: 798
30: 1-5..... 900	57: 1..... 492, 1287	91: 4..... 1081	126: 554
30: 1..... 558	57: 5-11..... 86	91: 6..... 773	126: 5, 6..... 1494
30: 5..... 713, 807, 1333	57: 7..... 1422	91: 11..... 653	126: 6..... 625
31: 3..... 894	57: 8-10..... 1298	92: 57	127: 1..... 1294
31: 20..... 1124	59: 1..... 1515	92: 1-4..... 1314	127: 2..... 1, 73, 1231
32: 7..... 698	61: 1-6..... 830	92: 1-11..... 1	131: 2..... 857
32: 8..... 13-2	61: 4..... 834, 839	93: 44, 120, 121, 163	132: 7-9..... 5
33: 2..... 1418	63: 1-5..... 24, 161	93: 3-5..... 776	132: 13..... 989
33: 3..... 644	63: 1-8..... 775	94: 14..... 1101	133: 710, 1113, 1371
33: 6-9..... 98	63: 5, 6..... 120	95: 1-7..... 146, 158, 1385	133: 1..... 680
33: 20..... 174	63: 6-8..... 7-2	95: 5..... 48	136: 93, 170
34: 1..... 681	63: 7..... 139	95: 6..... 558	137: 1-6..... 747
34: 1-9..... 546, 560	65: 1, 2..... 12-0	96: 1362	137: 2-6..... 804
34: 18..... 778	65: 4..... 1290	96: 11, 12..... 1065	137: 5, 6..... 717
36: 5-9..... 178	65: 8..... 1076, 1319	97: 134, 143, 560	138: 138
36: 7..... 545	65: 9-13..... 1324	97: 6..... 1249	138: 2..... 149
37: 3..... 840, 841	65: 5..... 8	98: 216, 1243	138: 5..... 613
37: 37..... 1098	67: 3, 4..... 167	100: 73, 115, 118, 132	138: 6..... 9, 1069
38: 434	67: 3-5..... 267	100: 190	139: 117
38: 1..... 827	68: 3-4..... 194	102: 17..... 7-1	139: 1-3..... 109
39: 3, 4..... 1160	68: 5..... 780	103: 102	139: 4..... 1268
39: 4-13..... 1118	68: 18..... 280	103: 1..... 38, 52	139: 7..... 119
39: 5..... 1167	69: 32..... 265	103: 2..... 86, 772	140: 7-10..... 106
39: 7..... 1273	69: 24, 163, 274, 341, 659	103: 10-13..... 140	140: 7-12..... 192
40: 1..... 342	71: 5..... 839	106: 15..... 1672	140: 21, 22..... 923
40: 8..... 519	71: 8..... 1233	103: 15, 16..... 3-0	143: 1..... 1423
40: 11..... 826	71: 14-24..... 568	103: 19-22..... 233	140: 23, 24..... 485, 1091
41: 1-3..... 1019	71: 17..... 869	103: 20, 21..... 167	141: 504
41: 2..... 1333	72: 513, 961	103: 20-22..... 1205	141: 1, 2..... 1366
41: 3..... 85	72: 4..... 127	103: 22..... 83	141: 2..... 696
42: 188	72: 12-14..... 1023	104: 1326, 1349	141: 5..... 1423
42: 1..... 1207	72: 17..... 1001	104: 2..... 521	144: 1-5..... 185
42: 1, 2..... 1461	72: 18..... 161	104: 2..... 1300	144: 2..... 1212
42: 1-5..... 816, 1211	72: 25..... 630	104: 23..... 486	145: 131
42: 2..... 560, 602	73: 1..... 191, 1355	104: 31..... 19, 459, 806	145: 9..... 101
42: 4..... 11, 48	73: 17-19..... 512	104: 35..... 83	145: 10..... 113, 125
42: 5..... 202, 586	73: 24..... 757, 815	104: 1, 2..... 133	145: 18..... 438
42: 5-11..... 1441	73: 25..... 557, 630, 1129	106: 4..... 886	146: 1632
42: 6-11..... 758	73: 25..... 1201, 1273	107: 185	146: 1..... 1249
42: 7..... 440	73: 25, 26..... 414	107: 19..... 125	146: 2..... 486
42: 7, 8..... 1285	73: 26..... 797, 1159	107: 26-30..... 1165	146: 7-10..... 1634
42: 8..... 1081	73: 28..... 893	107: 28-30..... 880	146: 9..... 781
43: 3..... 18, 1341	74: 21..... 1037	107: 29, 30..... 1100	147: 1-7..... 190
43: 5..... 1441	77: 1-9..... 1132	108: 2..... 1357	147: 8..... 1017
44: 3..... 1007	77: 7-11..... 477	109: 21..... 1295	147: 12-20..... 1325
45: 1-7..... 1060	77: 10-12..... 1321, 1411	110: 4..... 273	147: 14..... 463
45: 2..... 404	77: 13, 14..... 183	111: 213	147: 16-20..... 1349
45: 3-6..... 1024	77: 16-20..... 1286	112: 7..... 1422	148: 97, 180, 108, 218, 1205
46: 1446, 1488	77: 19-20..... 193	116: 1..... 652	148: 2..... 150
46: 1..... 777	80: 684	116: 1-6..... 82	148: 2-5..... 167
46: 1-5..... 173	80: 11..... 883	116: 12-19..... 422	149: 162
46: 3-5..... 1340	82: 8..... 366	116: 14..... 428	149: 1..... 171
46: 4..... 81	84: 1375	117: 96, 511	149: 2..... 67
46: 6-11..... 152	84: 1..... 714, 1445	118: 22-24..... 507	149: 4..... 1174
46: 9..... 957, 963	84: 2..... 419, 1213	118: 24..... 25	149: 5..... 557
47: 156, 267	84: 1-7..... 2, 68	118: 26-29..... 664	150: 23, 202, 1064
48: 11..... 888	84: 6-12..... 35	119: 1376	150: 1..... 505
49: 10-15..... 1093	84: 10..... 38, 1228	119: 9..... 1380	150: 2..... 666
49: 15..... 1153	84: 11, 12..... 1212, 1302	119: 10..... 493	
50: 1-5..... 333	85: 4..... 384	119: 49..... 76, 1423	
50: 1-6..... 1189	85: 7..... 1123	119: 50..... 77	
51: 1129	85: 8..... 39, 591	119: 67..... 871	
51: 1, 2..... 406	85: 10-13..... 1058	119: 68..... 1355	
51: 2..... 893	86: 5-7..... 805	119: 71..... 789, 871, 1449	
51: 5..... 480	86: 8..... 176	119: 75..... 790	
51: 6..... 1428	87: 983	119: 105..... 75, 76	
51: 7..... 692	87: 3..... 679	119: 113..... 26, 739	
51: 10..... 103, 1425	87: 7..... 586	119: 130..... 76	

PROVERBS.

1: 33..... 60, 1124
2: 8..... 1332
3: 6..... 494
3: 18..... 90, 454
3: 21-24..... 926
3: 24..... 559
4: 14, 15..... 1369
4: 14-17..... 1369

PROVERBS (continued).

4: 13	1341
6: 6-8	1378
8: 17	1331
10: 7	1092
11: 21	1043
14: 32	1094, 1097
15: 1	1048
15: 23	686
16: 1	534
16: 20	712
18: 21	665, 857
19: 15	1063
20: 1	1092
20: 6	818
23: 23	659
23: 24-2	1041
24: 13, 14	1345
29: 20	544
31: 8, 9	1060

ECCLIESIASTES.

2: 3-11	479
2: 13	1378
8: 8	733
8: 21	285
9: 1	7
6: 11	315
9: 3	1414
9: 4, 6, 10	335
9: 10	1445
9: 13	1378
11: 1	1444
11: 6	1441
11: 9	818
12: 1	1338
12: 1-7	304
12: 6, 7	1219
12: 8	1113

CANTICLES.

1: 2	439
1: 4	659
1: 6	1459
1: 7	439, 739, 782
1: 15	658
2: 10-13	1211
2: 11, 12	651
4: 3	392
4: 12-15	1458
5: 1	1153
5: 2	871, 1412
5: 6	125
5: 10-13	604, 1248
6: 1-3	1071, 1189
8: 5, 6, 7, 13, 14	740

ISAIAH.

1: 18	1419
2: 2	911
2: 4	937
4: 6	17
5: 1-7	1458
6: 1-4	179
6: 8	211
9: 2	996
9: 7	114
9: 12	473
10: 1, 2	1433
11: 4-9	1039
11: 9, last clause	951
12: 5	294
12: 5-9	220
14: 7	15
14: 32	614
21: 11	972
24: 14, 15	274
25: 4	771
25: 4, third clause	822

ISAIAH (continued).

25: 8	1125, 1150
25: 12	446
26: 1-6	1485
26: 3	175, 843, 1333
27: 13	949
28: 10	431
28: 12	1124
28: 16	913
30: 21	1389
32: 18	689
33: 17	1247
33: 20, 21	985
35: 1	958
35: 4-10	1269
35: 7-10	1229
35: 8, 9	616
35: 8-10	557
35: 10	557, 597
38: 10-16	1147
38: 14	432
38: 20	639
40: 5	79
40: 11, 670, 815, 925, 1360	
40: 23	1000
40: 23, 24	1088
40: 27-31	808
40: 28-31	319, 808
41: 10	813
41: 14	275
43: 1	513
43: 2	701
43: 5, 6	938
44: 21-25	163
44: 23	100
45: 8	754
45: 10	744
45: 22	318
45: 10-12	1248
49: 13	858
49: 15, 16	915
51: 9	948
51: 11	681, 1254
51: 14, 12	1083
52: 1, 2	908
52: 7	946
52: 7, 8	633
52: 7-10	1040
52: 9	619
52: 10	993
53: 3	230
53: 8, second clause	709
53: 8, middle clause	528
53: 4	108, 1420
53: 5	381, 441
53: 6	473
53: 10	1463
53: 11	1408
55: 1	363, 931
55: 3	357, 309, 1463
55: 6	385, 501
55: 7	324, 329, 443
55: 8, 9	969
55: 10, 11	1036
55: 12	1005
56: 10	1486
57: 19	217
57: 20, 21	675
58: 1	991
58: 3-8	1016
58: 8	980
58: 11	815, 890
58: 13	6, 45
58: 13, 14	29
58: 14	799
60: 1	1008
60: 1	672, 1137, 1254
60: 1	1312
60: 9	994
60: 14	997
60: 19, last half	847

ISAIAH (continued).

60: 19, 20	679, 1324
61: 1	1001
61: 1	774, 971
61: 10	467, 550, 575
62: 5	501
63: 1	1018
63: 7	629
64: 1-3	1114
64: 4	584
65: 12	375
65: 18	497
65: 20	1143
66: 2	656
66: 8	1048
66: 15	316
66: 20	968
66: 23	51

JEREMIAH.

2: 4	1495
3: 7	805
3: 17	985
3: 22	403, 413
6: 16	307, 904
6: 17	950
8: 20	379
9: 24	495
14: 10	325
17: 7, 8	1348
17: 14	383
18: 22	568
22: 10	890
22: 10, 1st clause	1069
22: 10, last clause	984
23: 24	122
29: 12	901
31: 3	98, 767, 867
31: 13	816
31: 15-17	1336
31: 17	1121
34: 9-15	1036

LAMENTATIONS.

3: 22, 23	1296, 1301
3: 27	903
3: 31-33	1132
3: 33	842
3: 49, 50	457

EZEKIEL.

3: 17-27	1486
11: 19	436, 442, 1377
16: 6	436, 523, 620
18: 31	1419
20: 20	20
23: 11	362, 367
36: 26	1377
36: 27	1394
36: 33	1498
37: 7-10	433, 1394
44: 24	62
47: 1-12	81

DANIEL.

2: 20-22	301
2: 35	909
2: 44, last clause	913
2: 45	955
4: 34	212
5: 23	126
6: 22	942
9: 17	37
9: 19	856
10: 19	590
12: 3, 8	1080
12: 8	1137

HOSEA.

6: 1	399
11: 4	198
14: 1, 2	115
14: 2	169
14: 3	780

JOEL.

2: 17	804
2: 23	1384
2: 28-32	962

AMOS.

5: 8	1279
9: 14, first clause	906

OBADIAH.

1: 21	44
-------	----

JONAH.

2: 7	413, 470
------	----------

MICAH.

4: 2	950
4: 3	1012
6: 9	817, 869
7: 5-7	1115
7: 11	28
7: 19	443

NAHUM.

1: 2	141
1: 7	138, 342, 830

HABAKKUK.

2: 31	1337
3: 12	584, 624, 833
3: 17, 18	127, 801

ZEPHANIAH.

3: 14, 15	726
3: 15	153
3: 17 last clause	959

HAGGAI.

1: 5	383
2: 7	37

ZECHARIAH.

4: 6	1061
9: 12	319
9: 14	1100
13: 1	320, 573, 990, 1404
14: 7 last clause	776

MALACHI.

3: 7	324, 328
3: 12	1272
3: 16	111, 1318
4: 2	1289, 1313
4: 6	1516, 1517
11: 1-17	706

MATTHEW.

1: 21	607
2: 5	203
2: 9, 10	210, 1218
3: 13	1401
3: 13-15	932
3: 15	934, 1471, 1483
3: 16	924, 1225, 1478
4: 1	928
4: 16	998, 1343

MATTHEW (continued).

4: 19.....	220
5: 3-8.....	11
5: 4.....	774, 905
5: 6.....	1461
5: 7.....	1047
5: 8.....	1339
5: 8, 9, 14.....	804
5: 11, 12.....	970
5: 19.....	1489
5: 44.....	1347
6: 6.....	695
6: 6-13.....	1347
6: 8.....	785
6: 10.....	809, 947, 1013
6: 12, 13.....	1287
6: 21, 22.....	521
6: 25-31.....	842
6: 28, 29.....	1292
6: 34.....	844, 902
7: 7.....	353
7: 7, 8.....	863
7: 11.....	555, 1396
7: 13, 14.....	310, 395
7: 24-29.....	1379
8: 7.....	589
8: 19.....	450
8: 25.....	224
8: 26.....	36
9: 12.....	396
9: 13.....	368, 399
9: 21, 22.....	856
9: 27.....	448
10: 6.....	1489, 1498
10: 8.....	1043
10: 32.....	1477
10: 37.....	429
10: 38.....	770
11: 28.....	220, 742, 1350
11: 28, 29.....	411, 742
11: 28-30.....	305
11: 29, 30.....	372
12: 20.....	1045
13: 3-8.....	34, 1379
13: 16, 17.....	1040
13: 41-43.....	1085
13: 43.....	1149, 1263
13: 46.....	1425
14: 24-33.....	869
14: 25.....	227
14: 30.....	456
14: 30-32.....	440
15: 22.....	1517
15: 24.....	1489
15: 25.....	974
16: 3.....	932
16: 18.....	913, 1185
17: 2.....	838
17: 4.....	153
18: 3.....	1260
18: 10.....	1276
18: 12.....	889
18: 20.....	7, 13, 1457
19: 13-15.....	1362
19: 14.....	1276, 1516, 1517
19: 14, 15.....	1057
20: 15.....	810
21: 7, 8.....	234
21: 9.....	249
21: 19.....	316
23: 3.....	1486
24: 14.....	985
24: 29-31.....	343
24: 29-33.....	1155
24: 30.....	890
24: 46, 47.....	1139
25: 21-23.....	1103
25: 31-41.....	361
25: 36.....	855
25: 40.....	596, 1054
26: 27.....	927

MATTHEW (continued).

26: 39.....	896
26: 41.....	836, 490, 611
26: 42.....	752, 1063
27: 20.....	247
27: 46.....	241
27: 51.....	523
28: 1.....	72
28: 1-8.....	352
28: 2.....	277
28: 5.....	232
28: 5, 6.....	243
28: 6.....	42, 264
28: 6-8.....	276
28: 18-20.....	962
28: 18, 29.....	345

MARK.

1: 10.....	924, 932, 1478
1: 13.....	328
1: 35.....	713
4: 3.....	1401
4: 39.....	431, 750, 978
5: 39.....	807
6: 50.....	779
6: 52.....	354
8: 34.....	429
8: 36.....	1415
8: 38.....	492
10: 15.....	460
10: 21.....	941
10: 32.....	249
10: 47-52.....	649
10: 49.....	613
13: 10.....	1009
13: 20, 26, 27.....	1200
13: 31.....	80
14: 62.....	1261
15: 32-38.....	251
16: 1-6.....	1075
16: 9.....	9, 65, 261
16: 10.....	1374
16: 15-18.....	991

LUKE.

1: 40.....	923
1: 46-50.....	569
1: 47.....	467
1: 75.....	1428
1: 78, 50, 986, 1376, 1447	
1: 79.....	990, 1010
2: 7.....	252, 1361
2: 8-14.....	206, 215, 1405
2: 11.....	204
2: 13.....	41
2: 13, 14.....	209, 219, 221
2: 13, 14.....	222, 228
2: 14.....	203, 208, 217
2: 32.....	736, 995
2: 40.....	1964
2: 42-47.....	1373
8: 21.....	982
8: 22.....	924, 1478
4: 18.....	341, 774, 1017
4: 18, 19.....	218, 774
4: 19.....	865
5: 11.....	878
5: 12.....	1316, 1440
6: 21.....	743
7: 82.....	1431
7: 38, 39, 48, 50.....	609
7: 47-50.....	1195, 1409
7: 50.....	49, 463
8: 5-15.....	34, 1401
8: 14.....	902
8: 22.....	668
8: 35.....	591
9: 60, last clause.....	953
10: 19.....	195
10: 30-37.....	1051

LUKE (continued).

10: 33.....	1493
10: 42.....	1415
11: 1.....	631, 694
11: 2-4.....	1363
11: 13.....	1396
12: 5.....	1477
12: 52-34.....	1151, 1506
12: 33.....	1215
12: 33, 34.....	1107
12: 35-38.....	626
12: 48.....	1372
13: 3.....	328
13: 8, 9.....	316, 1297
13: 24.....	310, 395
13: 29, 30.....	1163
14: 17-23.....	916
14: 21.....	17
14: 21, 22.....	319
14: 22.....	322, 367, 391
15: 4-7.....	880, 1044
15: 7-10.....	1408
15: 10.....	1222
15: 31.....	676
16: 22.....	337
16: 22, 1st clause.....	1270
17: 21.....	95
18: 1.....	631, 686, 715, 923
18: 13.....	1437
18: 16.....	927
18: 16.....	1135, 1250, 1516
18: 43.....	729
19: 5, 6.....	449
19: 8.....	1446
19: 13.....	622
19: 41.....	1431
21: 19.....	764
21: 28.....	1112, 1255
22: 19.....	917, 1303
22: 19, 20.....	920, 735
22: 39.....	847
22: 41.....	230, 246
22: 42.....	231, 1254
22: 44.....	225
23: 1-46.....	245
23: 28.....	866, 1209
23: 34.....	412
23: 42.....	447, 918, 1217
23: 54.....	56
24: 14.....	685
24: 15.....	1264
24: 19.....	258
24: 25.....	255
24: 29.....	537, 1337
24: 32.....	706
24: 34.....	40, 284, 287
24: 36.....	55
24: 47.....	1489, 1498
24: 50.....	22, 63

JOHN.

1: 3.....	145
1: 4.....	881
1: 12, 13.....	636, 1395
1: 14.....	297, 496
1: 29.....	248, 634, 1432
1: 29-36.....	317
1: 32.....	924, 1478
1: 46.....	51
2: 7-10.....	595
3: 8.....	1393, 1394, 1395
3: 16.....	214, 509, 1426
3: 17.....	1413, 1417
3: 31.....	123
4: 14.....	530
4: 15.....	530
4: 20.....	1006
4: 21-24.....	936
4: 23.....	16
5: 2-4.....	419

JOHN (continued).

5: 3.....	746
5: 28, 29.....	1240
5: 39.....	1376
6: 20.....	749
6: 68.....	400, 777, 828
7: 18.....	737
7: 37.....	321
8: 7.....	162
8: 12.....	53
8: 21.....	1214
8: 32.....	671, 1017
8: 36.....	82
9: 4.....	1329
10: 10.....	1413
10: 12.....	1442
10: 14.....	606, 914
10: 17.....	1293
10: 28, 29.....	786
11: 21-26.....	1496
11: 23.....	1087
11: 25.....	1089
11: 32.....	799
11: 34.....	407
11: 35.....	801, 1331
11: 52.....	1227
12: 21.....	625
12: 24.....	1113
12: 26.....	1477
12: 28.....	262
12: 32.....	348
13: 34, 35.....	650
14: 1.....	1177, 1381
14: 1-3.....	873
14: 2.....	563, 687, 1267
14: 3.....	1151, 1234
14: 6.....	520, 547
14: 9, last clause.....	529
14: 14.....	947
14: 16.....	1387
14: 17.....	289
14: 19.....	529, 1169
14: 23.....	7, 660
14: 26.....	197, 860, 1100
15: 2.....	316
15: 4.....	677
15: 5.....	759
15: 10.....	508
15: 12.....	488
15: 15.....	781
15: 20.....	415
15: 26.....	1400
16: 7.....	1400
16: 13.....	198
16: 13-15.....	1389, 1392
16: 22.....	638
16: 33.....	907, 1191
17: 21, 22.....	706
17: 22.....	704
17: 24.....	503, 1242, 1245
18: 2.....	226
19: 5.....	240
19: 25.....	296, 287, 603
19: 30.....	242, 300, 848
20: 5.....	278
20: 17.....	292
20: 19, last clause.....	228
21: 7.....	792
21: 15.....	535
21: 15, middle clause.....	603
21: 15 or 16.....	598
21: 16.....	1454
21: 17.....	862

ACTS.

1: 9.....	254, 277
1: 11-14.....	291
2: 1-3.....	291
2: 1-4.....	291
2: 2.....	1394

Acts (continued).	
2: 22-36.....	283
2: 42.....	386
2: 46.....	645, 689
2: 47.....	1450
8: 1.....	12
8: 19.....	462
4: 12.....	367, 465
4: 33.....	923
5: 41.....	815
7: 55, 56.....	1190, 1387
7: 60.....	1084
8: 9.....	1471, 1483
8: 39.....	923
9: 11.....	715
9: 18.....	461
10: 34, 35.....	1305
10: 36.....	116, 551
10: 38.....	1493
13: 2, 3, 4.....	993
13: 16.....	1433
13: 24.....	1463
14: 17.....	515
14: 22.....	114
15: 4.....	169
15: 9.....	819
15: 33.....	49
16: 9.....	904
16: 15.....	196
16: 17.....	952
16: 31.....	375
16: 34.....	923
17: 27.....	106
17: 30.....	328, 371
18: 9, 10.....	962
20: 21.....	1429
20: 32.....	724
20: 36-38.....	583
21: 14.....	811, 1082, 1157
21: 17.....	1459
22: 16.....	1404, 1481
26: 22.....	515

ROMANS.

1: 20.....	1320
2: 4, last clause.....	469
2: 5.....	1429
2: 10, 11.....	955
4: 8, 4.....	1481
4: 8.....	645
4: 20.....	748
5: 1.....	635
5: 6.....	243, 251, 446, 571
5: 6.....	573, 917
5: 8.....	110, 424, 555
5: 12.....	311
6: 4.....	925, 933, 934, 1471
6: 4.....	1479, 1483, 1484
6: 12.....	396, 459
6: 13.....	646, 723
6: 16.....	1045
6: 17.....	1465
6: 23.....	873
7: 24.....	1013, 1431
8: 1.....	184, 185
8: 14.....	198, 1394
8: 15.....	474, 796
8: 16.....	186
8: 26.....	419
8: 34.....	251
8: 37-39.....	1271
9: 3.....	963
9: 27.....	415
10: 3.....	1424
10: 10.....	1470
10: 12.....	351
12: 11, 1st clause.....	872
12: 11, 1st clause.....	1453
12: 12.....	763
12: 15.....	1046

ROMANS (continued).	
14: 1.....	1459
14: 8.....	1327
14: 9.....	263
15: 5.....	721
15: 7.....	1459
15: 13.....	641
15: 30.....	1403
16: 25-27.....	49
16: 27.....	136

I. CORINTHIANS.

1: 23, 24.....	1416
1: 26, 27.....	711
1: 30.....	620, 1424, 1426
2: 9, 99, 534, 1206, 1504	
8: 6.....	1401
8: 11.....	913
8: 16.....	16
8: 22.....	1459
6: 19.....	1387
7: 29.....	61, 114, 303
7: 29-31.....	814
7: 31.....	1334
10: 1.....	927
10: 4.....	346
10: 31.....	423, 1289
11: 23-26.....	244, 735
11: 26.....	919
12: 13.....	802
13:.....	1052
13: 12.....	582
13: 13.....	493
14: 15.....	1120
15: 4.....	65, 561
15: 10.....	615, 933
15: 20.....	278
15: 27.....	296
15: 28.....	630
15: 31-33.....	1197
15: 35.....	283, 1172
15: 35-37.....	1186
15: 37.....	298
15: 58.....	631
16: 2.....	1446
16: 13.....	992, 1438

II. CORINTHIANS.

1: 4.....	865
1: 7.....	870
1: 22.....	1397
2: 6.....	1486
2: 11.....	459
3: 5.....	1426
3: 18.....	903
4: 15-18.....	1101
4: 17.....	816
4: 18.....	584
5: 1.....	899, 1146
5: 7.....	743
5: 8.....	1104, 1110
5: 14.....	541, 580, 867
5: 15.....	579
5: 17.....	487
5: 19.....	599
5: 21.....	1424
6: 10.....	458, 618
7: 1.....	1428
7: 5.....	138, 741
7: 9, 10.....	1429
8: 9.....	1366, 1406
8: 24.....	600
9: 10, 11.....	1401
9: 15.....	491, 838
12: 9, 10.....	444
13: 14.....	59

GALATIANS.

1: 5.....	517
1: 14.....	590
2: 20.....	540
3: 13.....	290
3: 24.....	461, 748
3: 27.....	933
3: 28.....	718
4: 6.....	464, 636, 817
5: 1.....	118
5: 6.....	334, 1418
5: 18.....	1393
6: 2.....	716
6: 7.....	697
6: 14.....	233, 257, 427, 882
6: 14.....	1425

EPIHESIANS.

1: 5.....	925, 1466, 1471
1: 5.....	1479, 1483, 1484
1: 6-12.....	58
1: 7.....	1895
1: 13.....	561, 1897
1: 17.....	624
1: 22.....	255, 301
2: 5.....	572, 615
2: 5, 6.....	570
2: 8.....	612, 615, 728
2: 13.....	426, 559
2: 13 or 14.....	929
2: 16.....	409, 875
3: 6.....	1391
3: 8.....	977
3: 15.....	704
3: 19, 574, 647, 736, 1411	
4: 8.....	708
4: 4-6.....	71
4: 6.....	111
4: 30.....	405, 1397
5: 14.....	1176
5: 16.....	1831
6: 6.....	734
6: 7.....	464
6: 10.....	992
6: 10-13.....	612, 613
6: 12.....	566
6: 18.....	1437
6: 23, 24.....	49

PHILIPPIANS.

1: 6.....	786, 798
1: 9-11.....	1010
1: 21.....	549, 612, 1210
1: 23.....	466, 1086, 1202
1: 23.....	1204
2: 1.....	1403
2: 5.....	863
2: 6-11.....	1323, 1406
2: 7-9.....	11, 263
2: 8.....	579
2: 9, 10.....	561
2: 9-11.....	252, 558
2: 13.....	852
2: 20.....	929
3: 1.....	1441
3: 7, 8.....	882
3: 8.....	427
3: 12-14.....	564
3: 21.....	1142
4: 4.....	67, 617, 1384
4: 6.....	392
4: 11.....	733, 826, 1122
4: 19.....	810
4: 20.....	969

COLOSSIANS.

1: 10.....	177
1: 12-14.....	613
1: 17.....	88

COLOSSIANS (continued).

1: 20.....	875
2: 2.....	1506
2: 12.....	925, 933, 934
2: 12.....	1466, 1471, 1479
2: 12.....	1483, 1484
2: 17.....	254
3: 1.....	1483
3: 3, 4.....	1144
3: 4.....	1140
3: 11.....	718, 1426, 1471
3: 15.....	541
3: 23.....	623

I. THESSALONIANS.

1: 4.....	93
2: 17.....	707
4: 3.....	700, 861
4: 13-17.....	1108
4: 13, 14.....	1163
4: 14.....	1102
4: 16, 17.....	1110
4: 16-18.....	1109
4: 17.....	621, 1144
5: 9.....	186
5: 17.....	641, 1390, 1317
5: 17, 18.....	1290
5: 23.....	451
5: 24.....	161

II. THESSALONIANS.

1: 7-10, 360, 1079, 1144	
2: 18.....	1392
3: 1.....	954

I. TIMOTHY.

1: 11.....	1447
1: 15.....	512, 1417
1: 17.....	136, 150
2: 5, 6.....	921
2: 8.....	691, 1483
3: 16.....	286, 1405
4: 10.....	879
6: 6-8.....	1422
6: 12.....	1256
6: 16.....	217
6: 19.....	1282

II. TIMOTHY.

1: 7.....	1377
1: 12.....	508
1: 14.....	1387
2: 8.....	518
2: 12.....	269, 1182
3: 16.....	1376
4: 6.....	394
4: 6-8.....	682
4: 7-9.....	1345

TITUS.

2: 18.....	1262
2: 14.....	248, 313
3: 5.....	180, 1404, 1481

HEBREWS.

1: 6.....	296, 981
1: 8.....	256
1: 14.....	185, 164, 942
2: 4.....	1415
2: 9.....	269, 279
2: 12.....	1420
2: 14.....	225
2: 17.....	272
3: 7.....	389
3: 15.....	358
4: 3.....	661, 904
4: 5-9.....	1440
4: 9.....	4, 1268, 1504

HEBREWS (continued).

4: 11.....	1077
4: 14—16.....	265
4: 15.....	762, 769
4: 13, 16.....	272
5: 2.....	1411
5: 7.....	272, 1411
5: 10.....	553
6: 11.....	1506
6: 19.....	665, 703, 719
7: 17.....	254
7: 25.....	299, 514, 649
8: 11.....	943
9: 24.....	271
9: 28.....	254, 1198
10: 1—14.....	254
10: 19—22.....	1129
10: 34, last clause.....	788
10: 36.....	784
10: 37.....	1224
11:.....	1118
11: 8, 9, 10.....	1067
11: 10.....	1257, 1266
11: 13.....	565, 899
11: 13, 14.....	1194
11: 16.....	498, 824, 1220
11: 16.....	1264
11: 34.....	1438
11: 39, 40.....	1198
12: 1.....	564, 1066
12: 2.....	1432
12: 6—11.....	458
12: 7.....	847
12: 14.....	1428
12: 18—22.....	838
12: 18—24.....	705
13: 5.....	725
13: 13.....	879
13: 14.....	499
13: 20.....	1442

JAMES.

1: 5.....	90
1: 6.....	471, 889
1: 17.....	107
1: 22.....	1379
1: 27.....	964, 1019, 1050
1: 27.....	1493
2: 17.....	1418
4: 6.....	589
4: 7.....	930

JAMES (continued).

4: 8.....	438
4: 14.....	27, 838, 1141
5: 13, 1st clause.....	762
5: 13, 1st cl.	1437, 1488

I. PETER.

1: 2.....	1892
1: 4.....	787
1: 8.....	510, 1267, 1274
1: 10.....	845
1: 19.....	663
1: 24.....	825
1: 24, 25.....	1090
2: 3.....	515
2: 5.....	521
2: 6.....	507, 913
2: 7.....	366, 605, 607, 685
2: 7.....	1425
2: 21.....	417, 1479
2: 22.....	250
2: 24.....	663
2: 25.....	1442
3: 18.....	847, 1406
3: 20, 21.....	576
3: 21.....	1481, 1470
3: 22.....	256, 268, 277
4: 1.....	536
4: 5.....	333, 334
4: 12.....	458
4: 13.....	1247
4: 18.....	350
5: 7.....	741, 835

II. PETER.

1: 4.....	172
1: 8.....	608
1: 10.....	566, 623
1: 19.....	643, 979
2: 4.....	517
3: 7.....	302
3: 10—13.....	1154, 1170
3: 12.....	345
3: 13.....	142
3: 14.....	870

I. JOHN.

1: 5.....	910
1: 7.....	306, 480, 1404
1: 9.....	543

I. JOHN (continued).

2: 1.....	1312
2: 12—23.....	1365, 1506
2: 15.....	370
2: 23.....	596
3: 1.....	1203
3: 1—3.....	636
3: 2.....	94, 903
3: 2, 3.....	1198
3: 5.....	634
3: 17.....	1065
3: 18.....	1454
3: 19.....	1493
4: 4.....	934
4: 8.....	91, 128, 651, 1283
4: 9.....	542, 1417
4: 14.....	887
4: 16.....	119, 1223
4: 18.....	763, 1506
5: 4.....	1413
4: 19.....	259, 461, 1216
5: 3.....	835
5: 4.....	1418
5: 7.....	193, 199, 1024
5: 18.....	608
5: 19.....	913

II. JOHN.

2.....	1887
--------	------

JUDE.

1: 12.....	184
1: 20.....	681, 685
1: 24.....	692

REVELATION.

1: 5, 6.....	655, 1443, 1449
1: 5—8.....	1451
1: 7.....	357, 1443
1: 13—16.....	437
1: 18.....	265
2: 10.....	1067, 1486
3: 4.....	1226
3: 12.....	1164
3: 17, 18.....	999, 1453
3: 20.....	304, 904, 1224
3: 20.....	1412
4: 8—11.....	1253
4: 10, 11.....	1225, 1502
4: 11.....	66, 112

REVELATION (con.).

4: 20.....	1438
5: 4.....	1431
5: 6—9.....	734
5: 6, 8, 9, 10, and 12.....	377
5: 9.....	426, 1448
5: 9, 10, 288, 1443, 1448	
5: 9—18.....	1252
5: 11, 12.....	502, 1502
5: 11, 12, 13.....	576
5: 12.....	286, 299, 512, 704
5: 12, 13.....	202
5: 13, 14.....	500
6: 9.....	586
6: 12—17.....	349, 1196
7: 9, 10.....	1551, 1502
7: 11—15.....	1253
7: 13—17.....	1241
7: 14—17.....	1244
8: 1.....	111
10: 2.....	967
11: 15.....	297
14: 8.....	295, 1166
14: 18.....	1095, 1106, 1188
15: 8.....	682
19: 1—7.....	1232
19: 6.....	151, 975
19: 9.....	1193
19: 11—16.....	974
20: 11.....	1078
20: 11—15.....	1143
20: 12, 13.....	1085
20: 12—15.....	111, 332
20: 13.....	1100
21:.....	1239
21: 1.....	1100
21: 1—4.....	1234
21: 2.....	1233
21: 2, 8.....	1206
21: 4.....	4, 339
21: 5.....	966
21: 10.....	1246
21: 10 to 22: 5.....	482
21: 23—27.....	1152
22: 1, 2.....	81
22: 2.....	1013
22: 3, 4.....	1166
22: 14.....	1122
22: 16.....	583
22: 17.....	340, 378, 398
22: 20.....	791, 976, 1014
22: 20.....	1111, 1187

BAPTIST

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

DARIEN. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;

To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.

1. L. M.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.
5. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
6. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

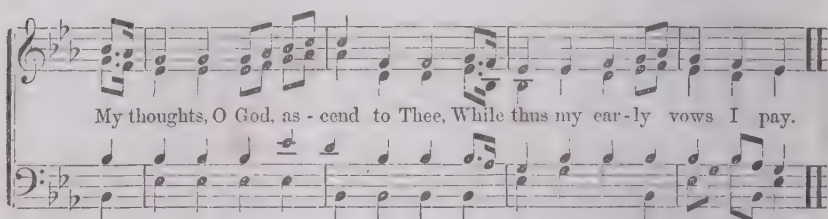
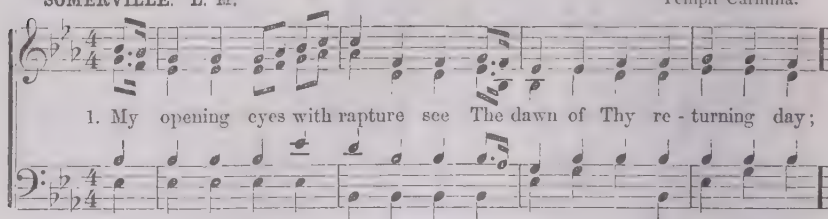
2. L. M.

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O, Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.
2. My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee!
3. Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
4. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.
5. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

WATTS.

SOMERVILLE. L. M.

Templi Carmina.



3. L. M.

1. My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
2. Oh bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away :
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.
3. Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

4. L. M.

1. THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
2. No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues ;
3. No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

DODDRIDGE.

5. L. M.

1. God in His temple let us meet :
Low on our knees before Him bend ;
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat ;
Here on His Sabbaths we attend.
2. Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou, and Thine ark of strength. O Lord
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.
3. With righteousness Thy saints array ;
Joyful Thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach and those who pray—
Let all be holiness to Thee.

MONTGOMERY.

6. L. M.

1. O SACRED day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
2. Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

7. L. M.

1. JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2. For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3. Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

COWPER.

8. L. M.

1. LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail Thy hallowed day of rest;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.

2. Its dowy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.

3. Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed;—

4. My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Saviour, Thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my pains.

5. Oh! Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presence with the day of rest;
Then will Thy servant never fail
To deem Thy Sabbath doubly blest.

9. L. M.

1. ANOTHER six day's work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4. This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest

Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5. In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

STENNET

10. L. M.

1. BE still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground:
Here in His house, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while His people pray.

2. Thou, tossed upon the waves of care
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3. Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

4. Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5. Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near,
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

11. L. M.

1. WITHIN Thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to Thee, O God! they vowed.

2. Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3. From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her
shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

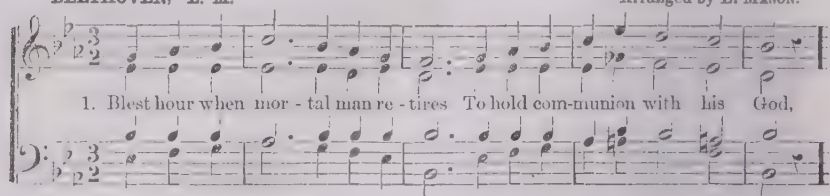
4. And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain.

5. The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God have seen.

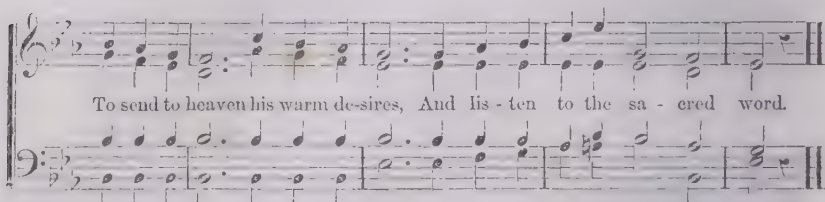
MONTGOMERY.

BEETHOVEN, L. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.



1. Blest hour when mor - tal man re - tires To hold com-munion with his God,



To send to heaven his warm de-sires, And lis - ten to the sa - cred word.

12. L. M.

2. Blest hour when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
3. Blest hour when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
4. Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

RAFFLES.

13. L. M.

1. How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.
2. From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at Thy feet;—
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
3. "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see Thy face:
Oh! speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this place.

KELLY.

14. L. M.

1. WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honor shall we pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2. From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice!
3. Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare,
But give thy heart and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
4. O grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel Thy love, to own Thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to
Thee!

MRS. BARBAULD.

15. L. M.

1. ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb,
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.
2. Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
3. The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
All fair with evening's setting glow.
4. Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.
5. Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;—
And we shall join the ceaseless song—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

EDMESTON.

16. L. M.

1. SWEET Sabbath bells! I love your voice—
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.
2. But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I can not go;
Yet may I here His love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.
3. Each place alike is holy ground, [poured,
Where prayer from humble souls is
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.
4. His sanctuary is the heart—
There, with the contrite, will He rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make Thy temple in my breast.
SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

17. L. M.

1. FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.
2. Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.

WEBER.

18. L. M.

1. LORD! may Thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.
2. May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

N. Y. COLL.

19. L. M.

1. WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.
2. Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

CHAPIN'S COLL.

20. L. M.

1. DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.
2. And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of Thy word.
3. And dear to me the loud Amen
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
4. Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
And lets my spirit loose again. [bands.
5. Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

21. L. M.

1. ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.
2. May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of Thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.
3. O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

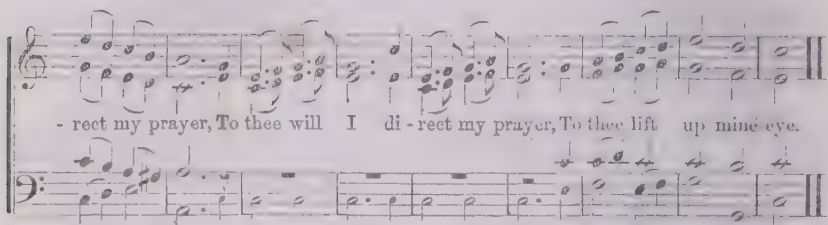
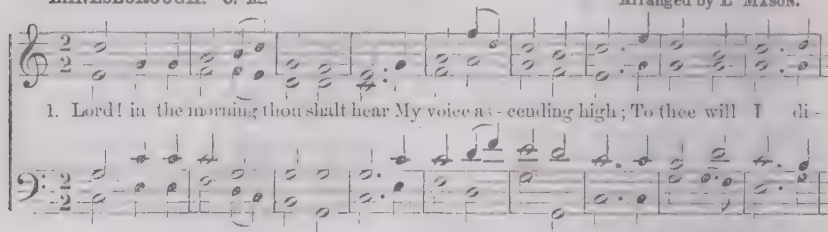
22. L. M.

1. DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.
2. Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HART.

LANESBOROUGH. C. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.



23. C. M.

1. LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye;

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4. But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5. Oh! may Thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

WATTS.

24. C. M.

1. EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit fairs away
Without Thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4. Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

5. Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing. WATTS.

25. C. M.

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise. WATTS.

26. C. M.

1. WEARIED with earthly toil and care,
The day of rest how sweet!
To breathe the Sabbath's holy air,
And sit at Jesus' feet.
2. Fain would I lay the burden down
That wounds me with its weight,
To gaze awhile at yonder crown,
And press to heaven's gate.
3. I ask a foretaste of the peace,
The rest, the joy, the love,
Which, when their earthly Sabbaths cease,
Await the saints above.

MRS. GILBERT.

27. C. M.

1. MY Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
The place, at least, where we are met
May know my steps no more;
2. The prophet of the cross may ne'er
Again preach peace to me;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.
3. While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent, I will.
4. Thou that to will in me hast wrought,
Haste, work in me to do;
And, lest the purpose leave my thought,
Now my whole heart renew.
5. Dying Redeemer, to Thy breast,
A dying wretch, I flee;
Bid me be reconciled and blest,
And born of God, through Thee.

W. M. BUNTING.

28. C. M.

1. COME, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O! bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.
2. Welcome, and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above.
3. I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in Thine own appointed way,
I wait to see Thy face.

4. These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen,
And oft, when feasting on His word,
In raptures I have been.
5. O! if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Saviour in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

MASON.

29. C. M.

1. WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs for God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!
2. How sweet will be the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Shall shed new rays of light.
3. Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
4. When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

EDMESTON.

30. C. M.

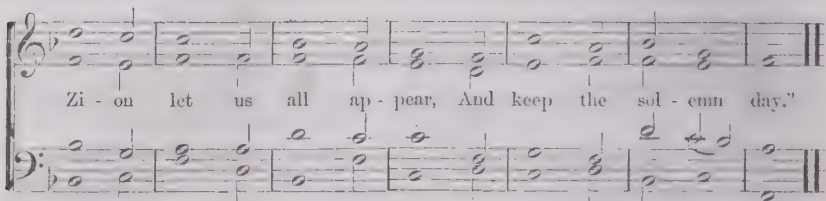
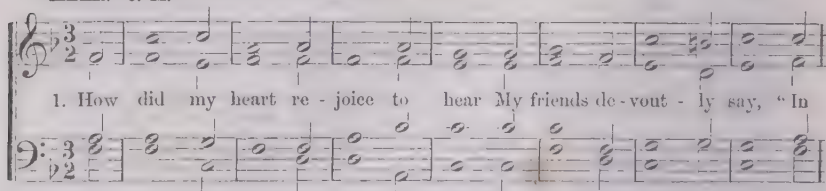
1. BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise!
2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
3. The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.
4. This day I must to God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

CODMAN'S COLL.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Render immortal praise.

MEAR. C. M.



31. C. M.

2. I love her gates, I love the road ;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.
3. Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
4. He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
5. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !
6. My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour reigns.

WATTS.

32. C. M.

1. O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
"Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day !"
2. At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

HEBER.

3. O pray we then for Salem's peace—
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

TATE AND BRADY.

33. C. M.

1. IN God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
2. Let all your secret passions move
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

WATTS.

34. C. M.

1. O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ; [heaven,
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast.
2. Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !
3. Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

35. C. M.

1. THEY pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.
2. They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God, at length,
In Zion do appear.
3. For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

MILTON.

36. C. M.

1. How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes,
And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!
2. It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
For peace, and joy, and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.
3. Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars thy peace
In Faith and Love be hushed.

37. C. M.

1. COME, Thou desire of all Thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.
2. How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
3. Come, Lord! Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
4. Dear Saviour! let Thy glory shine
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.
5. Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

MRS. STEELE.

38. C. M.

1. WITH His rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends, and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
2. My heart and flesh cry out for Thee
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread Thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?
3. To sit one day beneath Thine eye,
And hear Thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.
4. Lord! at Thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
5. Could I command the spacious land
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at Thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

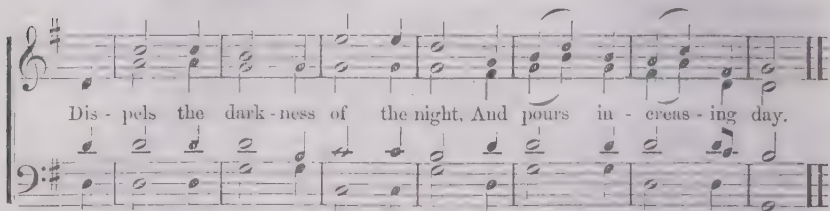
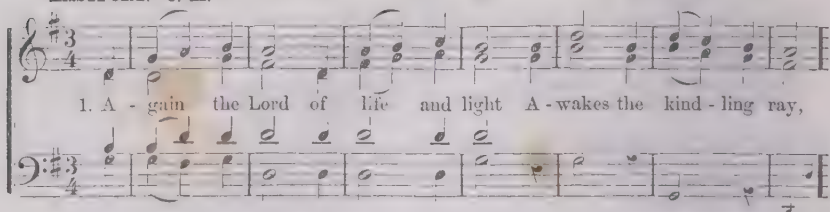
WATTS.

39. C. M.

1. HERE cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet
To spend an hour of prayer and peace
At their Redeemer's feet.
2. No sculptured wonders meet the sight,
Nor pictured saints appear,
Nor storied window's gorgeous light,
For God himself is here.
3. And here are comrades in the war
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favor share,
And soon their heaven will win.
4. Glory to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises
And makes it sweet to pray.
5. Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heart-felt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

NOEL'S COLL.

EASTPORT. C. M.



40. C. M.

1. AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.
2. O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!
3. The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By his expiring breath.
4. And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron scepter lies.
5. This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
6. Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

MRS. BARBAULD.

41. C. M.

1. AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day He rose, who bore our sins—
For so His word records.
2. Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3. We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
May we their rapture feel;
Our thankful songs with theirs we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.
4. Come, then, ye saints! and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord—
Of Christ, the everlasting King—
Of Christ, th' incarnate word.
5. Hail, mighty Saviour! Thee we hail!
High on thy throne above:
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

KELLY.

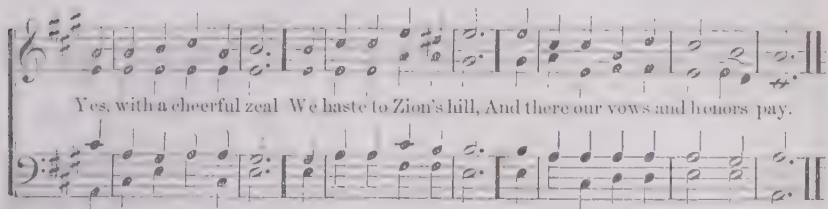
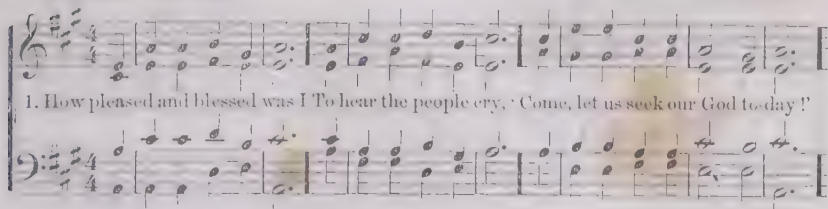
42. C. M.

1. BLEST morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God, [rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.
2. In the cold prison of the tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
3. Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
4. To Thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
5. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

WATTS.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



43. S. P. M.

1. How pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry—
'Come, let us seek our God to-day !'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
2. Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace, [round.
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
3. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!
4. My tongue repeats her vows—
'Peace to this sacred house !'
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode
My soul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

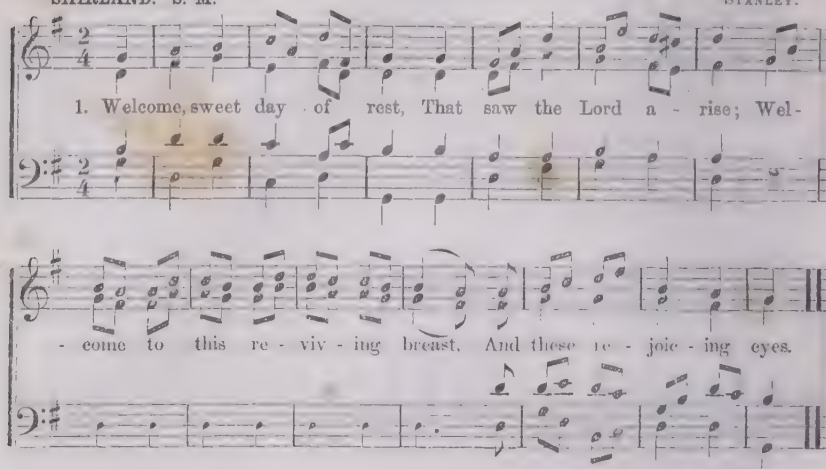
44. S. P. M.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
2. Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!
3. In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.
4. Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage—
Let swelling tides assault the sky—
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.
5. Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new; [move;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

WATTS.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.



45. S. M.

1. WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day, amid the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.

46. S. M.

1. BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
2. But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3. How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just!
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4. My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

WATTS.

47. S. M.

1. SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
2. Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.
3. Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.
4. To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

48. S. M.

1. OUR willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
2. Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at Thy mercy-seat.
3. Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!
4. For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace.

MONTGOMERY.

49. S. M.

1. LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.
2. Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.
3. Through changes, bright or drear
We would Thy will pursue;
And toil to spread Thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.
4. To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

E. T. FITCH.

50. C. M.*

1. How blest Thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the luster of Thy word,
The day-spring from on high!
2. Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness doth rise,
With healing on His wings.

3. The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.
4. The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to Thy word,
He started from the goal,
5. Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But Jesus! 'tis Thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

COWPER.

51. S. M.

1. COME to the house of prayer!
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house His home.
2. Come to the house of praise!
Ye who are happy now,
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
3. Ye aged, hither come!
For ye have felt His love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb—
Your lips forget to move.
4. Ye young! before His throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
5. Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,
6. Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

E. TAYLOR.

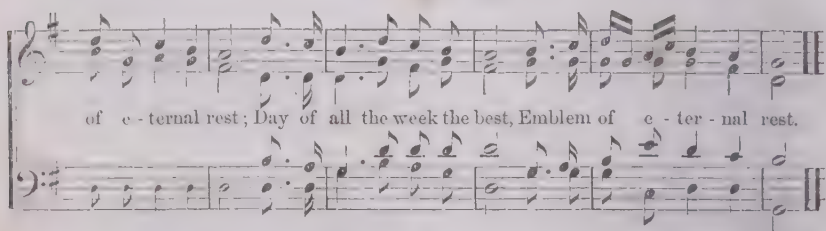
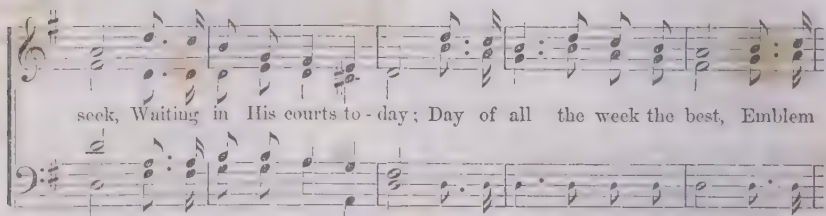
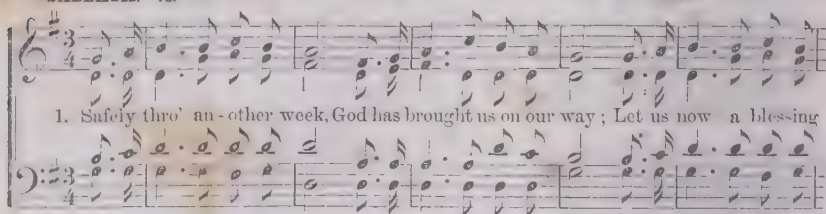
DOXOLOGY. S. M.

- YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

* May be sung to Eastport page 10.

SABBATH. 7s.

L. MASON.



52. 7s.

1. SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
2. While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free—
May we rest this day in Thee.
3. Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.
4. May the Gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;

Let Thy victories abound—
Unrepenting souls subdue;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove
Till we rest in Thee above. NEWTON.

53. 7s.

1. LIGHT of life, seraphic fire;
Love divine, Thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
2. Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in Thy grace appear,
To Thy human temples come.
3. Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
4. Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. WESLEY.

54. 7s.*

1. FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
2. Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.
3. While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
4. While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wond'rous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
5. From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

MONTGOMERY.

55. 7s.*

1. SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
2. Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.
3. Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
4. Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
5. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH.

56. 7s.*

1. Now all chafing cares shall cease,
Now worn toil obtain release;
With the world we now have done,
Since "the Sabbath draweth on."
2. Early, at the break of day,
May we seek where Jesus lay;
Yet we know where He is gone,
Ere "the Sabbath draweth on."
3. At this hour, lo! from their place,
Myriad households seek Thy face;
We adore Thee not alone
That "the Sabbath draweth on."
4. When shall earth's blest Sabbath break:
When its rest all tribes partake?
See the brightening signal yon,
'Tis that "Sabbath drawing on."
5. And when nature sinks in death,
When heavens slow and faint our breath,
Brighter thou e'er day yet shone,
Heavenly "Sabbath" then draw on.

LEIFCHILD'S COLL.

57. 7s.*

1. THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound Thy praise in song!
2. When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.
3. Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy word, and pay our vows;
4. Notes to heaven's high mansions raise
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.
5. From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise!
Who Thy wonders can declare?
How profound Thy counsels are!
6. Warm our hearts with sacred fire:
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

SANDYS.

* N. B. When a four line 7s is sung to the tune on the opposite page be careful to use an even number of verses.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

ROUSSEAU.

1. { Far from mor-tal cares re-treating, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires, }
 Here, our will-ing footsteps meeting, Ev-ery heart to heaven as-pires; }
 d. c. Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claiming Peace and par-don from the skies.

From the Fount of glo-ry beaming, Light ee-les-tial cheers our eyes,
 D. C.

58. 8s & 7s.

1. FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires;
 From the Fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
2. Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind;
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined:
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds His care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of His throne.

3. Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still Thy Providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to Thy laws;
 Lord, with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
 Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
 All our hope is from above.

J. TAYLOR.

59. 8s & 7s.

1. MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.
 NEWTON.

60. 8s & 7s.

1. CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
 In His secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.
2. From the sword, at noonday wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight, blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defense:
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.
3. Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above;
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save:
 Here, for grief, reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

MONTGOMERY.

61. 8s & 7s.

1. WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let me think how time is passing;
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding
Save the love of humble hearts.
2. Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly,
Or the clouds, each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.
3. Fisher, now one prayer I raise Thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise Thee,
Never from Thy fear depart;
Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.

HYMNS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

62. 8s & 7s.

1. SEE the clouds upon the mountains,
Rolling, rising, melt away,
Light, forth flowing from its fountain,
Pours an unobstructed ray.
2. So before Thy presence fading,
Lord, may every shadow fly;
Chase the gloom my soul invading,
With the sunbeam of Thine eye.
3. Lo! it dawns, the Sabbath morning
Streams with radiance all divine;
Sanctity Thy courts adorning,
Beautiful with grace they shine.
4. Holiness becomes Thy dwelling,
Peerless Sovereign of the sky,
Princely palaces excelling,
Pomp of earthly majesty.
5. Rise, my soul, the day is breaking.
Gladdened nature drinks the light;
From the sleep of darkness waking,
Put off all the clouds of night.
6. Take the rest this day is bringing,
Best of all our earthly days,
Enter thou His gates with singing,
Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

COLLYER.

63. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
3. Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angel's wings to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

BURDER.

64. 8s & 7s.

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee,
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

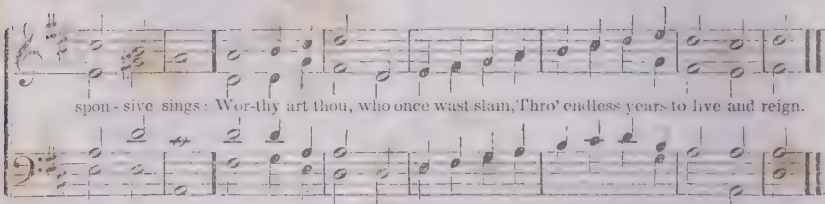
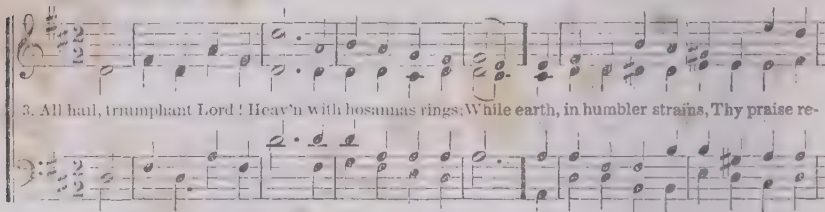
S. F. KEY.

DOXOLOGY. 8s & 7s.

- PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

DARWELL. H. M.

DARWELL.



65. H. M.

1. AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And break each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand!
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
2. At thy approaching dawn
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And mid their shouts the God ascends.
3. "All hail, triumphant Lord!"
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.
4. Gird on, great God, Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious Thou, Thy foes shall tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

E. SCOTT.

66. H. M.

1. ALL, from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubiles
The great Creator's praise.
Him serve alone; in triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing before his throne!

2. Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame,
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are, by Him are led,
Preserved and fed with tender care.

3. Then to His portals press
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! how pure! His mercies last;
His promise past is ever sure.

SANDYS.

67. H. M.

1. REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.
2. His kingdom can not fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.
3. He all his foes shall quell—
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

4. Rejoice in glorious hope;
 Jesus, the judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice.
 RIPPON.

68. H. M.

1. LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode my heart aspires
 With warm desires to see my God.

2. The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest;
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest;
 My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
 To rise and dwell among Thy saints.

3. O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.

4. They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrive at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat, when God our King
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.

WATTS.

69. H. M.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty:
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard His holy law:
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.

3. And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will He write His name
 "My Father and my Friend?"
 I love His name,
 I love His word:
 Join, all my powers,
 And praise the Lord.

WATTS.

70. H. M.

1. WELCOME—delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest;
 I hail thy kind return;—
 Lord, make these moments blest:
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend
 And fill His throne with grace;
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face:
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

HAYWARD.

71. H. M.

1. ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above—
 Zion, one faith is thine.
 Only one watchword—love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2. Our sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne—
 The slain, the risen Son.
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3. Head of Thy church beneath!
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

G. ROBINSON.

OCEAN. 7s & 6s.

From the Psalmist.

1. The ro-sy light is dawn-ing Up-on the moun-tain's brow: It
is the Sabbath morning, Arise, and pay thy vow, Arise, and pay thy vow.

72. 7s & 6s.

2. Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.
3. The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's puer ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day.

4. So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.
5. O see those waters streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
6. Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

T. HASTINGS.

CHROME. 11s & 8s.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth? Oh! serve Him with gladness and fear;
Ex-ult in His presence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de-votion draw near.

73. 11s & 8s.

2. Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all,
And we are His people—His sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow His call.
3. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in His temple proclaim;

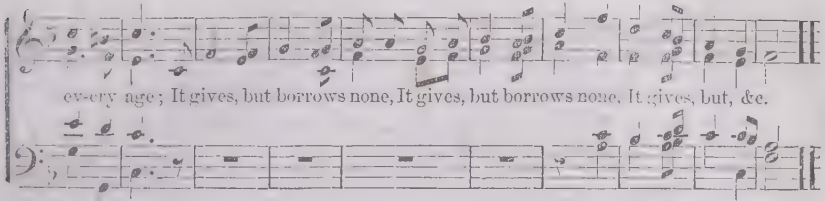
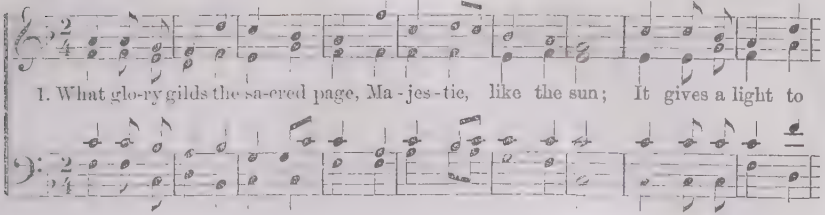
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless His adorable name

4. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of His hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

MONTGOMERY

MERIDEN. C. M.

Arranged from THOMAS CLARK of Canterbury by L. MASON.



74. C. M.

2. The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truth upon the nations rise—
They rise but never set.
3. Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
4. My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

75. C. M.

1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.
2. O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
3. It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.
4. This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

RIPPON'S COLL.

76. C. M.

1. LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!
2. Bread of our souls! whercon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.
3. Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whirl our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!
4. Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

BARTON.

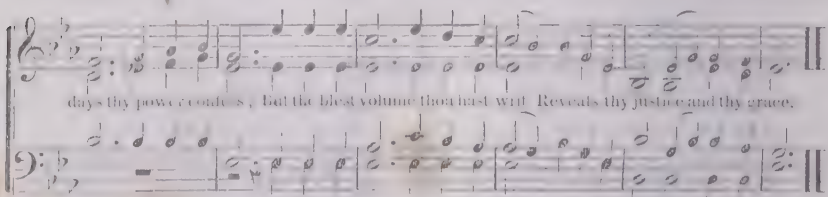
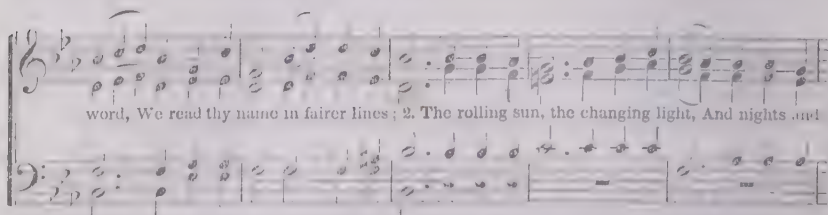
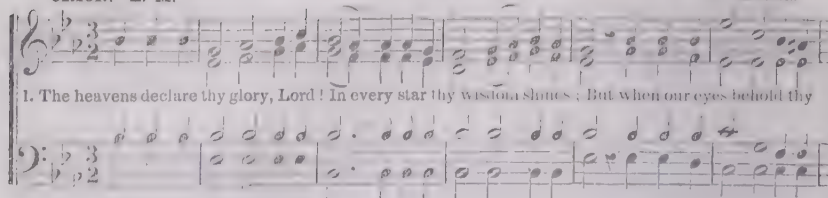
77. C. M.

1. LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a ray of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.
2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost ev'ry page.
3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
4. This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

WATTS.

ORION. L. M.

J. ZENDEL.



78. L. M.

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race
It touched and glanced on every land.
4. Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.
5. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
6. Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

79. L. M.

1. UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
2. On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3. More glorious still as centuries roll, [furled,
Now regions blessed, new powers un-
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world—
4. Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

BOWRING.

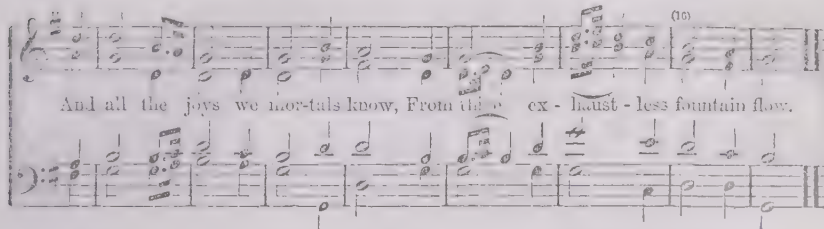
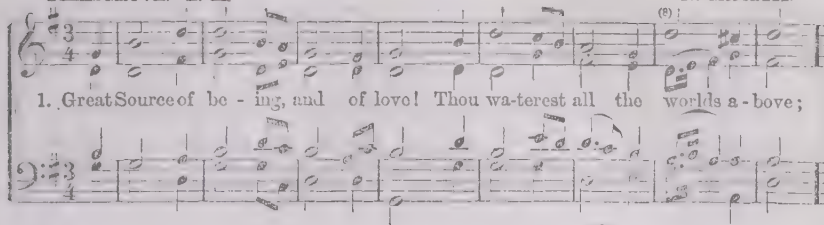
80. L. M.

1. THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word.
2. The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.
3. Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky—
4. But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
When heaven and earth have passed away.

SIR R. GRANT.

PILES GROVE. L. M.

N. MITCHELL.



81. L. M.

2. A sacred spring, at Thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside Thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
3. The limpid stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
4. Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.
5. Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

DODDRIDGE.

82. L. M. Peculiar. *

1. SINCE first Thy word awakened my heart
Like light new dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn my eyes Thou art
All light and love before me.
2. Naught else I feel, or hear, or see,
All bonds of earth I sever;
Thee, Oh my Lord, and only Thee,
I live for, now, and ever.
3. Like him whose fetters dropped away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My soul, now thou bid by mercy's ray,
Hath from its chains arisen.

4. And shall the soul Thou bid'st be free
Return to bondage? Never!
Thee, Oh my God, and only Thee,
I live for, now, and ever.

MOORE.

83. L. M.

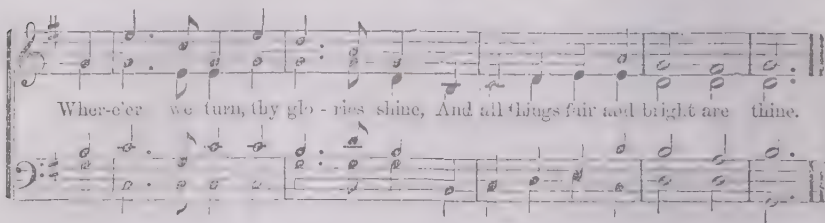
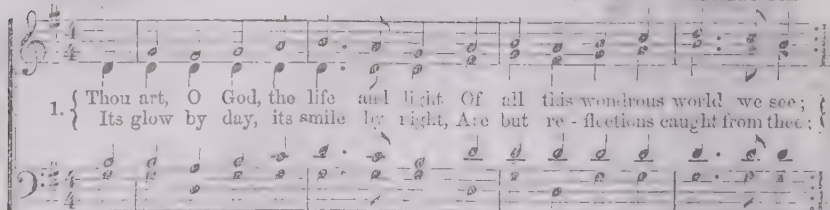
1. BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
And home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
4. Our youth decayed His power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
5. He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will His justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.
6. Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let the whole earth adore His grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine!

WATTS.

* Sung to Piles Grove by slurring all the notes in measures (8) and (10).

NORFOLK. L. M.

From Root & SWEETSER'S Coll.



84. L. M. 6 lines.

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.
4. When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

MOORE.

85. L. M. 6 lines.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

ADDISON.

86. L. M.

1. BE Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
2. O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
3. Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
4. Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

TATE & BRADY.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

THORLEY.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, ether-eal sky.

And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.

87. L. M.

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2. The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
3. Soon as evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
4. While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
5. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine"

ADDISON.

88. L. M.

1. O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous seal!
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.
2. We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this—
That Thou bestowest all our good.
3. And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!
4. Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.
5. Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law!

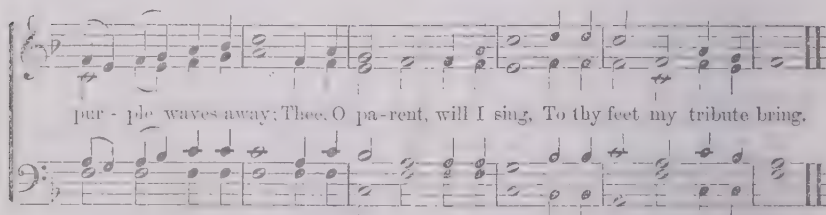
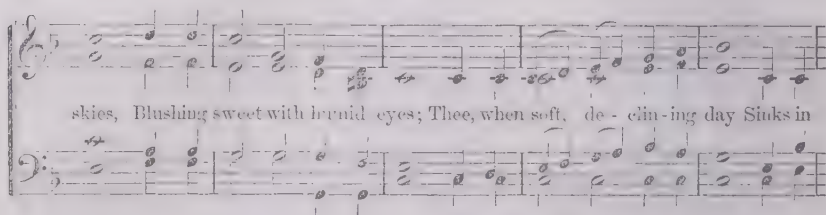
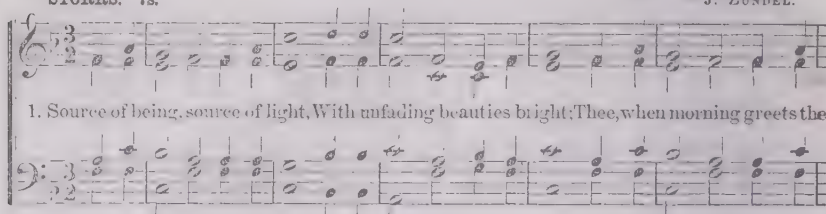
STERLING.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRaise God from whom all blessings flow;
PRaise Him all creatures here below;
PRaise Him above, ye heavenly host;
PRaise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

STORRES. 7s.

J. ZUNDEL.



89. 7s. Double.

1. SOURCE of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright;
Thee, when morning greets the skies,
Blushing sweet with humid eyes;
Thee, when soft declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee, O Parent, will I sing,
To Thy feet my tribute bring!
2. Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky;
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced;
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless;
Shaking nature with Thy nod,
Earth and heaven confess their God.
3. Source of light, Thou bid'st the sun
On his burning axles run;
Stars like dust around him fly,
Strew the area of the sky;
Fills the queen of solemn night
From his vase her orb of light;
Lunar luster, thus we see,
Solar virtue shines by Thee.

4. Father, King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene upon our race;
Mindful of Thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare;
We Thy majesty adore,
We Thy well-known aid implore;
Not in vain Thy aid we call,
Nothing want, for Thou art all!

WESLEY.

90. 7s.

1. MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath Thy feet!
2. Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind!
God of love, who from Thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind!
3. Shed on those who in Thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

BRYANT.

91. 7s.*

1. EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.
2. Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stir'd;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.
3. All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.

92. 7s.

1. To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Mid the springing grass prepare.
2. When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.
4. Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

MERRICK.

93. 7s. Double.

1. LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;
2. Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by His commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;

Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3. All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He His mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

MILTON.

94. 7s.

1. FATHER, they who Thee receive,
And in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be.
2. Fix, O, fix my wavering mind!
To the cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Fill the soul with perfect love.
3. Who in heart on Thee believes,
He the promise now receives;
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.
4. Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

95. 7s.

1. GLORIOUS in Thy saints appear;
Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart;
2. And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

96. 7s.

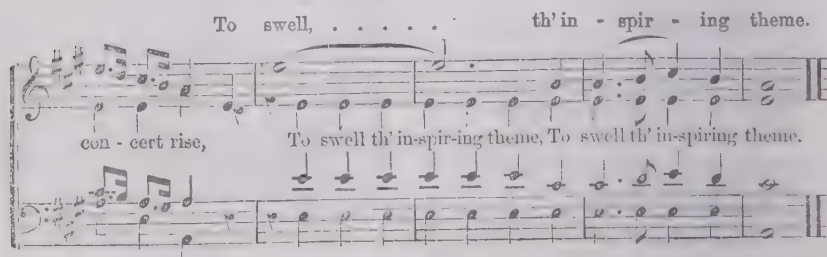
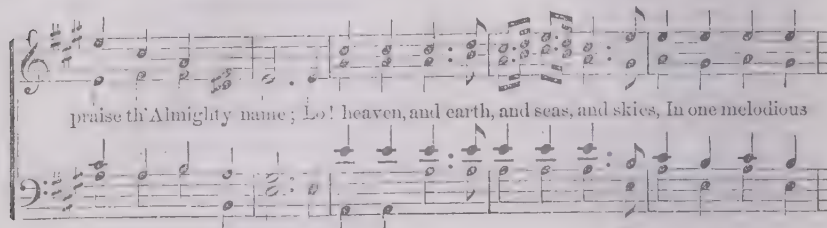
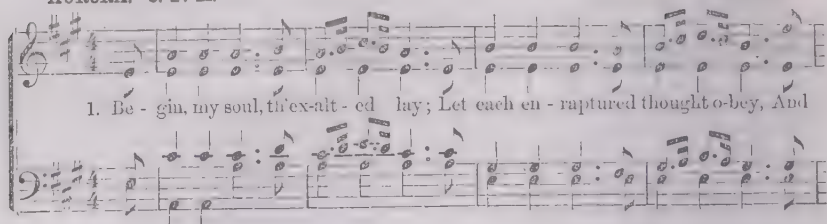
1. ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.
2. For His truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.
3. Praise Him, ye who know His love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath;
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

MONTGOMERY.

* Adapt to the music by repeating the last two lines of each stanza.

AURORA. C. P. M.

CH. BEECHER.



97. C. P. M.

1. BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
2. Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph rides th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.
3. Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

OGLVIE.

98. Hs & 8s.*

1. IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
Days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
2. His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindred
he drew,
And brought you to love His great name.
3. O, had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
You all would have liv'd, would have died
too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
4. Then give all the glory to His holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth
His fame,
And crown Him in each of your songs.

* Tune Chrome, page 20.

SCHILLER. C. H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1st time.

2d time.

1. Since o'er thy foot - stool here be - low Such ra - diant gems are strown,
O, what mag - nif - i - cence must glow, Great

God, a - bout thy throne! So brilliant here these drops of light—There the full o - cean

rolls, how bright! So brilliant here these drops of light—There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

99. C. H. M.

1. SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
O, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about Thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!
2. If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer vail,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
3. The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
Forth from his flaming vase

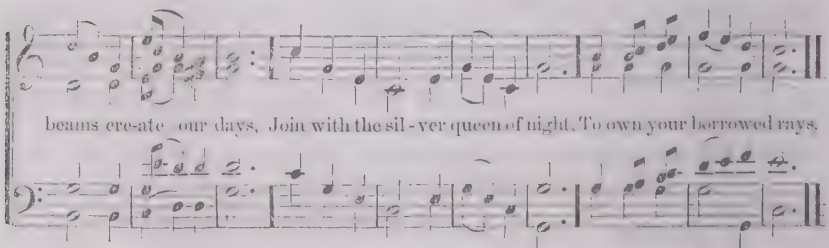
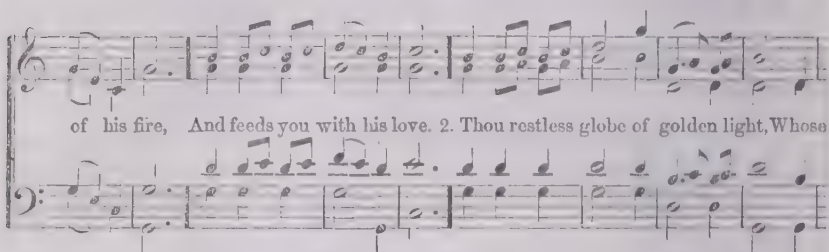
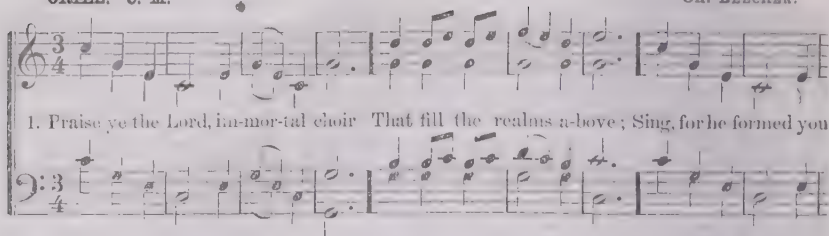
- Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine,
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine.
4. O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

DOXOLOGY. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

ORIEL. C. M.

CH. BEECHER.



100. C. M.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir
That fill the realms above;
Sing, for He formed you of His fire,
And feeds you with His love.
2. Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
3. Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand.
4. Winds, ye shall bear His name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
5. Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

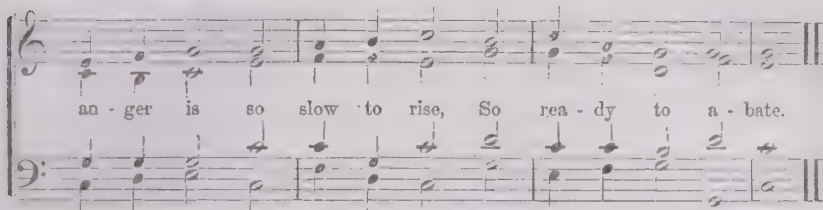
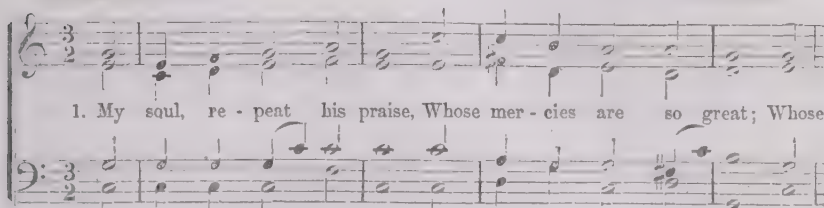
6. Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round. WATTS.

101. C. M.

1. God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
2. He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God;
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where He trod.
3. The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.
4. If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found! MONTGOMERY

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



102. S. M.

2. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
3. His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
4. The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.
5. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
6. But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

WATTS.

103. S. M.

1. ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is Thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!
2. The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
3. My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator, too:

Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4. And yet the songs I frame
Are faithless to Thy cause,
And steal the honors of Thy name
To build their own applause.
5. Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Untill 'tis formed again.

WATTS.

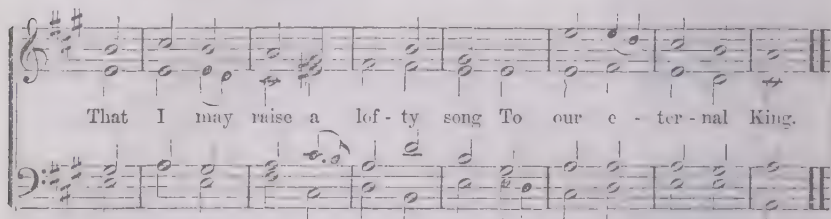
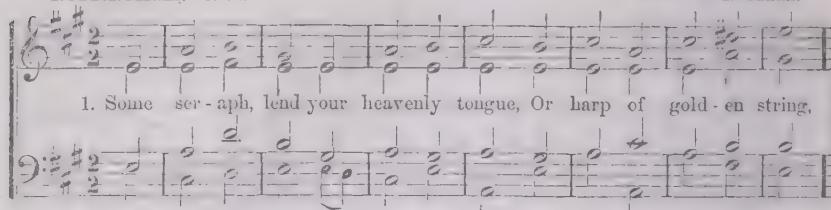
104. S. M.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
3. O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
4. God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
5. Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

MONTGOMERY.

NOTTINGHAM, C. M.

I. CLARK.



105. C. M.

1. SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string;
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.
2. Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined Thy throne.
3. Thy glory shines immensely bright;
Exhaustless is Thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
4. Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

WATTS.

106. C. M.

1. BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
2. Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God! art nigh;
Art here, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after Thee in vain—
3. Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger—the stormy wind;
Thy path—the trackless main.

4. These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise—
The glorious honor of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways.
5. But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.
We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wild fields of air.
6. The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul!
Who yet is every where?

CONDER.

107. C. M.

1. GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
3. Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.
4. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
5. Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

WATTS.

108. C. M.

1. 'TWAS God who hurl'd the rolling spheres
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.
2. From everlasting is His might,
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.
3. He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round Him roar:
All heav'n attends Him as He flies;
All hell proclaims His pow'r.
4. Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,
Fulfill His high command;
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own His ruling hand.

WATTS.

109. C. M.

1. GREAT God, Thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wandering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.
2. To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust;
3. Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed;
And may Thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.
4. By Thee observed, by Thee sustained,
Should earth or hell oppose,
I press with dauntless courage on
To meet the proudest foes.
5. Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And Thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

E. SCOTT.

110. C. M.

1. FATHER! how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise! [signs—
Known through the earth by thousand
By thousand through the skies.

2. Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.
3. But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.
4. Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
5. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
6. Oh! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

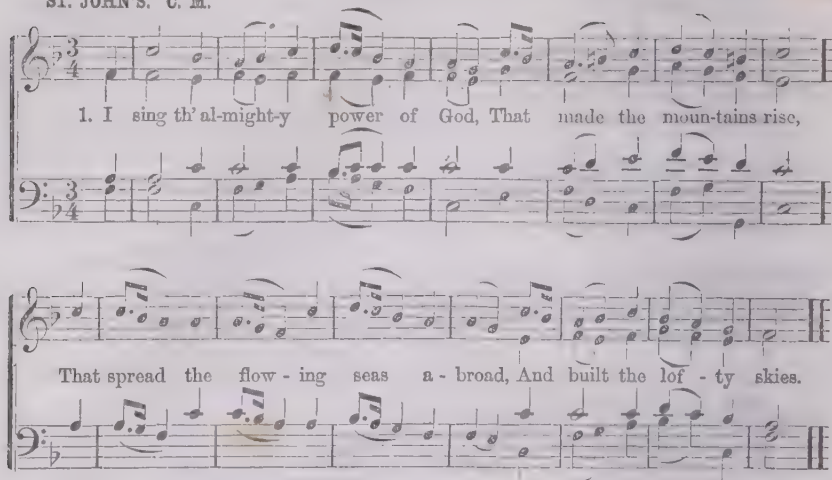
WATTS.

111. C. M.

1. KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
3. Before His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
4. His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.
5. My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
6. In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.



1. I sing th' al-might-y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise,
That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the lof-ty skies.

112. C. M.

1. I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
6. Creatures that borrow life from Thee
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

WATTS.

113. C. M.

1. LORD! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach Thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2. Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
3. On me Thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh! let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and Thy praise.
4. All-bounteous Lord! Thy grace impart;
Oh! teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with Thy love.

MRS. STEELE.

114. C. M.

1. How long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move on slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.
2. But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
3. Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.
4. Great God! a creature can not tell
How such a thing can be,
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with Thee.

TAYLOR.

TRIUMPH. H. M.

LOCKHART.

1. Sing to the Lord most high; Let ev-ery land a-dore; With grate-ful

voice make known His good-ness and his power: With cheerful

songs De-clare his ways, And let his praise in-spire your tongues.

115. H. M.

2. Enter His courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with His hand,
And quickened by His word;
With wide command He spreads His sway,
O'er every sea and every land.

3. His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon His care,
And in His pastures live:
With cheerful songs declare His ways,
And let His praise inspire your tongues.

4. Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure:
With wide command He spreads His sway,
O'er every sea and every land.

DWIGHT.

116. H. M.

1. Come, let us gladly sing
To God, our Saviour-King;
With thanks His presence seek,
In psalms His praises speak;
He's God most high; let all draw nigh,
And crown Him—Lord of earth and sky.

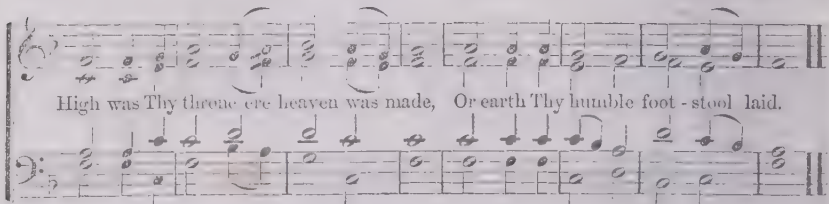
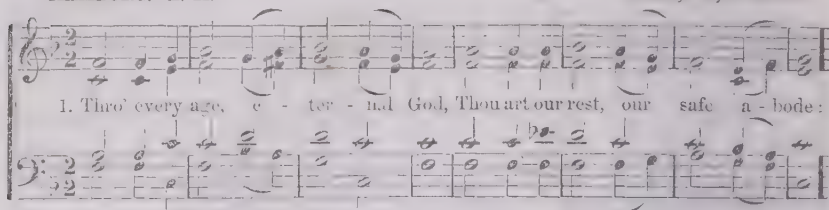
2. He gave the mountains birth,
He made this spacious earth;
His are the sea and land—
They rose at His command:
With reverence all before Him fall,
And on His name devoutly call.

3. Come, kneel before His throne,
For He is God alone;
We are the flock he leads—
The sheep His bounty feeds:
To-day—to-day—His voice obey;
Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

HATFIELD.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.



117. L. M.

1. THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was Thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.
2. Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
4. Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
5. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

WATTS.

118. L. M.

1. YE nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues His glory sing.
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live.

3. Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

WATTS.

119. L. M.

1. O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
2. All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
3. To them remains nor place nor time;
Their country is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
4. While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
5. Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

120. L. M.

1. JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.
2. But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
3. Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At Thy rebuke the billows die.
4. Forever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of Thy grace.

WATTS.

121. L. M.

1. WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
2. How sure established is Thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

TATE AND BRADY.

122. L. M.

1. LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own.
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
3. Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
4. Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. O, may these thoughts possess my breast.
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

WATTS.

123. L. M.

1. WHAT is our God, or what His name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eye nor thought can reach.
2. The spacious worlds of heavenly light.
Compared with Him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and He too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
3. He spake the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at His command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of His hand.
4. The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb His sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.
5. Then fly, my song, an endless round;
The lofty tune let angels raise:
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

WATTS.

124. L. M.

1. KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.
2. He shakes the heavens with loud alarms:
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.
3. Proclaim Him king, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

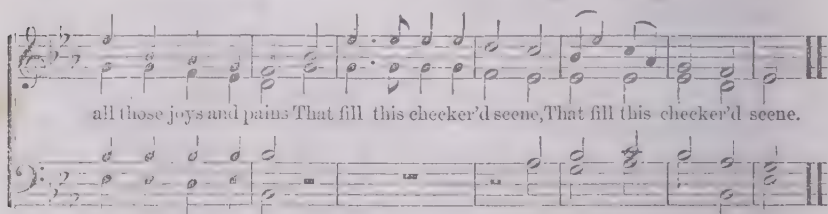
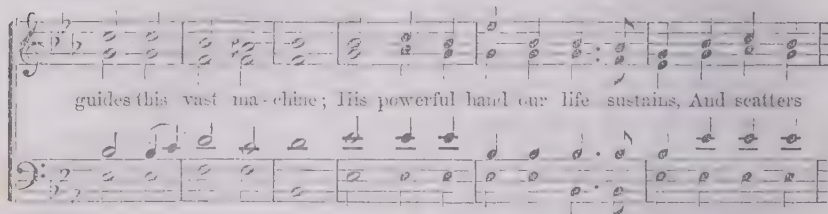
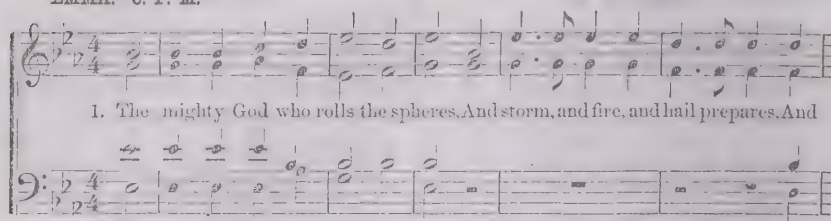
WATTS.

125. L. M.

1. FAIREST of all the lights above, [spheres,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the
And with unwearyed swiftness move
To form the circles of our years—
2. Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise
If he forget his Maker's praise.
3. Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone—
4. Proclaim the glories of your Lord, [street,
Dispersed through all the heavenly
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for His feet.
5. O God of glory, God of Love!
Thou art the sun that makes our days;
With all Thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt Thy praise.

WATTS.

EMMA. C. P. M.



126. C. P. M.

1. THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine;
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this checkered scene.
2. His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.
3. Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thy awful, glorious name?
While man, Thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for Thy days,
Nor limit for Thy fame. J. TAYLOR.

Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to His rod,
And by His grace be heal'd.

2. Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy: for, though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.
3. Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.
4. In God my strength, howe'er distress,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love:
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the bird He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

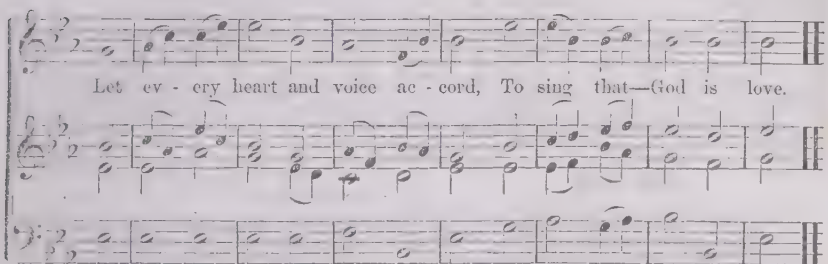
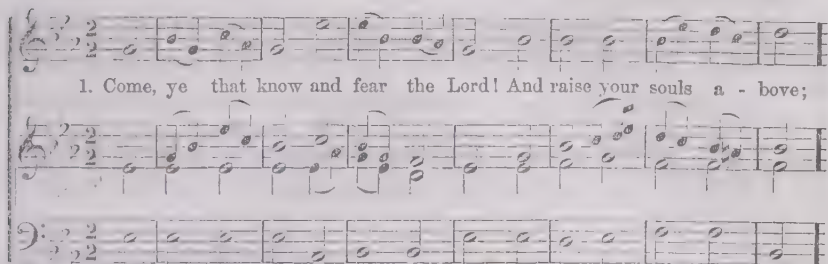
127. C. P. M.

1. ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-trees droop and die,
No oil the olives yield,

H. U. ONDERDONK.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.



128. C. M.

1. COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.
2. This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is love.
3. Behold His loving-kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.
4. The work begun is carried on,
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.
5. Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

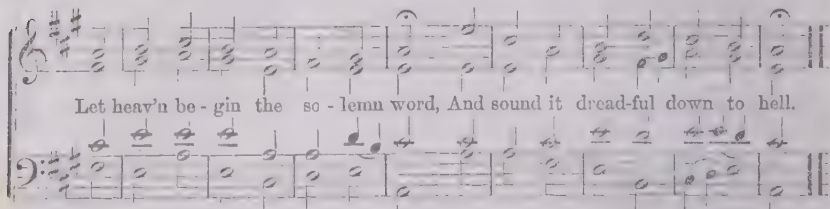
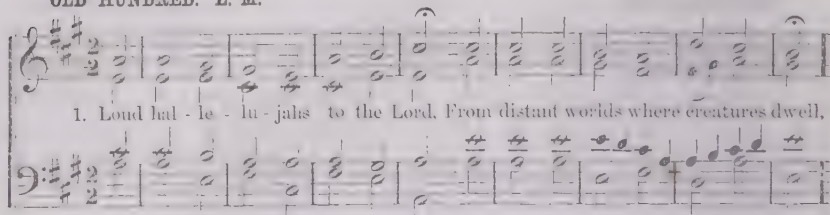
G. BURDER.

129. C. M.

1. THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and, in His heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.
2. Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
3. Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
4. His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
5. Ye nations! bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs! wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

H. K. WHITE.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



130. L. M.

1. Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell,
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
2. High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.
3. Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
4. Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.
5. Jehovah—'t is a glorious word!
O, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
6. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

WATTS.

131. L. M.

1. My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
2. The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;

And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for Thee.

3. Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of my tongue.
4. But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

WATTS.

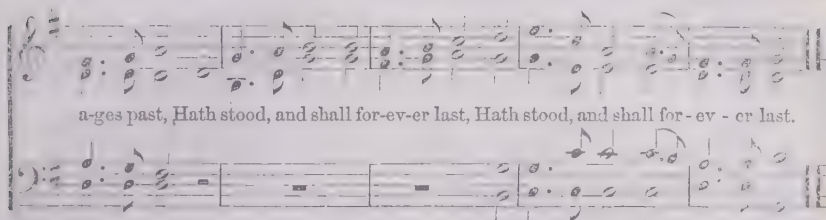
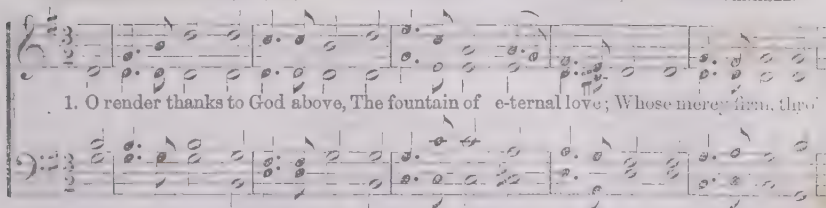
132. L. M.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
3. We are His people; we His care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
4. We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.
5. Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.

VANHALL.



133. L. M.

2. Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
3. Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
4. O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

134. L. M.

1. He reigns—the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice;
And distant islands join their voice.
2. Deep are His counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support His throne:
Though gloomy clouds His way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
3. In robes of judgment, lo! He comes;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
Before Him burns devouring fire! [tombs;
The mountains melt, the seas retire!
4. His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

WATTS.

135. L. M.

1. HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads His seat.
And troops of angels, stretched for flight
Stand waiting round His awful feet.
2. Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on Thy wandering church below
Here we are sailing to Thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy too.
3. Are they not all Thy servants, Lord?
At Thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey Thy word,
And guard Thy children to their home.

WATTS.

136. L. M.

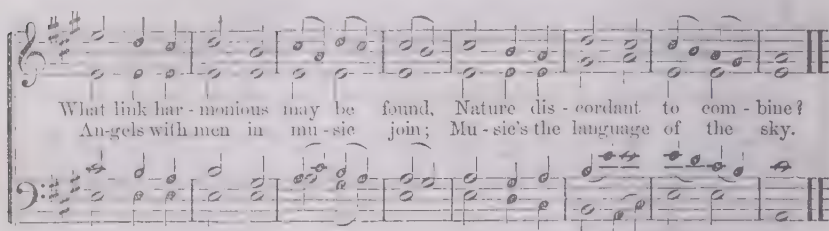
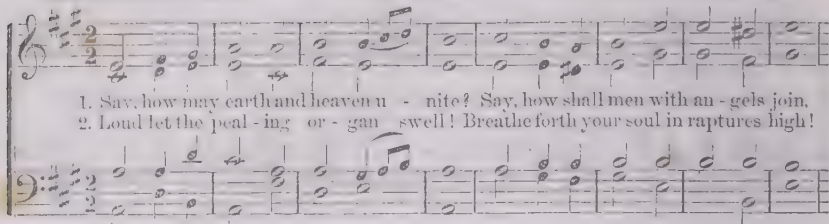
1. COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongues can speak His fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
3. In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.
4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

BLACKLOCK.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

Hymn 137.

LINLEY.



138. L. M.

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
2. To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
3. Amidst a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting word revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
4. Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139. L. M.

1. O THE immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath His feet,
And sways the nations with His nod!
2. He speaks, and lo! all nature shakes;
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots His fiery arrows through.

3. Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.
4. Celestial King! Thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear Thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.
5. Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round His chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make Him room!
Ye glorious storms, prepare His way!
WATTS.

140. L. M.

1. THE Lord, how wondrous are His ways!
How firm His truth! how large His grace!
He takes His mercy for His throne,
And thence He makes His glories known.
2. Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
3. Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.
4. How slowly doth His wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And, if He lets His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn!
WATTS.

141. L. M.

1. LET God arise in all His might,
And put the hosts of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.
2. He comes arrayed in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are His names;
Behold His fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.
3. He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to His name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before His face.
4. The widow and the fatherless
Fly to His aid in sharp distress;
In Him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
5. He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, who dispute His will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

WATTS.

142. L. M.

1. SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that reared this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound His praise,
And lands unknown repeat His name.
2. He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And pushed them into motion first.
3. Now, from His high, imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
4. Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all His saints are gathered in;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!
5. Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

WATTS.

143. L. M.

1. TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2. O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snare of hell defends.
3. Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
4. Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

WATTS.

144. L. M.

1. No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
2. Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad;
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3. To Thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

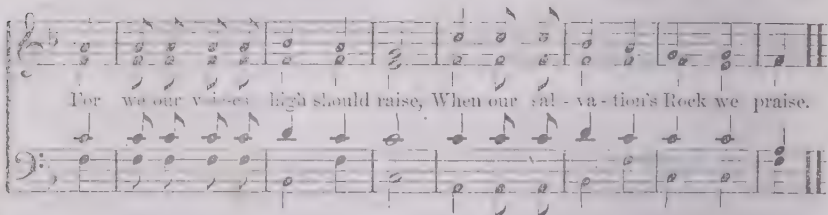
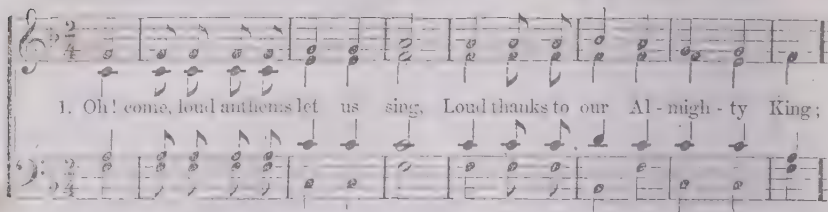
TATE AND BRADY

145. L. M.

1. THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's
height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O, grant that we may own Thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!
2. With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.
3. Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from Thee within it flow,
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by Thee;
4. That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

STERLING.

STERLING. L. M.



146. L. M.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
2. The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to His empire lies.
3. The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is His;
'Tis moved by His almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.
4. O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE AND BRADY.

147. L. M.

1. My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
2. Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from the sky, [storm.
And saves me from the threatening
3. My heart is fixed: my song shall raise
Immortal honors to Thy name;

Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4. High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
5. Be Thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell:
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

WATTS.

148. L. M.

1. Give to the Lord ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power:
Ascribe due honors to His name,
And His eternal might adore.
2. The Lord proclaims His power aloud
Over the ocean and the land:
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.
3. To Lebanon He turns His voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
3. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns forever king;
But makes His church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.

WATTS.

149. L. M.

1. PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.
2. Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
3. Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
4. Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

WATTS.

150. L. M.

1. God! the eternal, awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when He hears.
2. Like flames of fire His servants are,
And light surrounds His dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of His face.
3. Tell how He shows His smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array:
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
4. Speak, for you feel His burning love,
What zeal it spreads through all your
That sacred fire dwells all above, [frame;
For we on earth have lost the name.
5. Proclaim His wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound His lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

WATTS.

151. L. M.

1. THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!
2. The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.
3. Come, make your wants, your burdens
known;
The contrite soul He'll ne'er disown;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

4. O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake;—
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

CONDER.

152. L. M.

1. LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise,
He utters His almighty voice—
The nations melt—the tumult dies.
2. From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high His thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
3. "Be still—and learn that I am God;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still my throne in Zion stands."

4. O Lord of hosts, Almighty King!
While we so near Thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

153. L. M.

1. Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His grace.
2. Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
3. Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

J. WESLEY.

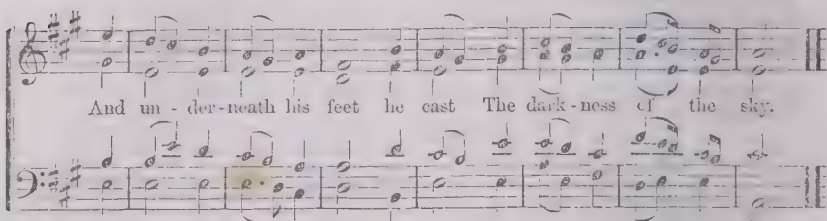
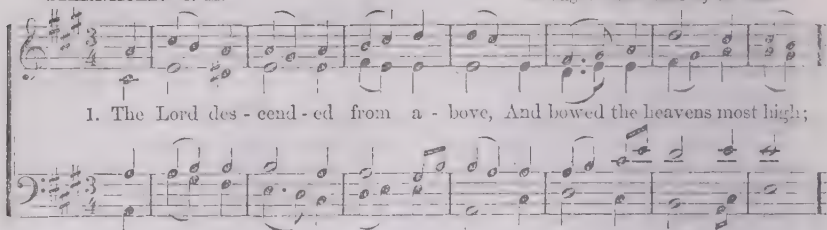
154. L. M.

1. INFINITE leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
2. The Lord of glory builds His seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath His sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
3. Yet, glorious Lord, Thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise Thy grandeur flies;
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

WATTS.

STERNHOLD. C. M.

Arranged from KENT by L. MASON



155. C. M.

1. THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
2. On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.
3. And like a den most dark He made
His hid and secret place;
With waters black and airy clouds
Encompassed He was.
4. He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.
3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour:
And God exalts His conquering Son
To His right hand of power.
4. O shout, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

STERNHOLD.

156. C. M.

1. ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.
2. Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
Th' ascending God proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound.
And shake creation's frame.
3. With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
4. How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.
5. Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

WATTS.

158. C. M.

1. SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice;
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
2. With thanks approach His awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing:—
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
3. Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with Him.
4. Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in His spacious hand;
He fixed the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
5. Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before His face;
O may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace!

WATTS.

159. C. M.

1. THE Lord—how fearful is His name!
How wide ~~is~~ His command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on His mighty hand.
2. Immortal glory forms His throne,
And light His awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.
3. A word of His almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as He please.
4. On angels, with unveiled face,
His glory beams above;
On men, He looks with softest grace,
And takes His title, Love.
5. Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as He will;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are His favorites still.
6. No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

WATTS.

160. C. M.

1. WHEN forth from Egypt's trembling strand
The tribes of Israel sped,
And Jacob in the stranger's land
Departing banners spread;—
2. Then One, amid their thick array,
His kingly dwelling made,
And all along the desert way
Their guiding scepter swayed.
3. The sea beheld, and struck with dread,
Rolled all its billows back;
And Jordan, through his deepest bed,
Revealed their destined track.
4. What ailed thee, O thou mighty sea,
And rolled thy waves in dread?
What bade thy tide, O Jordan, flee,
And bare its deepest bed?
5. O earth, before the Lord, the God
Of Jacob, tremble still;
Who makes the waste a watered sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

G. BURGESS.

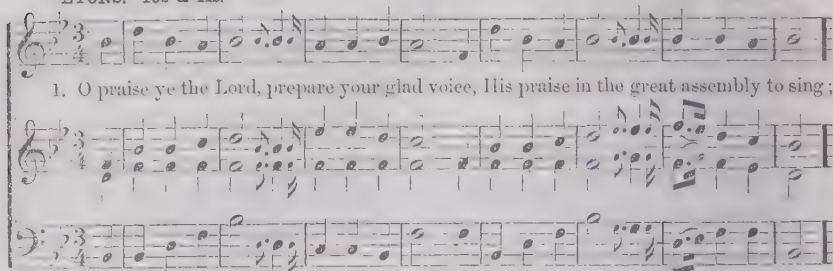
161. C. M.

1. BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,—
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.
2. Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
3. Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
4. His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
5. O, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine!*
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

WATTS.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.



In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of sal-vation be glad in their King.

162. 10s & 11s.

1. O praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
2. Let them His great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains His praises express,
Who graciously opens His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and His children to bless.
3. With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.
4. Ye angels above, His glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish His praise:
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue—
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

TATE, VARIED.

163. 10s & 11s.

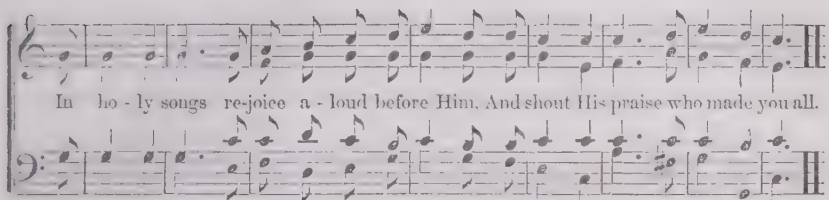
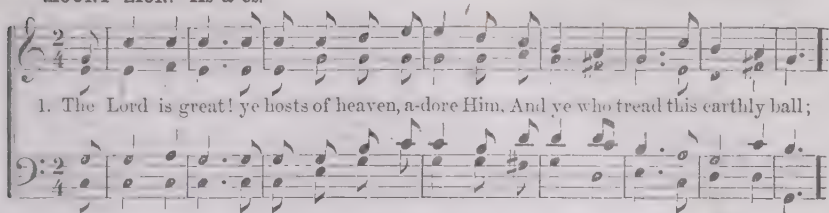
1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; He rules over all.
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is high: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3. "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim.
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb
4. Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

164. 11s.

1. How dear is the thought, that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they
once trod;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions
above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!
2. They come, on the wings of the morning they
come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
3. They come when we wander, they come when
we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

MOUNT ZION. 11s & 8s.



165. 11s & 8s.

1. THE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven,
adore Him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before Him,
And shout His praise who made you all.

2. The Lord is great; His majesty, how glo-
rious!
Resound His praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made
victorious,
He rules and reigns for evermore.

3. The Lord is great; His mercy how abound-
ing!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords;
O, praise our God, with voice and harp re-
sounding,
The King of kings and Lord of lords.

CHURCH PSALMODY.

166. 10s & 11s.*

1. O, WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love—
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy,
space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the
rain.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail,
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend!

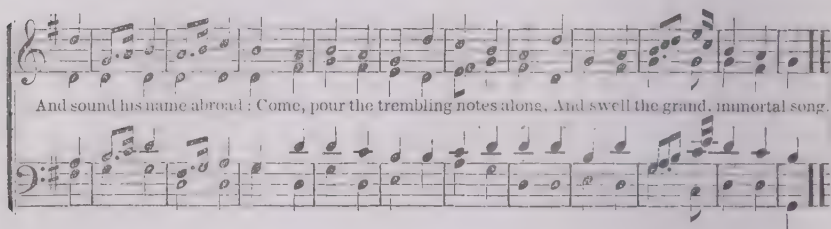
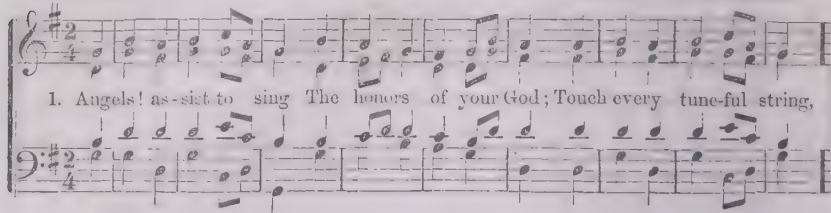
5. Father Almighty, how faithful Thy love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their
lays,
With true adoration shall hush to Thy praise.

DOXOLOGY. 11s & 8s.†

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blest,
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall be still addressed.

BETHESDA. H. M.

DR. GREEN.



167. H. M.

1. ANGELS! assist to sing
The honors of your God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound His name abroad:
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the grand immortal song.
2. And ye of meaner birth!
Your joyful voices raise;
Inhabitants of earth!
Your great Creator praise:
Let your hosannas joyful rise,
And shake the earth, and pierce the skies.
3. Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order, join
His praises to recite,
And speak His power divine:
Let every hill and every vale
Re-echo with the sacred tale.
4. Let every creature sing
The honors of our God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And spread His praise abroad:
Come, pour the trembling notes along;
And swell the universal song.

GEMS.

168. H. M.

1. To your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of His hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice proclaim His power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

2. Let every creature join
To celebrate His name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.
3. But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise above the rest;
Ye highly blest! declare His praise.
4. Assist me, gracious God!
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

MRS. STEELE.

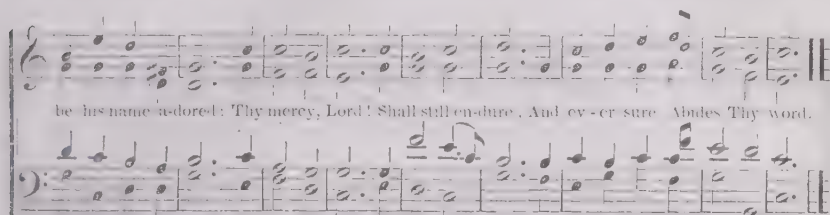
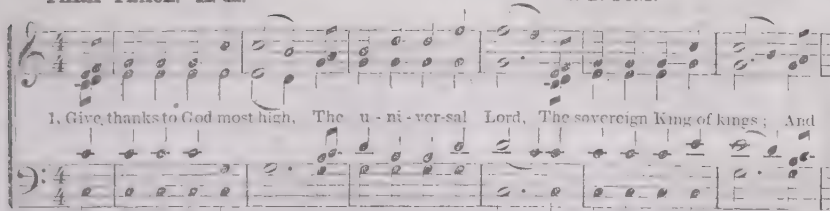
169. H. M.

1. In Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin,
Where acts of faith and love,
In ceaseless beauty, shine:
In mercy there, while God is known,
Before His throne with songs appear.
2. The trumpet's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
His praises shall resound:
To swell the song, with highest joy,
Let man employ his tuneful tongue.

DWIGHT.

PARK PLACE. H. M.

S. B. POND.



170. H. M.

1. Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be His name adored:
Thy mercy, Lord! shall still endure;
And ever sure abides Thy word.
2. How mighty is His hand!
What wonders He hath done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
His power and grace are still the same;
And let His name have endless praise.

3. He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in:
Thy mercy, Lord! shall still endure:
And ever sure abides Thy word.

4. He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace are still the same:
And let His name have endless praise.

5. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord! shall still endure;
And ever sure abides Thy word.

WATTS.

171. H. M.

1. In sweet exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He, at His will the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
2. To earth He bends His throne—
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide His glories shine:
Fair Salem, still His chosen rest,
Is with His smiles and presence blest.

B. FRANCIS.

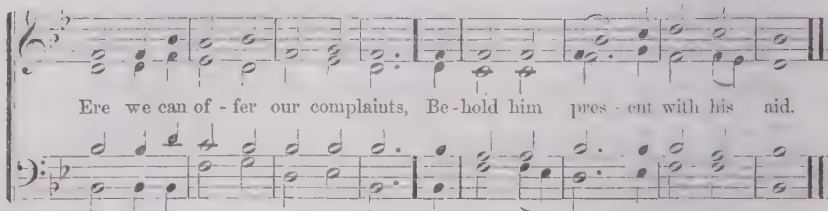
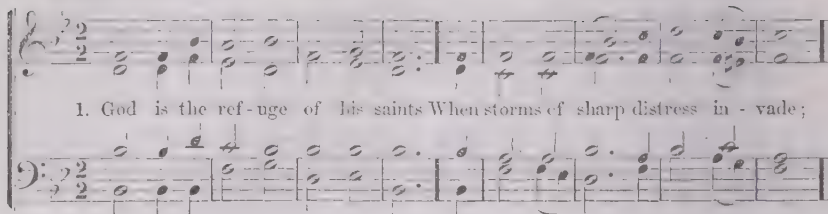
172. H. M.

1. THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Nor Zion's hill abides so sure.
2. The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines through all the flame.
3. Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres:
'Mid all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene—Thy word my rock.

DODDRIDGE.

WARD. L. M.

L. MASON.



173. L. M.

174. L. M.

1. God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
4. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
5. That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
6. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with
power.

WATTS.

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty refuge lives.
2. He lives—the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
3. He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening vail, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
4. Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
5. No sun shall smite thy head by day;
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
6. Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
7. On thee foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

WATTS.

175. L. M.

1. THEY that have made their refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.
2. If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; His wings are spread,
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.
3. If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death;
Still they are safe; the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

176. L. M.

1. THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.
2. There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
3. The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

MOORE.

177. L. M.

1. MY God, I love and I adore;
But souls that love would know Thee more:
Wilt thou forever hide, and stand
Behind the labors of Thy hand?
2. Thy hand, great God, sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls;
The starry arch proclaims Thy power;
Thy pencil glows in every flower.
3. Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.
4. Fain would I trace the immortal way
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confessed,
In His own fairest glories dressed.

178. L. M.

1. HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
2. Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3. Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
4. My God, how excellent Thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comforts springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
5. From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
6. Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

WATTS.

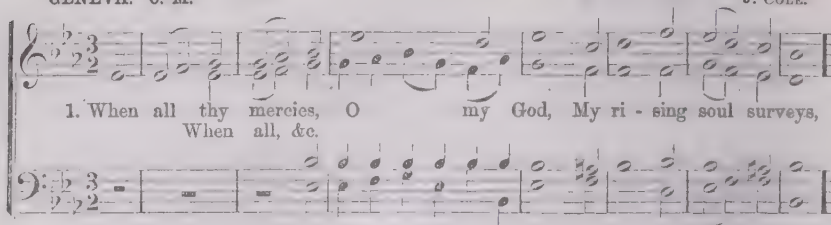
179. L. M.

1. JEHOVAH reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
2. His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards His holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
3. Through all His works what wisdom
He baffles Satan's deep designs; [shines!
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of His will.
4. Thus glorious, will He condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join,
Heaven is secure, if God is mine.

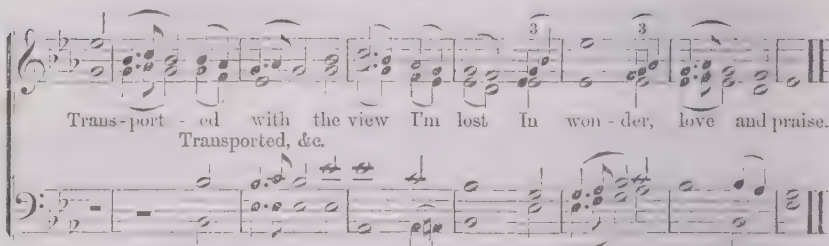
WATTS.

GENEVA. C. M.

J. COLE.



When all, &c.



180. C. M.

2. Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
3. When in the slippery path of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
5. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

ADDISON.

181. C. M.

1. Soon as I heard my Father say,
Ye children seek my face,
My heart replied without delay,
I'll seek my Father's face.

2. Let not Thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to Thee
In a distressing day.
3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die;
My God would make my life His care,
And all my need supply.
4. My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see Thy grace provide relief—
Nor was my hope deceived.
5. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints!
And keep your courage up:
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

WATTS.

182. C. M.

1. How rich Thy favors, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
2. He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.
3. The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

DODDRIDGE.

183. C. M.

1. We love Thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is Thine arm revealed;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.
2. We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
3. When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of His loud alarms,
The lightning of His spear?
4. He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know His mind,
And swift as flames obey.
5. He speaks, and at His fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, His frown, His angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.
6. Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed
For His own children's sake;
The powers that give His people rest
Shall of His care partake.

WATTS.

184. C. M.

1. THAT man, in life wherever placed,
Has happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way
Nor learns their guilty lore;
2. Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.
3. That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlet grow,
Whose fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.
4. But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tossed
Before the sweeping blast.
5. For God, that God the good adore,
Will give them peace and joy;
But all the hopes of wicked men
Will utterly destroy.

BURNS.

185. C. M.

1. How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
5. In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
6. Our life, whilst Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

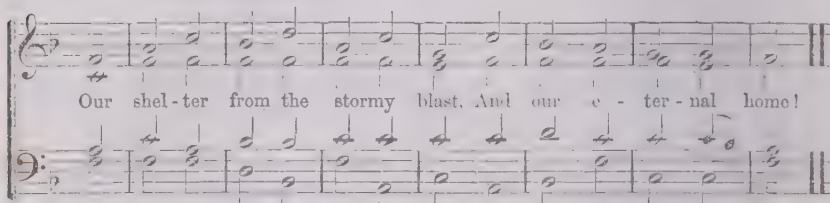
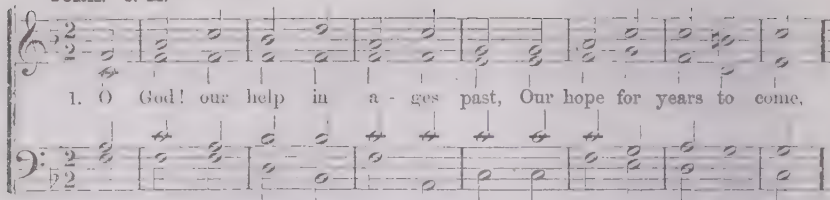
ADDISON.

186. C. M.

1. WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
4. Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

WATTS.

YORK. C. M.



187. C. M.

1. O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
2. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
3. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone—
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
5. O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

WATTS.

188. C. M.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
2. For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
4. God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?
5. I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.
6. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE AND BRADY.

189. C. M.

1. GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own Thy power divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.
2. Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work Thy sovereign will;
And, awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
3. Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek Thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.
4. Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace. DODDRIDGE.

190. C. M.

1. LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt His power.
2. Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.
4. He sits a Sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
5. He frees the souls condemned to death;
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
6. This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,—
That ages, yet unborn, may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

WATTS.

191. C. M.

1. God! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.
3. Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
4. What if the springs of life were broke,
'And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
5. But to draw near to Thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ:
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

WATTS.

192. C. M.

1. LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet Thy dreadful fire,
In heaven Thy glorious throne.
2. Should I suppress my vital breath
To shun the wrath divine.
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
3. If winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
4. If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard Thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
5. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I can not flee.

WATTS.

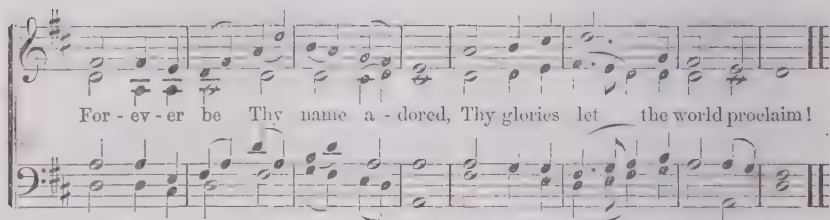
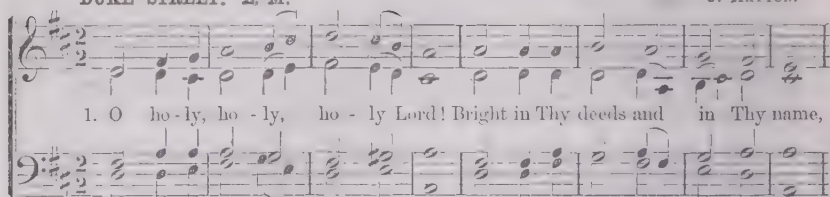
193. C. M.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



194. L. M.

1. O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
Forever be Thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!
2. O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its lay
Along the realms of upper day!
3. O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory giv'n,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heav'n!
4. O God triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

J. W. EASTBURNE.

195. L. M.

1. God is a name my soul adores—
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.
2. Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

3. Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.
4. A glance of Thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose Thy robes,
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

WATTS.

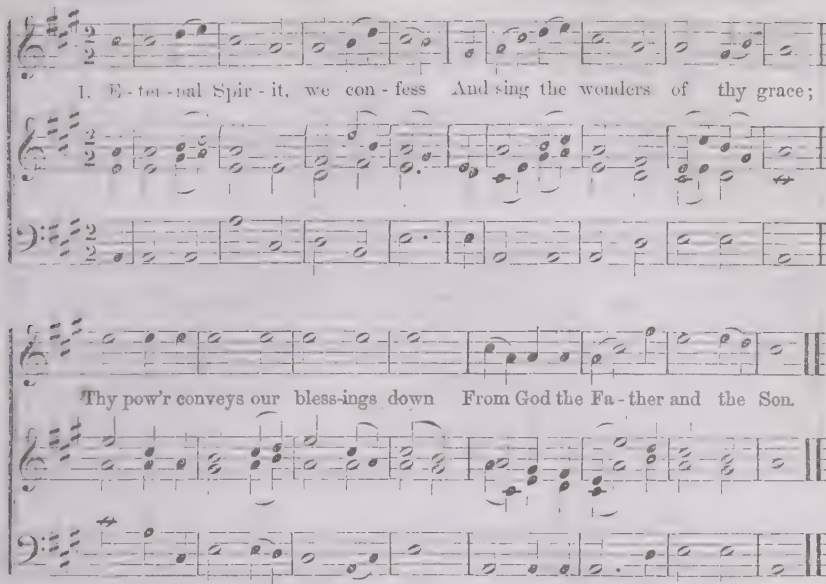
196. L. M.

1. COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
2. Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!
3. Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
4. Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

LYRA CATH.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

FROM GREATORIX'S COLL.



197. L. M.

1. ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
2. Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
3. Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
4. The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

WATTS.

198. L. M.

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3. Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.
4. Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

BROWNE.

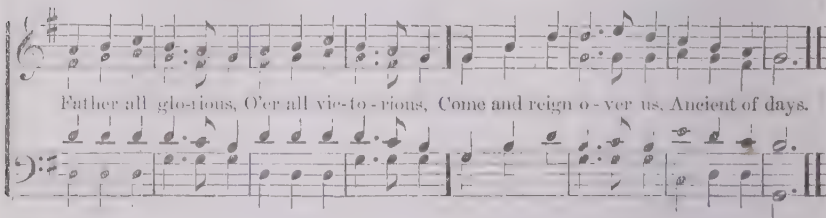
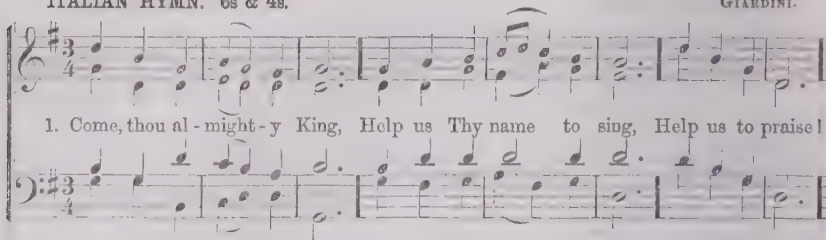
DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Lord! when the world is at its end,
And Christ to judgment shall descend,
May we be call'd those joys to see,
Prepared from all eternity.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.



199. 6s & 4s.

2. JESUS, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.
3. Come, thou incarnate Word
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
4. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.
5. To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

MADAN.

200. 6s & 4s.

1. GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye His name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."
2. Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name;
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb."
3. Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."
4. Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

WELDON. 7s & 6s.

1. Meet and right it is to sing, In ev-ery time and place; Glo-ry to our
heavenly King. The God of truth and grace. Join we then with sweet ac-cord, All in
one thanksgiv-ing join! Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, E-ter-nal praise be Thine!

201. 7s & 6s.

1. MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place;
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!
2. Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelm'd before Thy throne!
3. Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

202. 7s & 6s.

1. PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps His courts below;
Praise Him for His boundless love,
And all His greatness show;
Praise Him for His noble deeds;
Praise Him for His matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.
2. Publish—spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel-trumpet sound;
Him the Prince of Peace proclaim.
Praise Him, every tuneful string!
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring—
The music of the heart.
3. Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallowed be His name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath—
Let all things praise the Lord.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s.

Arranged from DR. ARNOLD.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the
new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,—God and sinners re-con-ciled.

203. 7s.

1. HARK! the herald-angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
2. Joyful, all ye nations! rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host, proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
3. Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
4. Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

5. Let us then with angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

204. 8s & 7s.

1. SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger;
Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day:
2. Christ, by prophets long-predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race;
Light to Gentiles long-afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

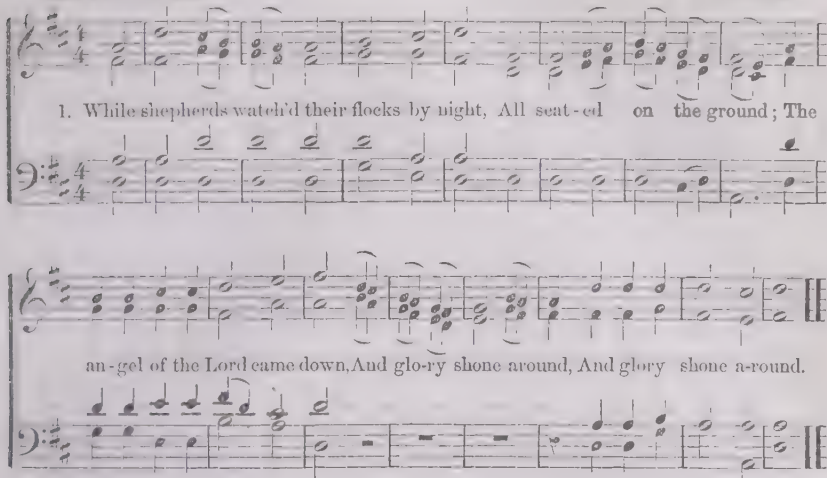
3. Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to His rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:
Mortals! now behold your God!
4. Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory:
Sinners saved from death and hell.
5. Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay His radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever;
Glory be to God on high!

205. 7s.

1. O Thou holy God! come down,
God of spotless purity!
Claim and seize me for Thy own,
Consecrate my heart to Thee;
2. Under Thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to Thee, and wake;
Let me die to Thee, and live.
3. Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to Thee;
4. In me, Lord, Thyself reveal;
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me Thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in Thy image rise.

BENNET. C. M.

English.



206. C. M.

2. "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
6. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

TATE.

207. C. M.

1. AWAKE—awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.
2. That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh! happy morn—illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3. Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
4. To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
5. Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

MRS. STEELE.

208. C. M.

1. ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung,
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim His matchless worth.
2. Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent His only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!
3. Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich, abounding grace
To save, and not destroy.
4. Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know Thy saving might.

HURN.

AMALAND. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo! th'angel-ic host re-joice; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

2. Hear them

2. Hear them tell the wondrous sto-ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy.

tell, Hear them chant, Glo-ry

"Glo-ry in the highest— glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God most high!"

in the highest—

209. 8s & 7s.

2. Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive who a God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

- *5. "Haste ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
"Glory be to God most high!"

CAWOOD.

* Sing the 5th stanza to the last half of the tune.

210. 8s, 7s & 4s.*

1. ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
2. Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
3. Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
4. Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
5. Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

MONTGOMERY.

211. 8s & 7s.

THRICE HOLY.

1. "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with anthems ringing:
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"
2. Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts His greatness raises,
And our love His gifts excite.
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
3. "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy"—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!"

ANCIENT HYMNS.

212. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lip Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
2. For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
3. For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:
4. From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise! forever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

ROBINSON.

213. 8s & 7s.

1. PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
2. Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
3. Praise the Lord—for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
4. Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

Hallelujah, Amen.

LIVERPOOL COLL.

* Repeat the last two lines.

ANDOVER. 8s & 7s.

CH. BEECHER.

1. The scene around me disappears, And, borne to ancient regions, While time recalls the

flight of years, I see an-gel-ic le-gions De-scending in an orb of light, A -

- midst the dark and silent night, I hear ce-lestial voi-ces, I hear ce-lestial voi-ces.

214. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

1. The scene around me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light,
Amidst the dark and silent night,
I hear celestial voices.

2. Tidings, glad tidings from above,
To every age and nation;
Tidings, glad tidings,—God is love;
To man He sends salvation;
His Son beloved, His only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to His name the glory!

3. Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed,
Where lonely watch is keeping:
I enter;—ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine?
Messiah's infant temple?

4. It is; it is;—and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of God thrice holy;
Faith through the vail of flesh can see
The face of Thy divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

MONTGOMERY.

MILTON. P. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. No war nor battle's sound Was heard the world a - round; No hos - tile

chiefs to fu - rious com - bat ran; But peace - ful was the night, In

which the Prince of light His reign of peace up - on the earth be - gan.

215. P. M.

1. No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2. The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat; while all around,
The gentle, fleecy brood,
Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground,—

3. When, lo! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears,
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand:
Divinely-warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise, [band.
With blissful rapture charmed the listening

4. They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wondering sight;
Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5. Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God disposed in air,
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung

6. "Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born!"
Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime:
"Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time."

MILTON, VARIED.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let

ev-ery heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

216. C. M.

2. Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains]
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

WATTS.

217. C. M.

1. MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2. In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
3. Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.
4. Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
5. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
'Good-will and peace are heard through-
Th' harmonious angel throng. [out.
6. Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend! [fail,
Though earth, and time, and life should
Thy praise shall never end.

MEDLEY.

EXETER. C. M.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes! The Sa-viour promised long! Let

ev-ery heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-ery voice a song.

218. C. M.

2. On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
3. He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
4. He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
5. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
6. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
The welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

219. C. M.

1. CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
2. Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
3. The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;

And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4. O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
5. "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

E. H. SEARS.

220. C. M.

1. MESSIAH! at Thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.
2. The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.
3. Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heav'n's a brighter Sun
Leads on the promis'd years.
4. Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

LOGAN.

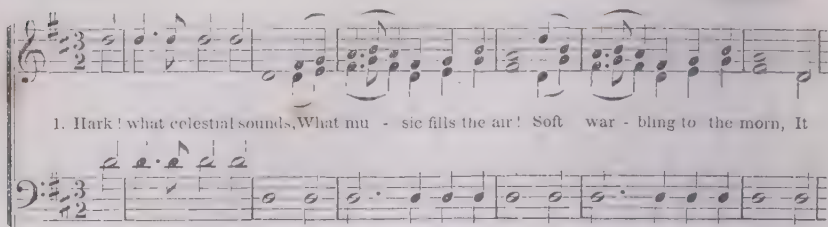
DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

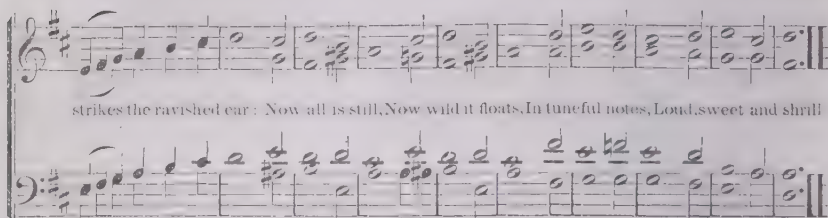
WATTS.

CHRISTMAS EVE. H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. Hark! what celestial sounds, What mu - sic fills the air! Soft war - bling to the morn, It



strikes the ravished ear: Now all is still, Now wild it floats, In tuneful notes, Loud, sweet and shrill

221. H. M.

1. HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still; now wild it floats,
In tuneful notes, loud, sweet, and shrill.
2. Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they: "Great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King, is born to-day."
3. He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise, with sons of light;
Your souls unite of endless praise.
4. Glory to God, on high!
Ye mortals spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

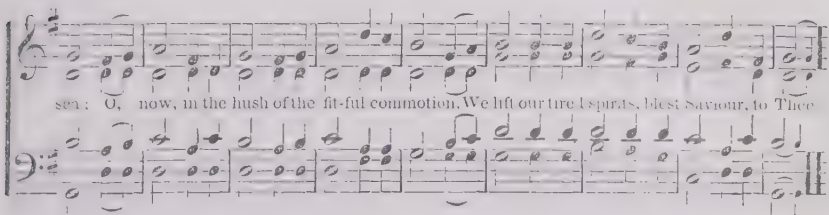
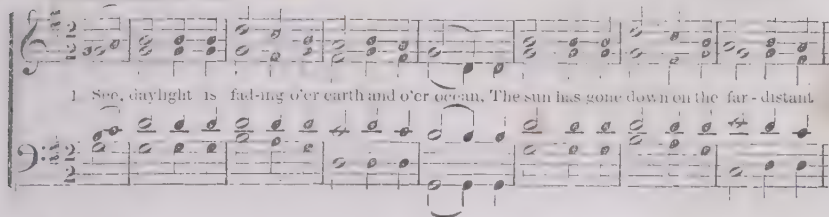
SALISBURY COLL.

222. H. M.

1. HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known:
Loud sound the harp around the throne.
2. Hark! hark!—the sound draws nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth His footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.
3. Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity He can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
4. Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all His grace proclaim;
Angels and men wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

REED'S COLL.

GENNESARET. 11s.



223. 12s & 11s.

1. See, daylight is fading, o'er earth and o'er ocean,
The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea;
Oh, now in the hush of the fitful commotion
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to Thee.
2. Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,
Aseventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave:
Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain,
Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and to save.
3. And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's
deep,
Let Thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us from evil, though Death watch our
sleep.
4. To God our great Father, whose throne is in heaven
Who dwells with the lowly and humble in heart,
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given:
One God, ever blessed and praised, Thou art.

HEBER.

224. 12s.

1. WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor sailors to cherish,
They fly to their Master, "Save, Lord, or we per-
ish."
2. O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the poor sinner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we per-
ish."
3. And, O when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace, thy redeemed to cher-
ish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

225. 11s.

1. WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields by pale moonlight or stars' trembling ray,
In deep meditation, I wandered away.

2. While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and plaintive, from One that was
there;
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
3. So deep were His sorrows, so fervent His prayers,
That down o'er His bosom rolled sweat, blood, and
tears!
I wept to behold Him!—I asked Him His name,
He answered, "'Tis Jesus! from heaven I came!"
4. How sweet was that moment He bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! How pleasant His
voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad!
I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!
5. I'm now on my journey to mansions above:
My soul's full of glory, of light, grace, and love!
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,
Of that loving Stranger, who bannished my fears!
6. The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

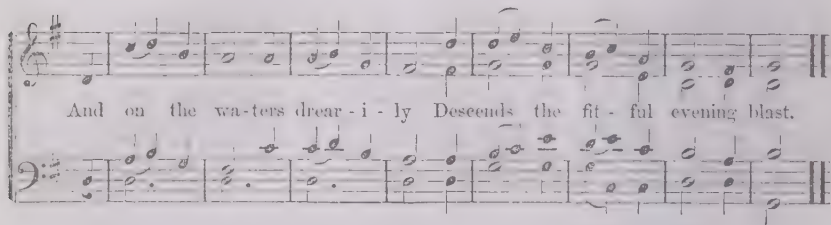
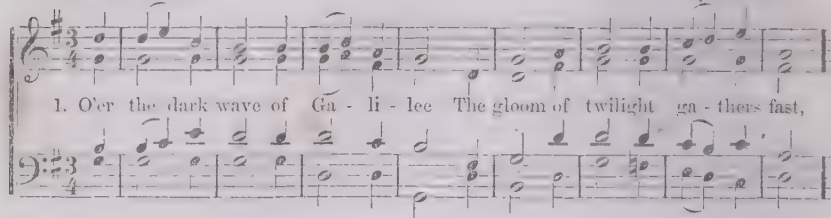
226. 11s.

1. THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale
beams
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
2. How damp were the vapors that fell on His head!
How hard was His pillow, how humble His bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.
3. O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to scraps above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!
4. Come, saints, and adore Him: come, bow at His
feet:
O, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

MARIE DE FLEURY.

WARNER. L. M.

Templi Carmina.



227. L. M.

2. The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down his welcome rest.
3. Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on His lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
4. Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
He hath not where to lay His head.
5. Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

RUSSELL.

228. L. M.

1. WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill, [night,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—
2. Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
3. On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4. "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
5. "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
6. He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

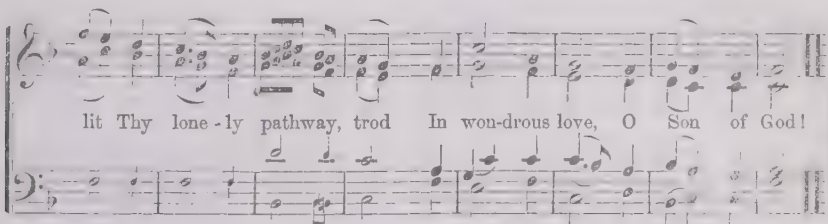
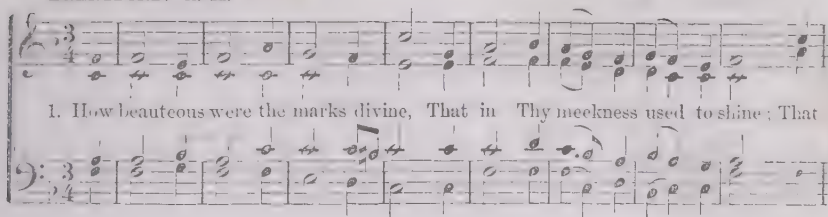
T. CAMPBELL.

229. L. M.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!
2. From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
4. Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

BRENTFORD. L. M.



230. L. M.

2. O, who like Thee—so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?
3. O, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?
4. The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon Thy mild divinity.
5. And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
6. O, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. COXE.

231. L. M.

1. LORD! in Thy garden agony,
No light seemed on Thy soul to break,
No form of seraph lingered nigh,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake,—
2. Till, by Thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

3. Lord, bring these precious moments back,
When, fainting, against sin we strain;
Or in Thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.
4. In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Choir by Thine holy angels still!

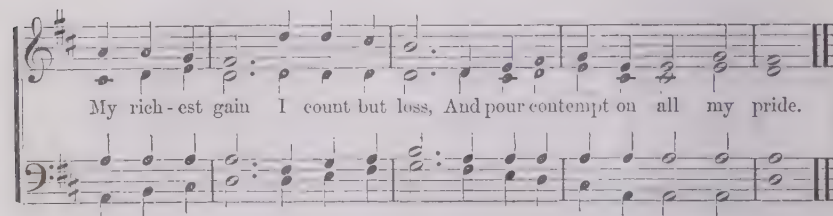
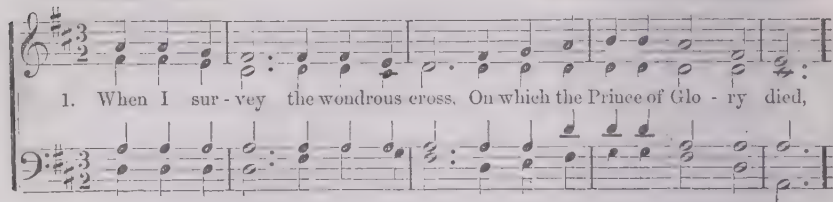
232. L. M.

1. HAVE we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look, how patiently He hangs—
Jesus, our love, is crucified!
2. What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
3. Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
4. O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
5. A broken heart, a fount of tears—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

LYRA. CATH.

WILLIAMS, L. M.

Arranged from Templi Carmina.



233. L. M.

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

234. L. M.

1. RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
2. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky

Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son!

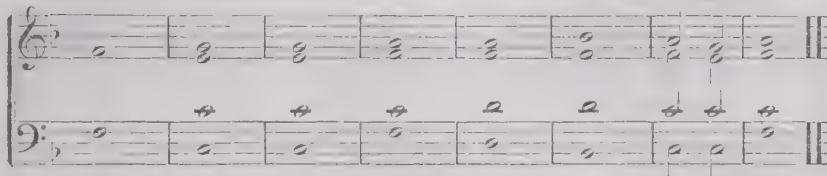
MILMAN.

235. L. M.

1. He dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
3. The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
4. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.
5. Say—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

WATTS.

MARY AT THE CROSS. 8s & 7s.



236. 8s & 7s.

1. JEWS were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness, |
Mary stood the cross beside; |
At its foot, her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted, |
Till the gentle Sufferer died. |
Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory, |
Priests her name have | dei | fled. |
2. But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like the simple story, |
Mary stood the cross beside. |
And when under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression, |
Christ again is crucified. |
But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted, |
Mary stands the | cross be | side. |

237. 8s & 7s.

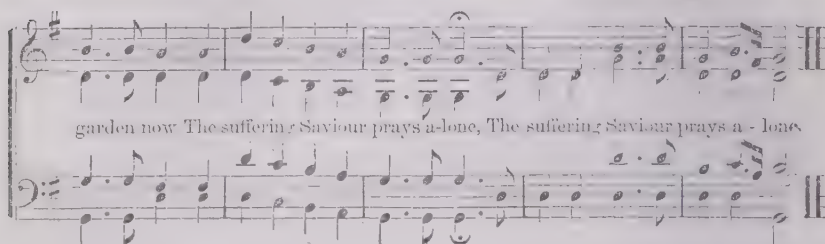
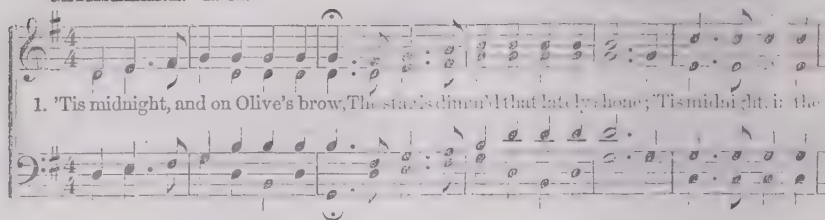
1. At the cross her station keeping, |
Stood the mournful mother weeping, |
Close to Jesus to the | last: |
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing, |
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the | sword had | pass'd.
2. Oh, how sad and sore distress'd, |
Was that mother highly blest, |
Of the sole-begotten | One! |
Christ above in torment hangs, |
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, | glorious | Son.
3. Let me mingle tears with thee, |
Mourning Him who mourned for me, |
All the days that I may | live; |
By the cross with Him to stay, |
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of | Christ to | give.

4. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence, |
Be Thou only my defence, |
Be Thy cross my victo | ry; |
While my body here decays, |
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Para | dise with | Thee. |

238. 8s & 7s.

1. SEE the Lord of glory dying, |
See Him gasping, hear Him crying, |
See His burthened bosom | heave; |
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung Him,
See how deep your sins have stung Him,
Dying sinners, | look and | live. |
2. See the rocks and mountains shaking, |
Earth unto her center quaking, |
Nature's groans awake the | dead. |
Veiled the sun in awful wonder, |
While the veil is rent asunder,
And the victim | bows His | head. |
3. Heaven's bright melodious legions, |
Chanting thro' those lofty regions, |
Cease to thrill the quivering | string; |
Songs seraphic all suspended, |
Till the tragic woe is ended,
By the all a | toning | King. |
4. Hell and all the powers infernal, |
Rage against the Lamb Eternal, |
• While He pours the vital | flood; |
And their empire's deep foundation— |
Rocks in frightful consternation,
As earth feels that | warm life- | blood. |
5. Shout, ye saints, with exultation, |
Fill with song the wide creation, |
See! He rises from the | tomb! |
Vain the bars of Death's dominion! |
Marble bond, and midnight pinion,
Part for aye your | reign of | doom.
6. Lo! the heavens are bursting o'er us, |
Hark, the wide out-rushing chorus |
Everlasting numbers | rise— |
Songs immortal sweetly sounding, |
Myriad lyres and harps resounding,
As the Conqueror | mounts the | skies!

GETHSEMANE. L. M.

Arranged by CH. BEEC^r R.

239. L. M.

2. 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'T is midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.
4. 'T is midnight—and, from ether-plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

240. L. M.

1. BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
Before His foes He stands unaw'd,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.
2. Behold the Man! by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and His claims condemn'd,
A Man of sufferings and of woes.
3. Behold the Man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all His friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.
4. Behold the Man! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at His footstool bow,
And all His royal claims approve.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

241. L. M.

1. FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry:
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks Thy soul's deep agony.
2. A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
3. The scourge, the Thorns, the deep disgrace—
These Thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled His face,
Unutterable pangs were Thine.
4. Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.
5. Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
Oh! let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

MONTGOMERY.

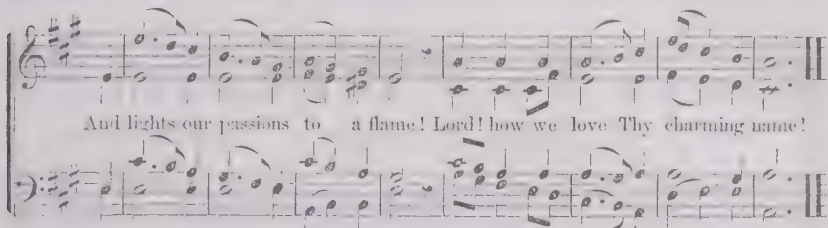
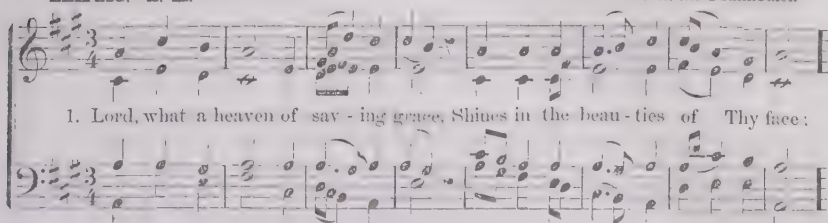
242. L. M.

1. 'Tis finished!—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died;
'Tis finished!—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
2. 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:—
'T is finished!—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky

STENNET.

LEIPZIG. L. M.

From the Psalmist.



243. L. M.

1. LORD! what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of Thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love Thy charming name!

2. When I can say, my God is mine—
When I can feel Thy glories shine—
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3. While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4. Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light:
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

WATTS.

244. L. M.

1. 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes:

2. Before the mournful scene began, {brake:
He took the bread, and blessed, and
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3. "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5. Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

245. L. M.

1. THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold His face!
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.

2. Brought forth to judgment, now He stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce praetorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

3. He bears their buffeting and scorn—
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee—
The purple robe, the crown of thorn—
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

4. No guile within His mouth is found;
He neither threatens, nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb, 'mid His murderers He remains.

5. But hark! He prays: 'tis for His foes:
He speaks: 'tis comfort to His friends;
Answers: and paradise bestows;
He bows His head: the conflict ends.

MONTGOMERY.

HEMANS. C. H. M.

1. { He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed. When but His Father's eye }
 1. { Look'd, thro' the lonely garden's shade, On that dread ag - o - ny: { The Lord of

all, a - bove, be - neath, Was bow'd with sor - row un - to death.

246. C. H. M.

2. The sun went down in fearful hour;
 The heavens might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 To thus o'ershadow Him;
 That He who gave man's breath might know
 The very depths of human woe.
3. He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread;
 The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All darkened round His head;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4. It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath His tread;
 It passed not, though to Him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead;
 But there was sent Him, from on high,
 A gift of strength, for man to die.
5. And was His mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay?
 How may we meet our conflict yet
 In the dark, narrow way?
 How, but through Him that path who trod?
 "Save, or we perish, Son of God."

HEMANS.

CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s.

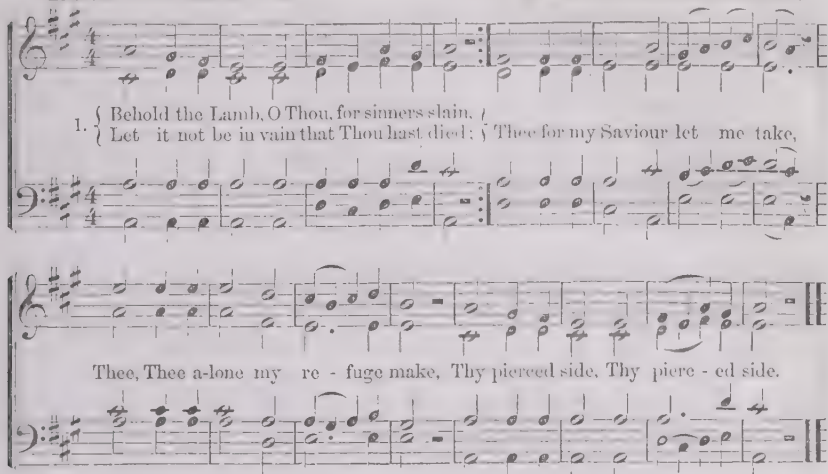
Greek Melody.

1. { O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down; }
 1. { Now scorn - ful - ly sur - rounded With thorns, thy only crown: } O sacred Head, what glory. What

bliss till now was thine! Yet though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

BEHOLD THE LAMB. 10s.

T. B. WHITE. From the Modern Harp.



1. { Behold the Lamb, O Thou, for sinners slain, /
 { Let it not be in vain that Thou hast died: / Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 Thee, Thee a-lone my re-fuge make, Thy pierced side, Thy pierce-ed side.

* 247. 7s & 6s.

2. O noblest brow and dearest,
 In other days the world
 All fear'd when Thou appear'dst;
 What shame on Thee is hurl'd;
 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn;
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn.
3. What language shall I borrow,
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 O make me Thine for ever,
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee.
4. If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
 O Jesus, leave not me;
 In faith may I receive Thee,
 When death shall set me free.
 When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart,
 Release me then from anguish,
 By thine own wounded heart.
5. Be near when I am dying,
 O, show Thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free.
 These eyes new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely—through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.

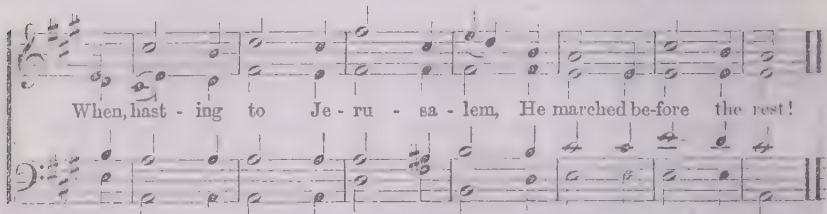
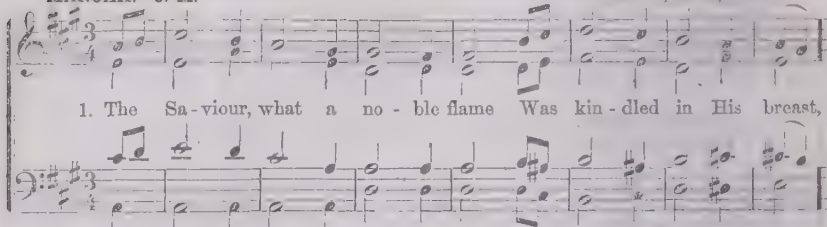
248. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. Behold the Lamb!
 Archangels—fold your wings—
 Seraphs—hush all the strings
 Of million lyres:
 The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love—
 Unveil'd—enthroned—adored above,
 All heaven admires!
3. Behold the Lamb!
 Drop down, ye glorious skies—
 He dies—He dies—He dies—
 For man once lost!
 Yet lo! He lives—He lives—He lives—
 And to his church Himself He gives—
 Incarnate Host!
4. Behold the Lamb!
 All hail—Eternal Word!—
 Thou universal Lord—
 Purge out our leaven:
 Clothe us with godliness and good,
 Feed us with Thy celestial food—
 Manna from heaven!
5. Behold the Lamb!
 Saints, wrapt in blissful rest—
 Souls—waiting to be blest—
 Oh! Lord—how long! [fears,
 Thou church on earth, o'erwhelm'd with
 Still in this vale of woe and tears,
 Swell the full song.
6. Behold the Lamb!
 Worthy is He alone,
 To sit upon the throne
 Of God above!
 One with the Ancient of all days—
 One with the Paraclete in praise—
 All light—all love! BRIDGES.

* This is a continuation of page 78.

MANOAH. C. M.

From GREATORREX's Coll.



249. C. M.

1. THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in His breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!
2. Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.
3. With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task His spirit flew;
'T was love that urged Him on.
4. Lord, we return Thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God!
5. And while Thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

COWPER.

250. C. M.

1. BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
2. To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

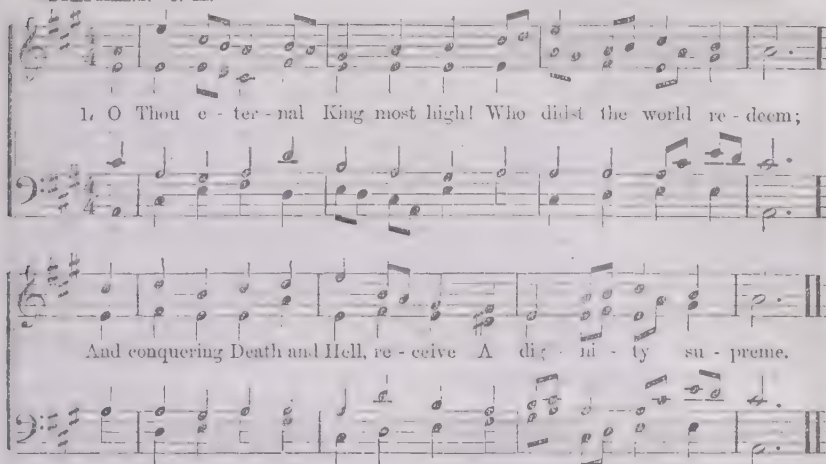
3. 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.
4. In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
5. Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
O, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

ENFIELD.

251. C. M.

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me.
2. Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
3. 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" He cries:
See—how He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head and dies!
4. But soon He'll break death's iron-chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like Thine?

STEPHENS. C. M.



252. C. M.

2. Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,
Didst to Thy throne ascend;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.
3. There, seated in Thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow
The Heav'n of Heav'ns, the spacious earth,
The depths of Hell below.
4. And when Thou shinest on the clouds,
With Thy angelic train.
May we be saved from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.
5. Glory to Jesus, who returns
Triumphantly to Heaven;
Praise to the Father evermore,
And Holy Ghost, be given.

LYRA CATH.

253. C. M.

1. JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne,
And near Thy Father sit:
In Zion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.
2. What wonders shall Thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.
3. God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;—
"Eternal shall Thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more."

4. Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of His love.
5. God will exalt His glorious head,
His lofty throne maintain,
And stake the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose His reign.

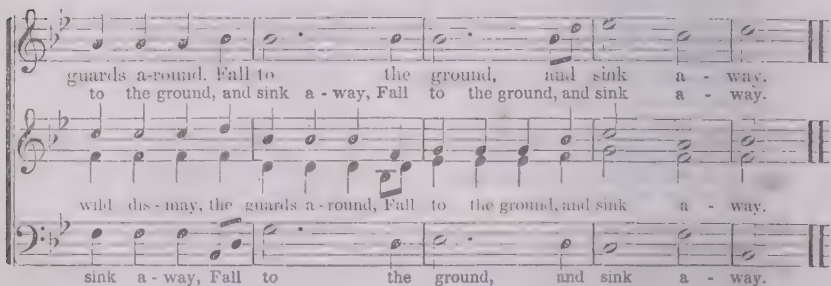
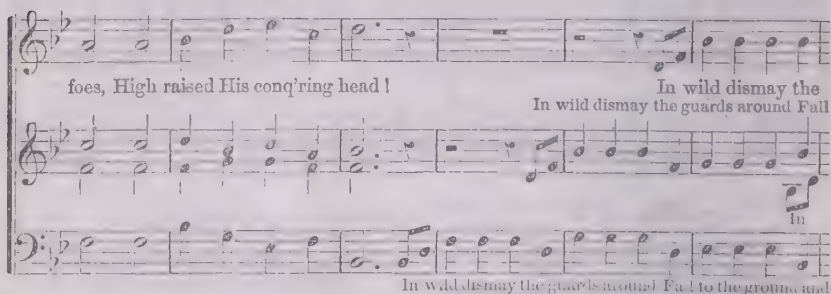
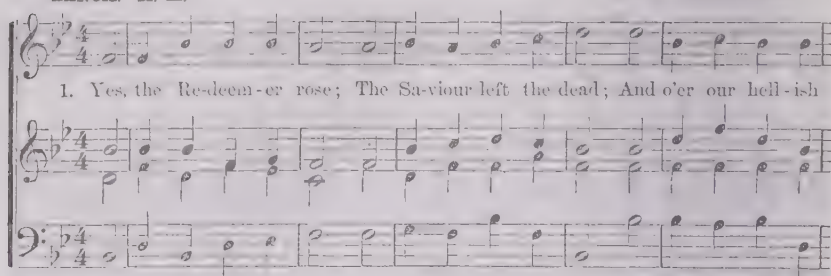
WATTS.

254. C. M.

1. THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
2. No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
3. Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.
4. He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of His love;
For us He paid His life below,
And prays for us above.
5. "Father," He cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then He shows His opened veins,
And pleads His wounded side. WATTS.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.



255. H. M.

1. YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay, the guards around,
Fall to the ground, and sink away.
2. Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.
3. Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:

Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, He rose to-day.'

4. Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,—'Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die.
5. All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood!
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou, rising, reigning God.
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE

256. H. M.

1. God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
2. All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given,
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
3. High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
4. Then all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join:
Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

C. WESLEY.

257. H. M.

1. Ye saints! your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.
2. The cross—the cross alone—
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing—
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
3. The cross hath power to save,
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing—
Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

REED.

258. H. M.

1. JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,

That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2. Great prophet of our God!
Our tongues would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
3. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
4. Oh thou almighty Lord,
Our conqueror and our King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing;
Thine is the power; Behold, we sit,
In willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

WATTS.

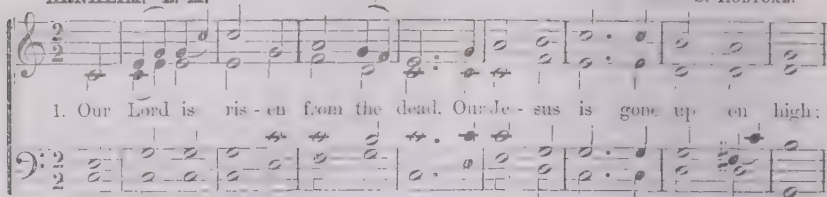
259. H. M.

1. Jesus—transporting name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at His love;
They look upon His heavenly face,
And study His mysterious grace.
2. His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free,
'T is music in his ears,
'T is life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
3. Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
I see my Lord upon the tree,
I know, I feel He died for me.
4. Oh, for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him, who died for all;
Inspire with praise each human tongue,
And wake a universal song.

C. WESLEY.

ARNHEIM, L. M.

S. HOLYOKE.



260. L. M.

2. There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.
4. "Who is the King of glory, who?"—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
5. Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
6. "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blessed.

C. WESLEY.

261. L. M.

1. HAIL! morning known among the blest,—
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,—
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.
2. Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought His Son,
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.
3. Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,

When Christ arose—unsettling sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4. Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope, with gladness, raised her head.
5. Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring,
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

WARDLAW.

262. L. M.

1. HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
2. Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
3. O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this, Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy paiting promise claim.
4. But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
5. So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

HEBER.

263. L. M.

1. Now for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders He hath done.
2. Sing, how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was the flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
3. Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive Prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
4. Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to His throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit—
Round the sweet beauties of His face.
5. Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

WATTS.

264. L. M.

1. WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
2. This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquered death:
Sweet pledge that all who trust His name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.
3. Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals His eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death He bore.
4. Thy risen Lord, my soul! behold;
See the rich diadem He wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold—
A crown of joy, when He appears.
5. Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! Thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

WALLIN.

265. L. M.

1. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
2. Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
3. Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
4. In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
5. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

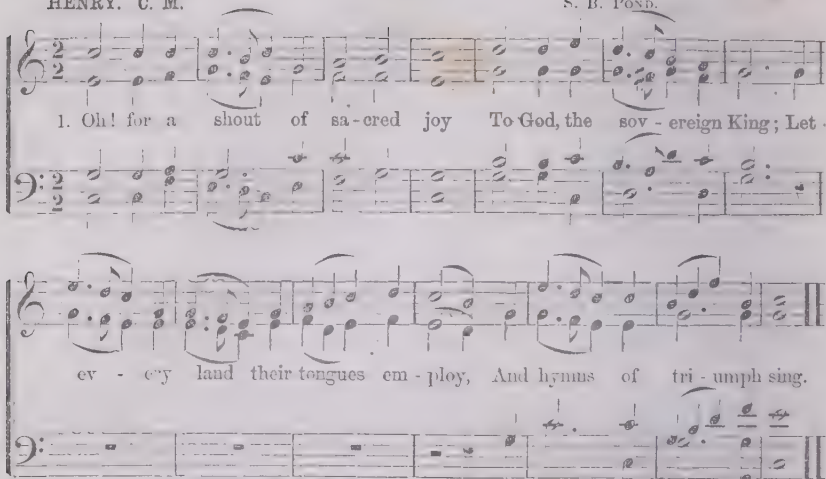
266. L. M.

1. HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is His,
And sovereign power becomes Him well.
2. In shame and anguish once He died;
But now He lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.
3. So live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush Thy foes, and guard Thy friends;
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That Thy dominion never ends.
4. Worthy Thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
5. Forever reign, victorious King. [known;
Wide through the earth Thy name be
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimar anthems near Thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.



267. C. M.

2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King;
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
5. In Israel stood His ancient throne:—
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own;
The heathen taste His grace.

WATTS.

268. C. M.

1. TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,
The glorious work complete;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie,
Beneath His awful feet.
2. There, with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the Conqueror reigns;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.
3. Amid the splendors of His throne,
Unchanging love appears;
The names He purchased for His own
Still on His heart He bears.
4. O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store:

Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5. On Thee alone, my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

MRS. STEELE.

269. C. M.

1. THE head that once was crown'd with thorn
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—
3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
4. To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
6. To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

KELLY.

270. C. M.

1. HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
2. His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring skill,
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.
3. While harps unnumbered sound His praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.
4. When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasant shade.
5. How glorious He! how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

NEWTON.

271. C. M.

1. Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.
2. Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;—
3. The names of all His saints He bears,
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there,
E'er from His care depart.
4. Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
Whengems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.
5. So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

DODDRIDGE.

272. C. M.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.
2. Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.
3. He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
4. Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

WATTS.

273. C. M.

1. YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with reverence down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.
2. Thus low the Lord of life was brought—
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
3. If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquished
grave,
Then wipe your weeping eyes.
4. But dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.
5. High o'er th' angelic band He rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

DODDRIDGE.

KIR. 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Live by heaven and earth a-dored!

Filled with Thee let all things cry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

274. 7s.

2. Mixt with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord, most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing Thy eternal praise.
3. Thee, while dust and ashes sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.
4. Happy they who never rest,
With Thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depth of Deity.
5. Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar,
Shout, or silently adore. C. WESLEY.

275. 7s.

1. HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be Thy glorious name adored;
Lord! Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
2. Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;

Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
4. Lord! Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Be Thy glorious name adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

SALISBURY COLL.

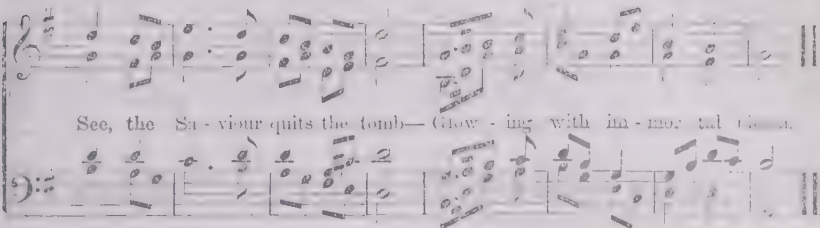
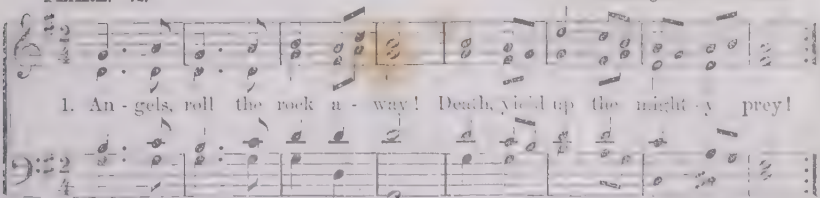
276. 7s.

1. MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!
2. Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!
3. Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.

COLLYER.

PEARL. 7s.

Arranged from RIPPON.



277. 7s.

2. Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Thine eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqueror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail, and sing the incarnate God.
4. Heaven unfolds its portals wide—
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount Thy throne;
Boundless empire is Thine own.
5. Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

GIBBONS.

278. 7s.

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
2. Lo! He rises, mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! He claims His native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?
3. Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God, for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with Him the purchased skies.
4. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

279. 7s, 6 lines.

1. GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath His head;
Jesus, is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.
2. Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

KELLY.

280. 7s.

1. HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
2. There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.
3. See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
4. Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
5. What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affection rises,
Following Him beyond the skies.

MADAN.

AGATE. 11s, or 10s & 11s.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know: I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed to rest. He lea-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wander-ing, redeems when oppress-d.

281. 11s.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded to rest;
He lea-eth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress'd.
2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy to I shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more.
4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow Thy steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek by the path which my forefathers took,
Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

MONTGOMERY.

282. 11s & 10s.

1. **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

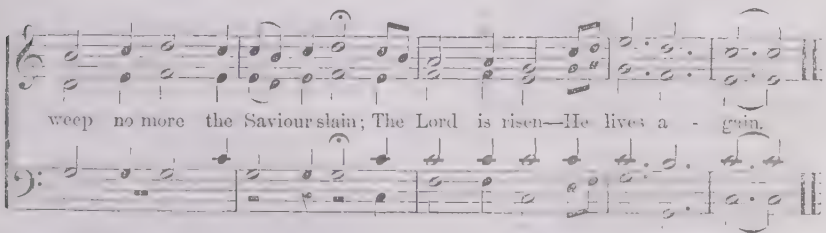
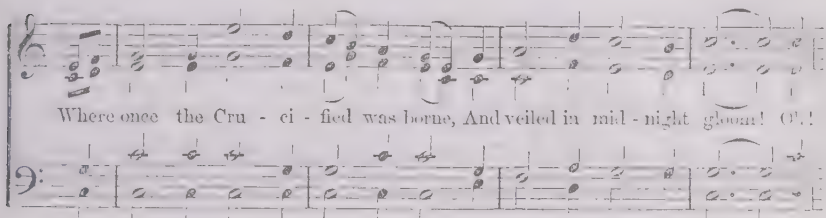
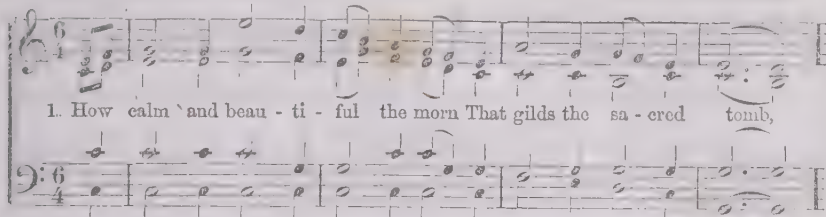
HEBER.

283. 10s & 11s.

1. **LIFT** your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man can not die,
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."
2. Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us, death can not destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL. C. L. M.

HASTINGS.



284. C. L. M.

2. Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain:
The Lord is risen—He lives again.
3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.
4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.
5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,

How blissful then to die:

Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

T. HASTINGS.

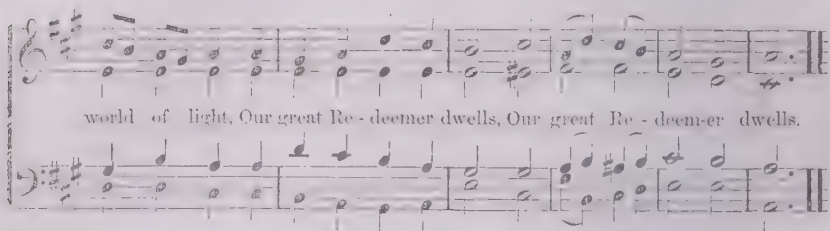
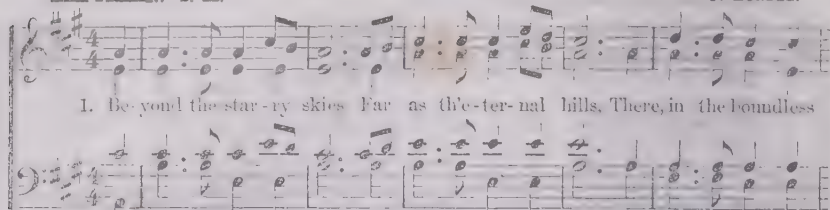
285. L. M.*

1. WELCOME that star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palm-y glen,
The lamp far sages hailed on high,
The tones that thrilled the shepherds men:
"Glory to God in loftiest heaven!"—
Thus angels smote the echoing chord—
"Glad tidings unto men forgiven,
Peace from the presence of the Lord!"
2. Those voices from on high are mute,
The star the wise men saw is dim;
But hope still guides the wanderers foot,
And faith renews the angel hymn:
"Glory to God in loftiest heaven!"—
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
"Glad tidings unto men forgiven,
Peace from the presence of the Lord!"

* Tune Manning, page 427.

EMPYREAN. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.



286. S. M.

1. BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.
2. Around Him angels fair,
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.
3. "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
4. And when He stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at His feet,
And waited in His train.
5. They saw Him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when He burst the gates of death,
They saw the Conqueror rise.
6. They thronged His chariot wheels,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung—
"The glorious work is done."

TURNER.

287. S. M.

1. "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2. "The Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
3. "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
4. Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

KELLY.

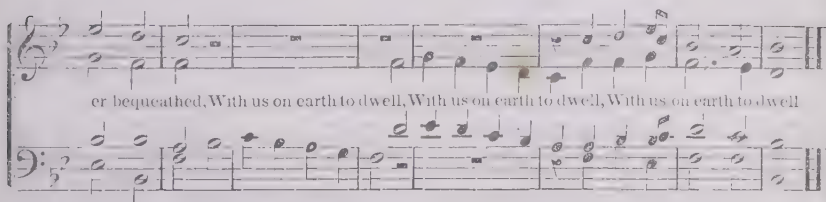
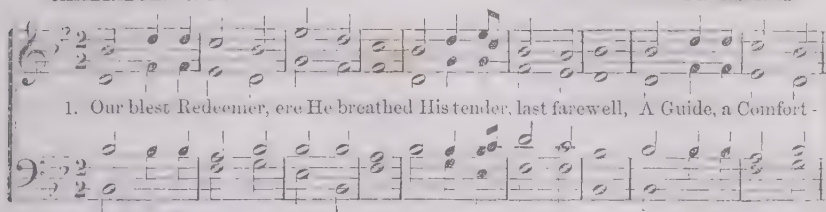
288. S. M.

1. ENTHRONED is Jesus now,
Upon His heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on His brow,
The saints are at His feet.
2. In shining white they stand—
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.
3. They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.
4. Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

JUDKIN.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.



289. C. M.

2. He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
And all as viewless, too.
2. He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.
4. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And whispers us of heaven.
6. And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His and his alone.
6. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier Thee.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

290. C. M.

1. WHEN God of old came down from heav'n,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness, and half flame.
2. But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.
3. The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,

Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

4. Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

KEBLE.

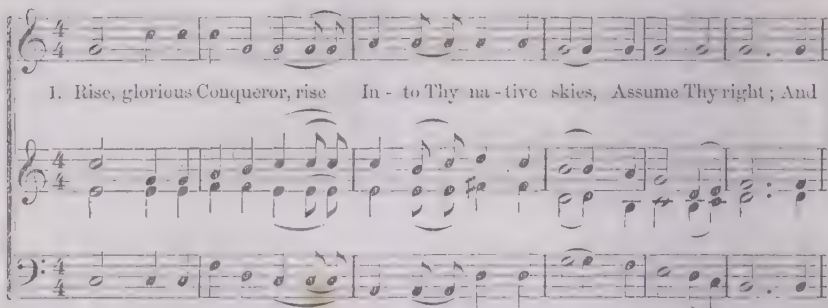
291. C. M.

1. No track is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air:
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.
2. That Upper Room is heaven on earth;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.
3. One moment—and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave;
The flutter'd earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.
4. He comes! He comes! that mighty Breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His Bride, as she adores.
5. Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That Upper Room around.
6. One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er all with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

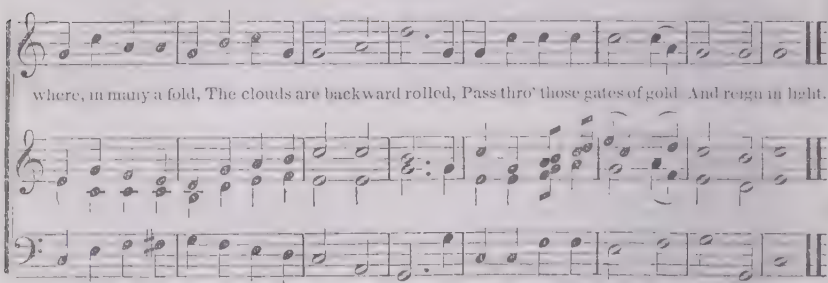
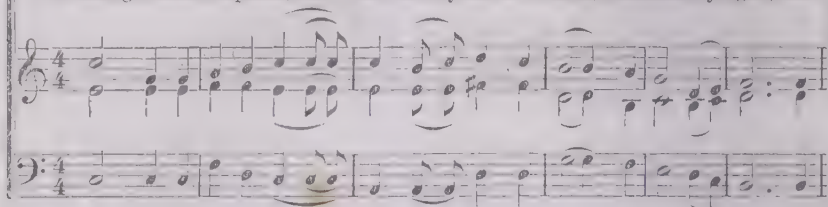
FABER.

CONRAD. 6s & 4s.

CONRAD TREUER.



1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies, Assume Thy right ; And



where, in many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold And reign in light.

292. 6s & 4s.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise,
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right:
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward roll'd—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2. Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb, once slain!

3. Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant, go
And take Thy crown!

4. Lion of Judah—Hail!—
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years—
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage:

5. Yet, who are those behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say—
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles—
A galaxy of souls
In white array?

6. And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come,
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

7. O Lord! ascend Thy throne!
 For Thou shalt rule alone
 Beside Thy Sire,
 With the great Paraclete,
 The Three in One complete—
 Before whose awful feet
 All foes expire!

BRYDGES.

293. 6s & 4s.

1. HEAD of the hosts in glory!
 We joyfully adore Thee,—
 Thy church below,
 Blending with those on high,—
 Where through the azure sky
 Thy saints in ecstasy
 For ever glow!
2. Angels! archangels! glorious
 Guards of the church victorious!
 Worship the Lamb!
 Crown Him with crowns of light,
 One of the Three by right,—
 Love, Majesty, and Might—
 The great I AM!
3. Martyrs! whose mystic legions
 March o'er yon heavenly regions
 In triumph round:
 Wave high your banners, wave!
 Your God, our Saviour, clave
 For Death itself a grave,—
 In hell profound!
4. Saints! in fair circles, casting
 Rich trophies everlasting
 At Jesus' feet,—
 Amidst our rude alarms,
 We stretch forth suppliant arms,
 That we, too, safe from harms,
 In heaven may meet!
5. Then raise the song of gladness,
 To dissipate our sadness,
 And dry our tears;
 We wind our weary way
 Up to the realms of day,
 And watch, and wait, and pray,
 Through hopes and fears!
6. Saviour in glory beaming
 With radiance brightly streaming,
 Enthron'd in power,
 Grant by Thy awful name
 That we thro' flood and flame
 The Gospel may proclaim,
 Till life's last hour.

BRYDGES.

294. 6s & 4s.

1. SING, sing His lofty praise,
 Whom angels cannot raise,
 But whom they sing;
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Object of angels' love.
 Jesus, whose grace we prove,
 Jesus, our King.

2. Rich is the grace we sing,
 Poor is the praise we bring,
 Not as we ought:
 But *when* we see His face,
 In yonder glorious place,
 Then we shall sing His grace,
 Sing without fault.

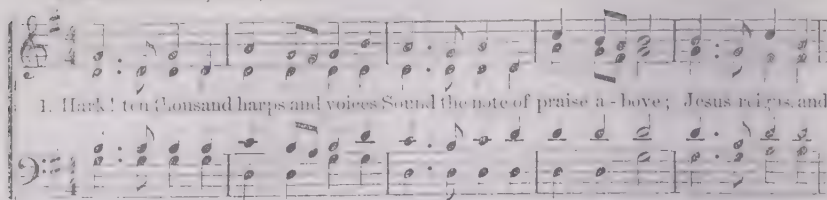
295. 6s & 4s.

1. LET us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature, sing:
 Angels, begin the song;
 Mortals, the strain prolong,
 In accents sweet and strong,
 "Jesus is King."
2. Proclaim abroad His name;
 Tell of His matchless fame;
 What wonders done;
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
 "Victory is won."
3. He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell;
 Mourners, rejoice:
 His dying love adore;
 Praise Him, now raised in power;
 Praise Him for evermore,
 With joyful voice.
4. All hail the glorious day,
 When, through the heavenly way,
 Lo, He shall come,
 While they who pierced Him wail;
 His promise shall not fail;
 Saints, see your King prevail:
 Great Saviour, come.

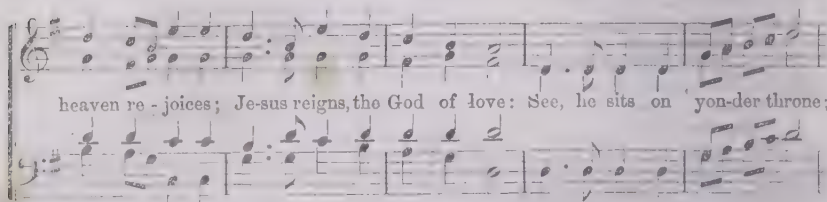
KINGSBURY.

WESLEY. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4s.

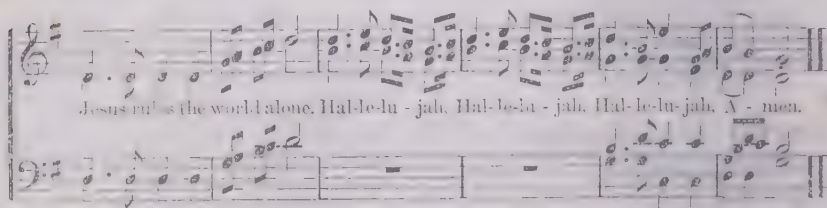
CH. BEECHER.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove; Jesus reigns, and



heaven re - joices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: See, he sits on 'yon - der throne;



Jesus rules the world alone. Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

296. 8s & 7s.

1. HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
3. King of glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
4. Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

KELLY.

297. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. LOOK, ye saints;—the sight is glorious;—
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned Him,
While the heavenly concert rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

KELLY.

298. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. HAIL, thou happy morn, so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er;
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,
By His own almighty power:
Hallelujah!
To the glorious Son of God.
2. Countless bands of angels glorious,
Cloth'd in bright ethereal blue;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious
From their silver trumpets flew:
Christ triumphant
Rises, Conqueror o'er the tomb.
3. Is that He who died on Calvary,
Who was pierc'd with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, He rises through the air:
Hallelujah!
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.
4. Tremble, ye who Him rejected,
Lo! He breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood:
Hark! the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.

299. 8s & 7s.

1. HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.
2. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

BAKEWELL.

300. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. "It is finished!" Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford?
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints! the dying words record.
3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

EVANS.

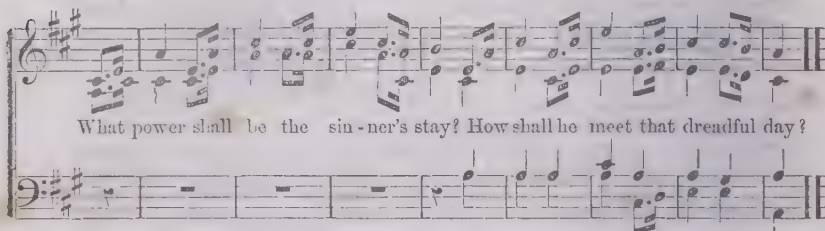
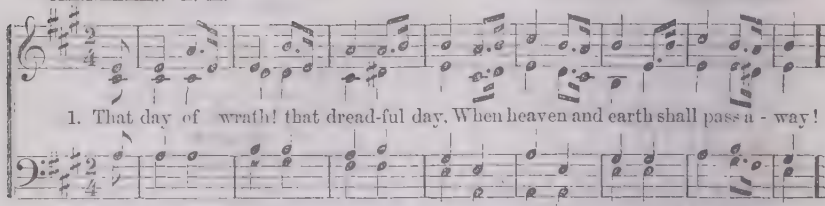
301. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. God the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth—
He hath girded Him with might:
Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height.
2. Lord! the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have raised their roar,
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore:
Hallelujah!
From the ocean's sounding store.
3. With all tones of waters blending
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah!
Songs of ocean never sleep.
4. Lord! the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity;
Of Thine high, eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be:
Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

OXFORD PSALTER.

CARNELIAN. L. M.

CH. BEECHER.



302. L. M.

2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;
3. O, on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

303. L. M.

1. God of eternity, from Thee
Did infant Time its being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve, by Thine unvaried law.
2. Silent and slow, they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
3. With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
4. Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

DODDRIDGE.

304. L. M.

1. BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine.
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
5. Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

GREGG.

305. L. M.

1. "COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.
2. "They shall find rest who learn of Me,—
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.
4. Jesus! we come at Thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

WATTS.

BALMY DEW. L. M.*

Arranged by CH. BEECHER.

1. Come brethren, come to Christ anew, O glory, hal-le-lu-jah, For He hath shed his
 1. Come, weary souls' with sin distressed, Come and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious

blood for you, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, It's blood can cleanse the vilest soul, O
 call 'o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a-way. 2. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To

glory, hal-le-lu-jah, O see the purple torrent roll, O glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
 cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon and life, and endless peace, How rich the gift, how free
 [the grace!]

* May be sung as a duet, with hallelujah responses. Or as a L. M. double.

336. L. M.

1. COME, brethren come to Christ anew,
 For He hath shed His blood for you,
 That blood can cleanse the vilest soul,—
 O see the purple torrent roll!
2. Behold the Lamb on Calvary,
 He sighs, and groans, and dies for thee;
 The rocks are rent, the sleeping dead
 Awake because their Jesus died.
3. Behold the body in the tomb,
 The soldiers watching in the gloom;
 But angels come, at dawn of day,
 And bear the Lord of life away.
4. Behold Him rise from Olive's brow,
 The clouds His form are hiding now;
 He's gone to stand before the throne
 And pray for ever for His own.
5. Yet see the sign among the stars,
 One like the Son of Man appears:

Now all the tribes of Israel mourn,
 To see the Crucified return.

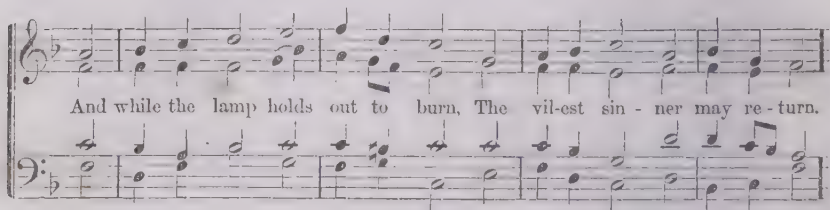
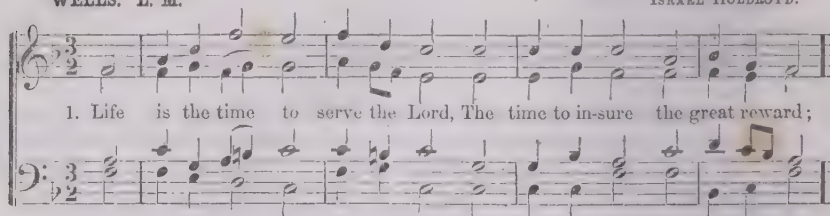
6. O come to Jesus, sinner, too,
 And let that blood avail for you,
 Then say when His bright hour you see,
 "It is my Lord, He comes for me."

307. L. M.

1. COME, weary souls! with sin distressed,
 Come, and accept the promised rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
2. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
 How rich the gift, how free the grace!
3. Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
 Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest. MRS. STEELE

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDEYD.



308. L. M.

1. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
3. Their hatred, and their love, is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
4. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
5. There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

309. L. M.

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3. In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
4. Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.
5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

DWIGHT.

310. L. M.

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.
2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

311. L. M.

1. BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
2. Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own:
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.
3. And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night,—
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass?
4. Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

WARDLAW'S COLL.

312. L. M.

1. LORD! what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine;
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!
2. But Oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
3. Their fancied joys—how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.
4. Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord! 't is enough that Thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

WATTS.

313. L. M.

1. SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
2. Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;

That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.
5. Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYDE.

314. L. M.

1. Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold! the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
2. Behold! the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
3. The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God—not there to dwell—
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
4. Eternal King! I fear Thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in Thy love.

WATTS.

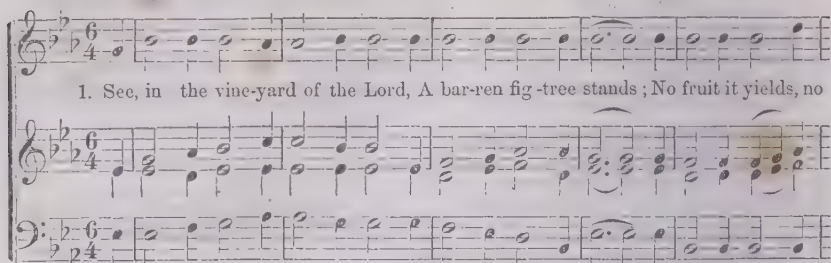
315. L. M.

1. MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
2. In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
3. So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 't is a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
4. Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

WATTS.

AMETHYST. C. M.

CH. BEECHER.



blossom bears, Tho' plant-ed by his hands, Tho' plant-ed by his hands.

316. C. M.

2. From year to year the tree He views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumberst it the ground?"
3. But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads;
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear.
4. "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more; destroy the tree,
And root it from Thy ground."

EPIS. COLL.

317. C. M.

1. BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy guilt upon the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.
2. Behold Him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from His cross depart.
3. Behold Him till His dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast, constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4. Behold Him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

318. C. M.

1. IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
2. I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
3. Sure never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
4. Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.
5. A second look He gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,—
I die that thou may'st live."

NEWTON.

319. C. M.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—
3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet.
4. O come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
5. There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
6. And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

MRS. STEELE.

320. C. M.

1. Oh! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound!
2. Come, then, with all your wants and
Your every burden bring; [wounds,
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.
3. This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink, with thankful hearts.
4. Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

MEDLEY.

321. C. M.

1. THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
2. For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,

And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3. Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?
4. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

MRS. STEELE.

322. C. M.

1. COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
2. There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.
3. There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened
For that dear soul of thine.
4. There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
5. There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

HUNTINGDON.

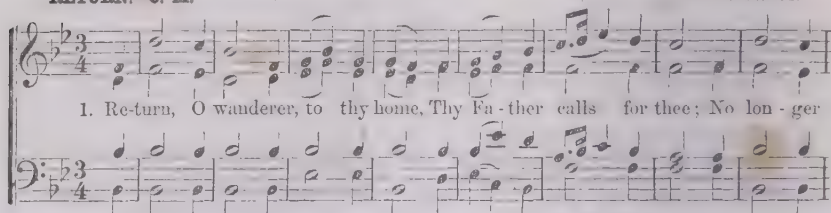
323. C. M.

1. Oh, if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
3. Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord; [flesh
Those sins that pierced and nailed His
Fast to the fatal wood!
4. Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
5. While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

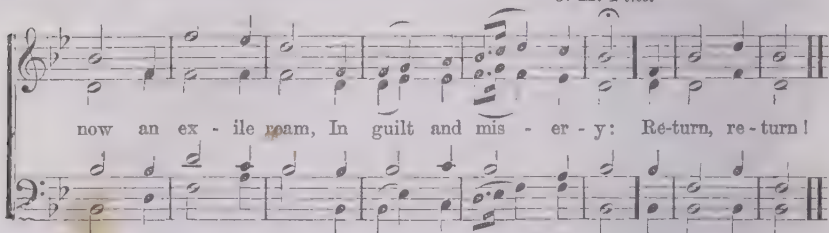
WATTS.

RETURN. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.



C. M. Fine.



324. C. M. Peculiar.

1. RETURN, O wand'r'er, to thy home.
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery:
Return, return!

2. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say—come;
Oh! now for refuge flee;
Return, return!

3. Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return! T. HASTINGS.

325. C. M.

1. RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3. Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
How Jesus can forgive.

4. Wretched wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5. From all thy wanderings, now return,
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to His breast.

COLLYER.

326. C. M.

1. BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their round,
How short the months appear.

2. So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3. Yet, like an idle tale, we spend
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways to mend
The speed of its career.

4. Waken, O God! my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

5. So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

DODDRIDGE.

327. C. M.

1. PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
4. Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

STENNETT.

328. C. M.

1. REPENT! the voice-celestial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
2. No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.
3. O sinners! in His presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with His grace.
4. Soon, will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to His bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.
5. Amazing love—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

DODDRIDGE.

329. C. M.

1. SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day:
He calls you, by His sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
2. Like the rough sea that can not rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless sorrows dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
4. Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe!

5. But he that turns to God shall live,
Through His abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek His face.
6. His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

FAWCETT.

330. C. M.

1. How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
2. Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.
3. God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
4. How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!
5. Draw us, O God! with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

WATTS.

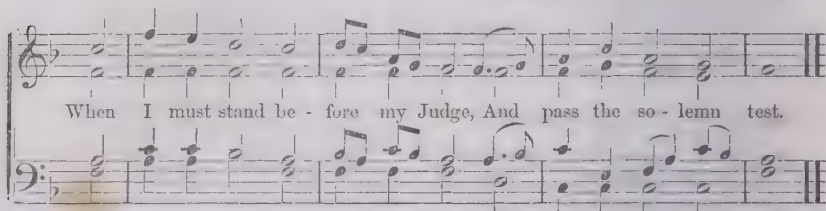
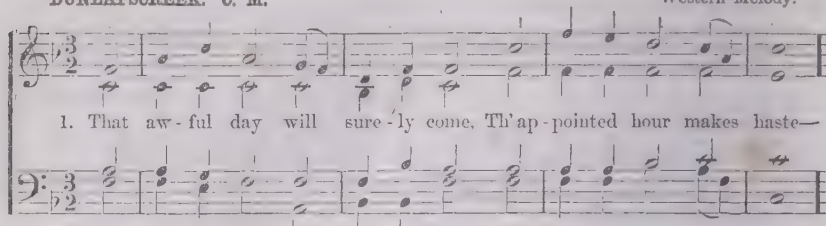
331. C. M.

1. YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
3. "The soul that longs to see My face,
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
4. What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
5. Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

DUNLAPSCREEK. C. M.

Western Melody.



332. C. M.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the sound *Depart!*
3. The thunder of that dismal word
Would so distress my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
4. Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!
5. Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast,
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit can not rest.
6. Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.
7. Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

WATTS.

333. C. M.

1. THE Lord, the Judge, before His throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
2. No more shall bold blasphemers say—
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse His long delay,
To impudence and sin.
3. Throned on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare His way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
4. Heaven from above His call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.
5. "But gather all my saints," He cries,
"That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with His blood."

WATTS.

334. C. M.

1. THE day approacheth, Oh my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.

2. Another day, more awful, dawns;
And, lo, the Judge appears;
Ye heavens, retire before His face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.
3. Yet does one short, preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4. For this, Thy temple, Lord, we throng,
For this, Thy board surround;
Here may our service be approved,
And in Thy presence crowned.

DODDRIDGE.

335. C. M.

1. My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!
2. Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
3. Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.
4. There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
5. Amazing grace! that kept my breath,
Nor bade my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well ensured his love!

WATTS.

336. C. M.

1. SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.
2. Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With His almighty breath.
3. Madness, by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.
4. We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5. We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.

WATTS.

337. C. M.

1. STOOPE down my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
2. But Oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay,
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wondrous way.
3. And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above.
5. Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

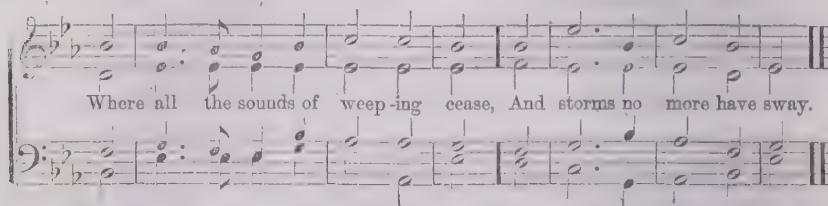
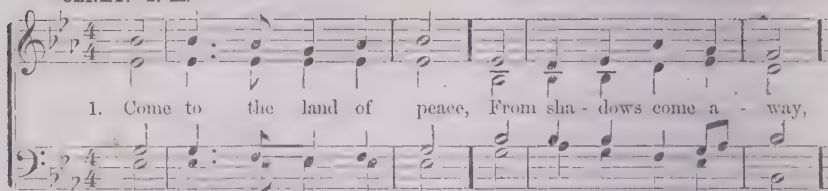
WATTS.

338. C. M.

1. THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
2. The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath, that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
3. Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
4. Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
5. Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
6. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

WATTS.

OLNEY. S. M.



339. S. M.

2. Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air,
The spirit of the dove.
3. Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.
4. In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place!

BRIGGS' COLL.

340. S. M.

1. The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"
2. Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
3. Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

H. U. ONDERDONK.

341. S. M.

1. Ye trembling captives! hear;
The gospel-trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.
2. 'T is not the tramp of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.
3. Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.
4. Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all His willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

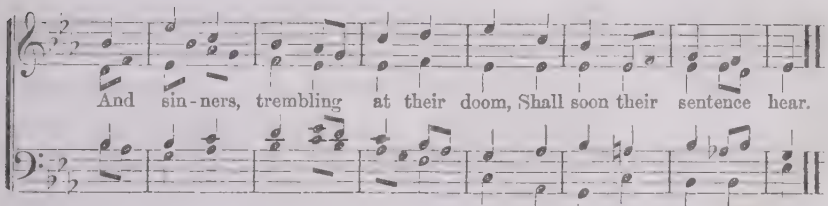
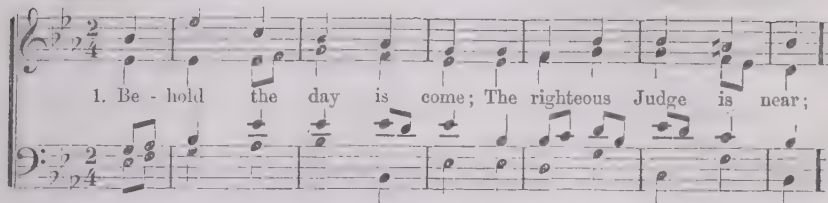
PRATT'S COLL.

342. S. M.

1. In true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly, confidently look
Till life salvation send.
2. I shall His goodness see,
While on His name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.
3. Jesus, to Thee I fly,
My refuge, and my tower;
Upon Thy faithful love rely,
And find Thy saving power.

C. WESLEY.

PADDINGTON. S. M.



343. S. M.

2. Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct Him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend Him as He flies.

3. How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4. The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And He their God and King.

BEDDOME.

344. S. M.

1. O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

MONTGOMERY.

345. S. M.

1. THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear.

2. Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
O, fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3. To damp our earthly joys,
To wake our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears.

4. The solemn, midnight cry—
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

5. O may we thus be found,
Obedient to Thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

6. O may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. O. WESLEY.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

T. HASTINGS.

Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

346. 7s.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3. Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

347. 7s.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pains His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished"—hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4. Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken Ilm away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

348. 7s.

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
3. "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
4. "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HAWES.

349. 7s.*

1. SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See His mighty arm made bare!
Awful terrors-clothe His brow!
For His judgment now prepare,
Thou must either break or bow.
2. At His presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
Who His coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?
3. Then the great, the rich, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
Where are now their haughty looks?
O! their horror and despair,
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!

4. Lord, prepare us by Thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

350. 7s.

1. WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
2. When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trumpet shall sound;
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?
3. When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?
4. What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
5. While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. SMITH.

351. 7s.

1. DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
3. Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Let the lifted thunder drop.
4. There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

C. WESLEY.

* To adapt the tune "Rock of Ages" to Hymns 349, 350, and 351, repeat the first four measures of the music to the third and fourth of every eight lines of the poetry.

MARTYN. 7s.

MARSH.

1. (Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn,
 Spice she bro't, and sweet per-fume, But the Lord she loved had gone,
D. C. Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes. *Fine.*

For a-while, she lingering stood, Filled with sor - row and sur - prise, *D. C.*

352. 7s.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now He bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change His word can make,
 Turning darkness into day;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake
 He will wipe your tears away.

353. 7s.

1. PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
 Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
 Weep—He loves the mourners' tears;
 Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait, till heavenly grace appears.
2. Hark, it is the Saviour's voice!
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
 Safe, from all tho lures of vice;
 Owned, by joys the contrite know;
 Bought by love, and life the price;
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.
3. Holy pilgrim! what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
 Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame, from glory's view retire;
 Doubt, in full belief shall die,
 Pain, in endless bliss expire.

354. 7s.*

1. HEARTS of stone! relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See His body, mangled, rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood!
 Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
 Crucified God's only Son!
2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fixed Him there,
 Crowned with thorns His sacred head,
 Pierced Him with the bloody spear,
 Made His soul a sacrifice—
 While for sinful man He dies.
3. Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain—
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all His wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No; with all my sins I'll part,
 Break, Oh! break, my bleeding heart!

TIEBOUT'S COLL.

355. 7s.*

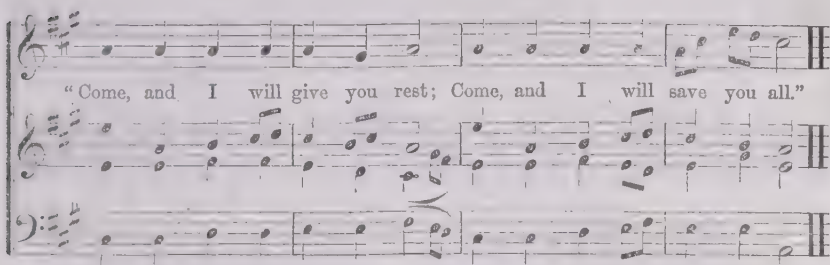
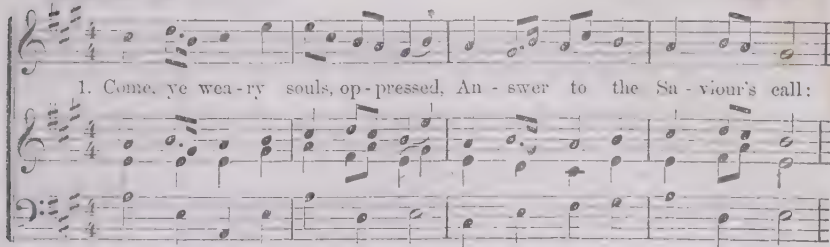
1. WEARY souls, that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Fly to those dear wounds of His;
 Sink into the purple flood;
 Rise into the life of God.
2. Oh! believe the record true,
 God to you His Son hath given;
 Ye may now be happy, too—
 Find on earth the life of heaven,
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

G. WESLEY.

* Omit the repeat in the music.

HEROLD. 7s.

HEROLD.



356. 7s.

2. Jesus—full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
3. Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life,
4. Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God,
5. Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

357. 7s.

1. COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home:
Weary wanderer, hither come.
2. Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3. Ye, who tossed on beds of pain
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—
4. Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

BARBAULD.

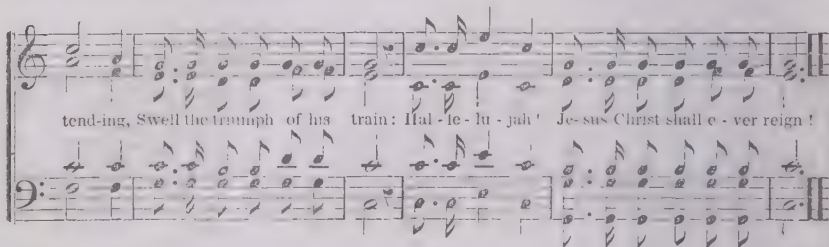
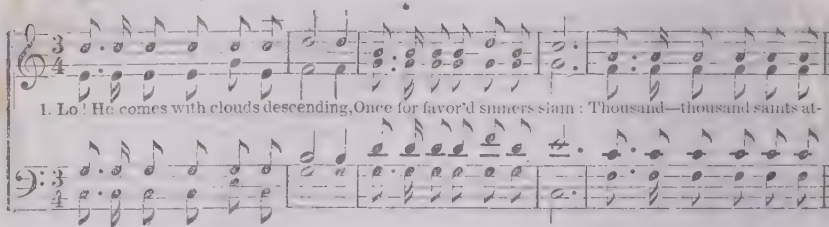
358. 7s.

1. HASTE, O sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.
2. Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.
3. Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

T. SCOTT.

NEWBURGH. 8s, 7s & 4.

From Root & SWEETSER's Coll.



359. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. See the universe in motion,
Sinking on her funeral pyre—
Earth dissolving, and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire:—
Hark, the trumpet!
Loud proclaims that Day of Ire!
3. Graves have yawn'd in countless numbers,
From the dust the dead arise:
Millions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelm'd surprise;
Where creation,
Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies!
4. See the Judge our nature wearing,
Pure, ineffable, divine:—
See the great Archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign:
Cross of Glory!
Christ be in that moment mine!
5. Every eye shall then behold Him
Robed in awful majesty:—
Those that set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree—
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!
6. Lo! the last long separation!
As the cleaving crowds divide;
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide!

7. O, may Thine own Bride and Spirit
Then avert a dreadful doom—
And me summon to inherit
An eternal blissful home:—
Ah! come quickly!
Let Thy second Advent come!
8. Yea, Amen! Let all adore Thee
On Thine amaranthine throne!
Saviour—take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to Thee alone!

BRYDGES.

360. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
2. At His call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?
3. But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

NEWTON.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4.

LOCKHART.

1. { See the - ter - nal Judge des - cending! View His seat - ed on His throne! }
 { Now, poor sin - ner, now la - menting, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom: }

Trumpets call thee, Trumpets call thee, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom.

361. 8s, 7s & 4.

2. Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
 While in anguish thus lamenting
 That he ne'er was born again—
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.
3. "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love;
 O that I had sought His favor,
 When I felt His Spirit move—
 Golden moments,
 When I felt His Spirit move."
4. Now, despisers, look and wonder!
 Hope and sinners here must part;
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
 Lost for ever,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

362. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls:
 Hear, O sinner!
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
2. See! the storm of vengeance gathering
 O'er the path you dare to tread!
 Hark! the awful thunder rolling
 Loud and louder o'er your head!
 Turn, O sinner!
 Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3. Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
 Seek His mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;—
 Soon your life will pass away;
 Haste, O sinner!
 You must perish if you stay.

REED.

363. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. HEAR the heralds of the Gospel
 News from Zion's King proclaim:—
 "To each rebel sinner pardon;
 Free forgiveness in His name:"
 Oh, what mercy!
 "Free forgiveness in His name."
2. Sinners, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, O how tender!
 Every line is full of love:
 Listen to it;
 Every line is full of love.
3. Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation
 Chase away the falling tears;
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
4. O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way;
 Hasten to the court of heaven;
 Tidings bear without delay;
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN.

BROOKLYN. H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Fair shines the morning star, The silver trumpets sound, Their notes re-echoing
far, While dawns the day a-round: Joy to the slave; the slave is free; It
is the year of ju-bi-lee. It is the year of ju-bi-lee.

364. H. M.

1. FAIR shines the morning star,
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes reechoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of jubilee.
2. Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord; He sets you free;
It is the year of jubilee.
3. Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
He gave Himself for you!
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of jubilee.
4. Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year;
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free;
It is the year of jubilee.

MONTGOMERY.

365. H. M.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.
2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood,
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year, &c.
3. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, &c.
4. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.
5. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year, &c.

TOPLADY.

UTICA. 7s & 6s.

Spiritual Songs.

1. Drooping souls, no longer mourn, Je-sus still is precious;
D. C. Drooping souls, you need not die; Go to Him and hear Him. If to Him you
now return. Heav'n will be propitious. Jesus now is passing by, Calling wanderers near Him;

366. 7s & 6s.

1. DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to Him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near Him;
Drooping souls, you need not die,
Go to Him and hear Him.
2. He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still He cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven.
Soon as you on Him rely,
All shall be forgiven.
3. Precious is the Saviour's name,
Bear to all that love Him;
He to save the dying came;
Go to Him and prove Him.
Wand'ring sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe Him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
Worship Him; receive Him.

Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with condemnation?
Jesus lives; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

2. Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan;
See His mediation;
Jesus lives; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.
3. Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing;
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to Him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation;
Jesus lives; in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

DOXOLOGY. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son!
To God the Spirit, praise!
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

367. 7s & 6s.

1. DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y. Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus re - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power. }
 D. C. Glo - ry, ho - nor, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Cho. Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name; *

* The chorus may be omitted, if preferred, and the music sung to two four line stanzas.

368. 8s & 7s.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.
4. Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold Him—
 Hear Him cry before He dies.

369. 8s, 7s & 4s.*

1. COME, ye sinners, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall,
 If you wait till you are better,
 You will never come at all;
 Sinners only,
 Christ, the Saviour, came to call.
2. Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him;
 This He gives you—
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.
3. Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him,

There He groans, and bleeds, and dies,
 "It is finished"—

Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4. Lo! th' incarnate God ascending
 Pleads the merit of His blood;
 Venture on Him—venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
5. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name;
 Hallelujah!—
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HART.

370. 8s & 7s.

1. TELL us, wanderer! wildly roving
 From the path that leads to peace,
 Pleasure's false enchantment loving—
 When will thy delusion cease?
2. Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
 We could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
 Then our brightest hopes were bounded
 By delights as false as thine.
3. But those visions never blessed us—
 Soon their fleeting day was o'er;
 Then the world that had caressed us,
 Charmed us with its smiles no more.
4. Such is pleasure's transient story;—
 Lasting happiness is known
 Only in the path to glory,
 In the Saviour's love alone.

* Sing this hymn to the tune above by omitting the repeat and the chorus.

PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s & 7s.

1. { Now the Sa-viour standeth pleading, At the sin-ner's bolt-ed heart; }
 { Now in heav'n He's in-ter-ced-ing, Tak-ing there the sin-ners' part; }
 D. C. Once He died thro' your be-hav-ier, Now He calls you by His charms.

2. Sin-ner! can you hate this Saviour? Will you thrust Him from your arms? D. C.

371. 8s & 7s.

1. Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven He's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part.
2. Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust Him from your arms?
Once He died through your behavior,
Now he calls you by His charms.
3. Sinner! Hear your God and Saviour,
Hear His gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return and pray!
4. Now He's waiting to be gracious,
Now He stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
5. Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!

Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows thro' Him alone.

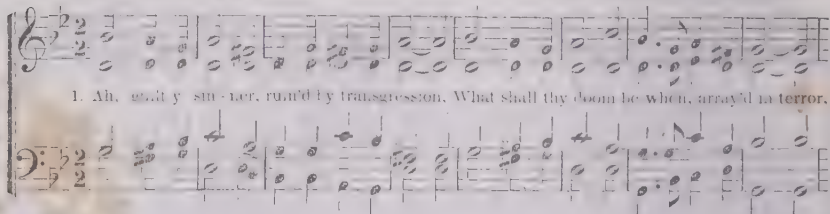
2. Take His easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory,
Where His ransom'd captives meet.
3. Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.
4. While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feasting,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.
None but Jesus
Can the broken heart up-bind.
5. But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars above them all:
Faith believes it, Hope expects it,
But it overwhelms them all.

372. 8s, 7s & 4s.*

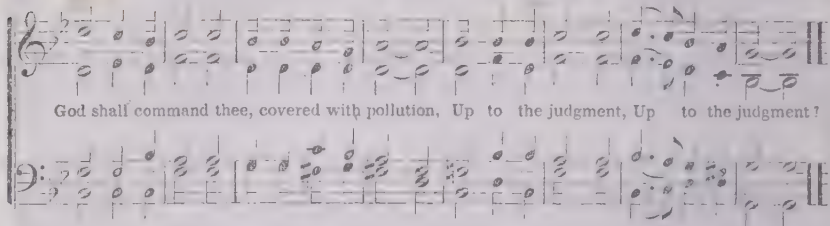
1. COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the perfect law convicted,

* Adapt to the music by omitting the repeat.

BALTIC. 10s. or 11s & 5.



1. Ah, guilt y sinner, ruin'd by transgression, What shall thy doom be when, array'd in terror.



God shall command thee, covered with pollution, Up to the judgment, Up to the judgment!

373. 11s & 5s.

1. Ah, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,
What shall thy doom be when, array'd in terror,
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,
Up to the judgment?
2. Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in ven-
geance,
Hurl from His presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.
3. Oft has He called thee, but thou wouldst not
hear Him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet He is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.
4. But, if you trifle with His gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment
Quit you for ever.
5. Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,
Dying unpardoned.
6. Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace His pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

374. 11s & 5s.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness!
2. We see Thy hand; it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice: it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away: and still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3. O, how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4. Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

BOWRING.

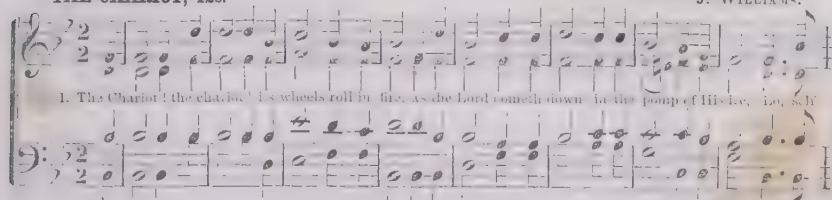
375. 10s.

1. Thou hast been called to God, rebellious heart,
By many an awful and neglected sign,
By many a joy which came and did depart
For that thou didst not fear to call them thine.
2. Thou hast been called when o'er thy trembling
head
The storm in all its fury hath swept by,
And whelmed with greedy roar the struggling
dead,
Who never more may meet thy anxious eye.
3. Thou hast been called when by some early grave
Thou stoodest, yearning for what might not be,
And murmuring against the God that gave,
Because He claims His gifts again from thee.
4. Oh hear it, sinner—hear that warning voice
Which vainly yet hath struck thy hardened ear,
Hear, and glad troops of angels shall rejoice
Over the sinner's warm, repentant tear.
5. Lest when thy struggling soul would quit the
frame,
Which bound it here by sin and passion tost,
Thy Saviour's voice should wake despairing
shame;
"I call'd thee, and thou wouldst not—and art lost."

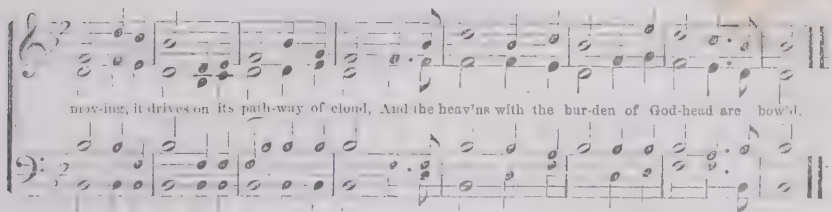
MRS. NORTON.

THE CHARIOT, 12s.

J. WILLIAMS.



1. The Chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire, Lo, self



moving, it drives on its path-way of cloud, And the heav'ns with the bur-den of God-head are bow'd.

376. 12s.

2. The glory! the glory! around Him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord:
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

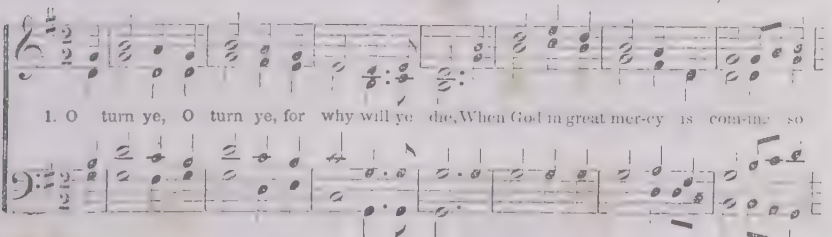
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
stirred!

From sea, from the earth, from the south, from
the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

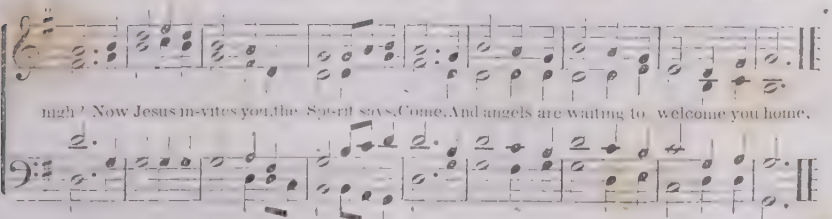
4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all
set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are
met:
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

MILMAN.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer-cy is com-ing so



nigh? Now Jesus in-vites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

377. 11s.

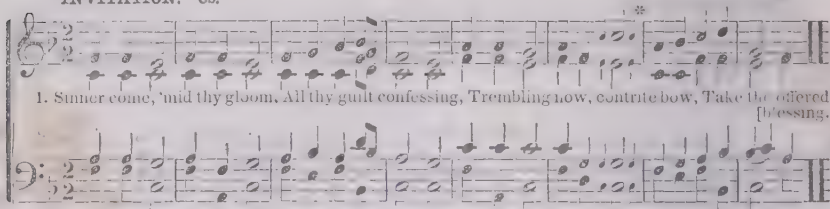
2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your heart's may grow better by staying away:
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you
be,
Where streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come
home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your
heart
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not
come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

INVITATION. 6s.



1. Sinner come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing, Trembling now, contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

* The small notes are adapted to the last line of the hymn

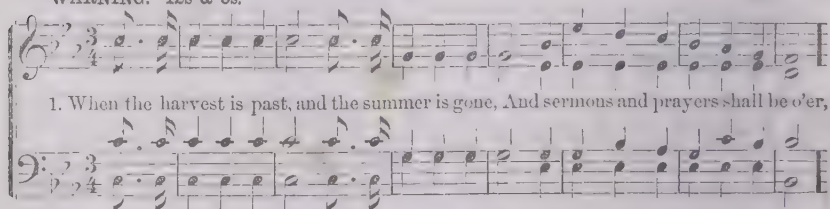
378. 6s.

1. SINNER! come, 'mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing;
Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offered blessing.
2. Sinner! come, while there's room—
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by His word,
Kindly is inviting.
3. Sinner! come, ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;

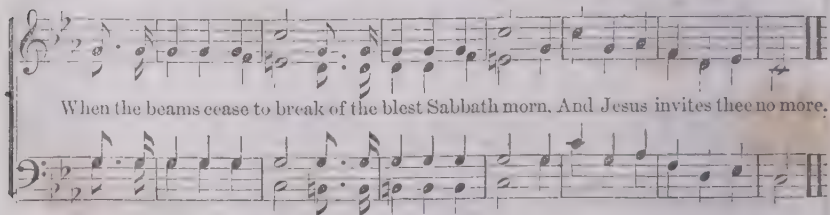
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

4. Sinner! come to thy home,
High in heaven gleaming;
To the sky lift thine eye,
With true sorrow streaming.
5. Sinner! haste, time fleets fast,
And the grave is yawning;
Win renown, seize the crown,
Eternity is dawning.

WARNING. 12s & 8s.



1. When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone, And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,



When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn. And Jesus invites thee no more.

379. 12s & 8s.

2. When the rich gales of mercy no longer
shall blow,
The gospel no message declare,—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep
wailing of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?
3. When the holy have gone to the regions
of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;

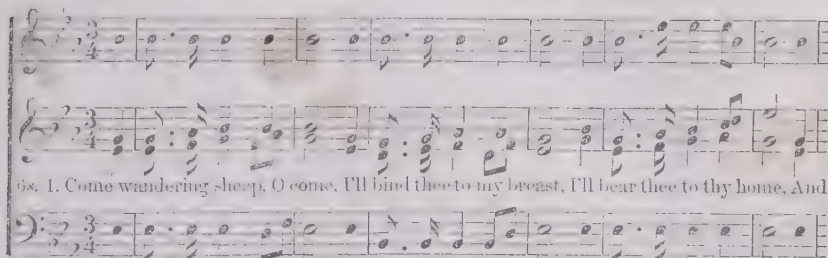
When their harmony wakes, in the full-
ness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love,—

4. Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and
secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow
endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

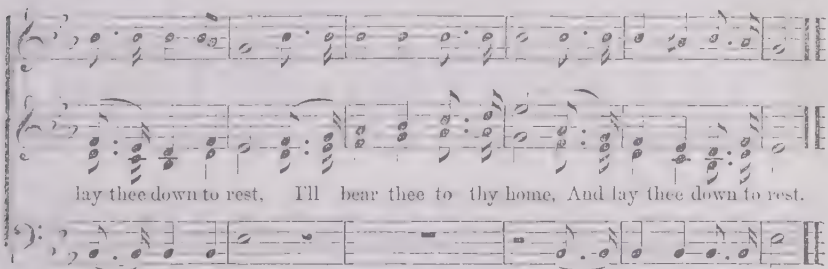
S. F. SMITH.

SHEPHERD'S CALL. 6s. Or 6s & 7s.

CH. BEECHER.



6s. 1. Come wandering sheep, O come, I'll bind thee to my breast, I'll bear thee to thy home, And



lay thee down to rest, I'll bear thee to thy home, And lay thee down to rest.

380. 6s.

1. COME, wandering sheep, O come!
I'll bind thee to My breast;
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.
2. I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deign'd to die—
3. I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest?
I bear thee in My arms;
Thou, bear me in thy breast!

Long and loud the strain should be,
When I sing His love to me.

3. "I die for thee," He said—
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! He bows His head—
He bows His head, and dies!
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Let me weep on Calvary.
4. Now in the grave He's laid,
In death's funereal gloom;
Stern watchmen in the shade,
A seal upon the tomb:
Hush'd, my harp, thy murmurs be,
Christ is sleeping there for thee!
5. The angels come at dawn,
The stone is rolled away;
The living Dead is gone,
And bursts eternal day:
Loud, loud the strain should be
Jesus conquers death for me.
6. He lives! again He lives!
I hear the voice of Love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above:
Joyful now the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

381. 6s & 7s.

1. LOVE, Love, on earth appears!
The wretched throng His way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away:
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when I sing of Thee.
2. He saw me as He passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh:

MRS. SOUTHEY.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

Western Melody.

Fine.

1. { We're travelling home to heaven a - bove, Will you go? will you go? }
 To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love, Will you go? will you go? } Mil -
 d. c. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

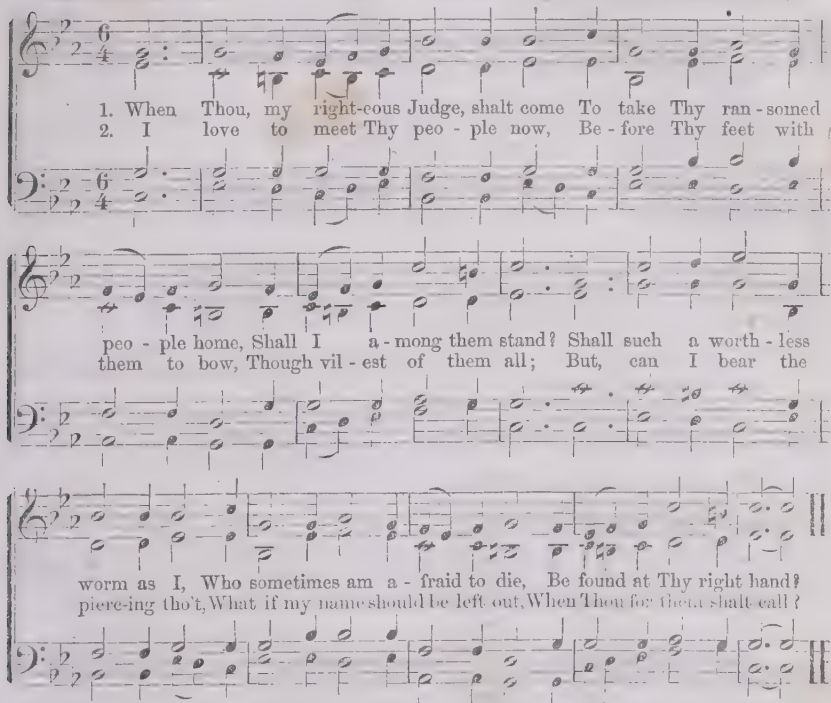
- lions have reach'd that blest a - bode, An - oint - ed kings and priests to God,
D. C.

382. 8s & 3s.

1. We're travelling home to heaven above,
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road,
 Will you go?
2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise His name,
 Will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
 Will you go?
3. We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Will you go?
4. Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
 Will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,
 Will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on Him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
 Come, believe.
5. The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me,
 And thou shalt My salvation see,
 Come to Me."
6. O, could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go,
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go!
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
 Let me go! fare you well.

ADVENT. C. P. M.

Western Melody.



1. When Thou, my right-eous Judge, shalt come To take Thy ran-somed
2. I love to meet Thy peo - ple now, Be - fore Thy feet with,
peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth - less
them to bow, Though vil - est of them all; But, can I bear the
worm as I, Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
pierce-ing tho't, What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call?

383. C. P. M.

3. O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4. Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
To see Thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.
OVINGTON'S COLL.

384. C. P. M.

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2. O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress!
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late,
Wake me to righteousness.
3. Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
4. Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this earth, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. C. WESLEY.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

TH. HASTINGS.

1. { Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dis-may. }
 { Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day : } Heaven bids thee come, while yet there's room.
 D. C. Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey. *Fine.* D. C.

385. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow help from
 Grieve not that love, [on high :
 Which from above—
 Child of sin and sorrow—
 Would bring thee nigh.
3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou
 flee?
 Through that long to-morrow, eternity!

- Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam—
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?
4. Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
 Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on
 high!
 In that high home,
 Graven thy name:
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Swift homeward fly!

T. HASTINGS.

WATCHWORD. C. P. M.

Spiritual Songs.

1. { Go, watch and pray! thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be :
 { Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for thee.

Death's countless snares be - set thy way! Frail child of dust, go watch and pray!

386. 8s & 6s.

2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
 Does thy firm pulse beat high?
 Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
 Dilate before thine eye?
 Soon these must change, must pass away;
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.
3. Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
 Hath seared thy vernal bloom;

- With trembling limbs, and wasting form.
 Thou'rt bending o'er thy tomb:
 And can vain hope lead thee astray?
 Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.
4. Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
 Behold the caverns, dark with death,
 Before you open lie:
 The heavenly warning now obey;
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

SPIR. SONGS.

STELLA. 7s & 6s.

Catholic Collection.

1. { Sin - ner, hear the Sa - viour's call. He now is pass - ing by;
He has seen thy griev - ous thrall, And heard thy mourn - ful cry.

{ He has par - don to im - part. Grace to save thee from thy fears,
{ See the love that fills His heart, And wipe a - way thy tears.

387. 7s & 6s.

2. Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell Him all thy ease?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from His face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed His precious blood?

3. Think how on the cross He hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds!
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See from all His bursting veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4. Though His majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though He thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By Himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayest live by faith.

5. Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs His throne surround!
These, though sinners once, like thee,
Have full salvation found:

Yield not then to unbelief,
While He says, "There yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

NEWTON.

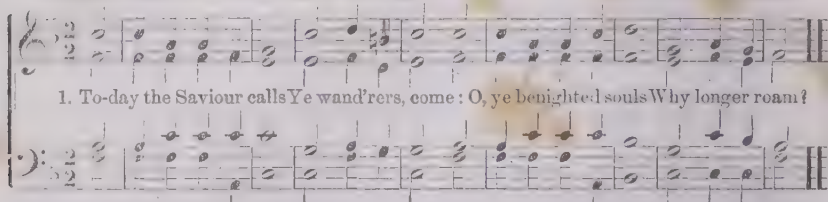
388. 7s & 6s.

1. **STOE**, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When He judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
2. Soon relentless death will come,
To drag you to His bar;
Then, to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud—
And what can you reply?
3. Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel;
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
Though they now despise His grace,
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from His face."

NEWTON.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.



389. 6s & 4s.

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
O, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;

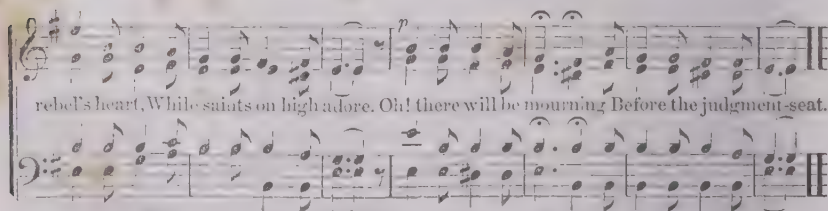
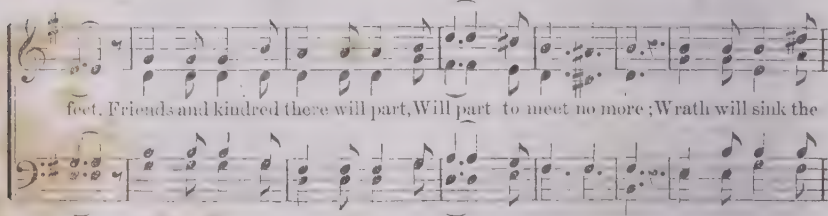
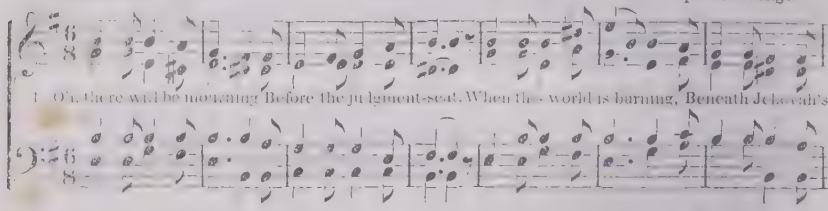
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O, grieve Him not away:
'Tis mercy's hour.

SACRED SONGS.

JUDGMENT. 6s & 7s.

Spiritual Songs.



390. 6s & 7s.

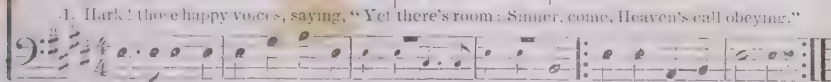
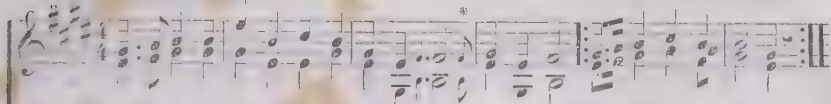
2. O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When the trumpet's warning
The sinner's ear shall greet!
3. O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!

When, from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.

4. O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat;
Justice, ever frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate.

HARK! THOSE HAPPY VOICES.

Spiritual Songs.



1. Hark! those happy voices, saying, "Yet there's room: Sinner, come, Heaven's call obeying."

2. Now the feast is spread before thee, Viat no more, Grace implore, Peace shall then come o'er thee.

* Small notes for the fifth and sixth stanzas.

391.

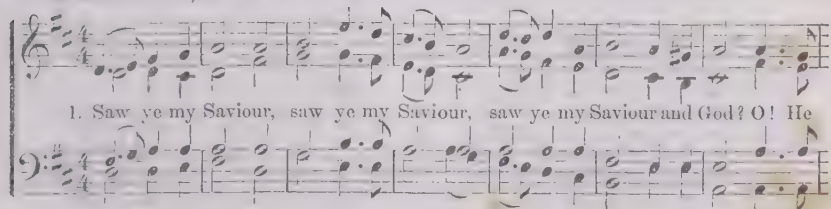
3. Bless the Lord of life for ever,
O, my soul,
Bountiful,
Infinite His favor.

4. Bless the Lord of Thy salvation,
Who in love
From above,
Heard thy supplication.

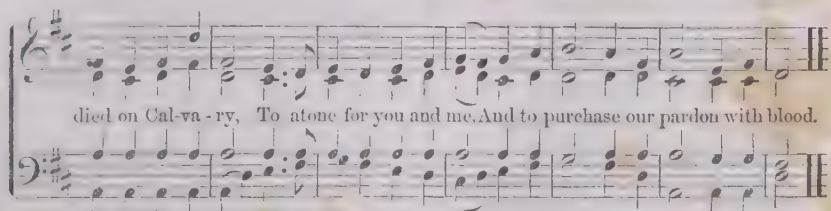
5. Bless the Lord of earth and heaven
Through His blood
That freely flow'd,
Are thy sins forgiven.

6. Bless the Lord, whose love abounding,
Fills thy days
With joy and praise,
Songs of triumph sounding.

BDELLIUM. 10, 7s & 9s.



1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour and God? O! He



died on Cal-va-ry, To atone for you and me. And to purchase our pardon with blood.

392. 10, 7s & 9s.

2. He was extended, He was extended,
Painfully nail'd to the cross;
Here He bow'd His head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3. Darkness prevail'd, darkness prevail'd,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When His majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4. Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Sa-
viour,
Prince, and the Author of peace!

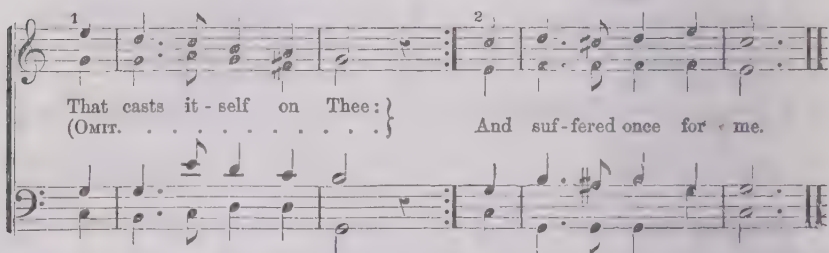
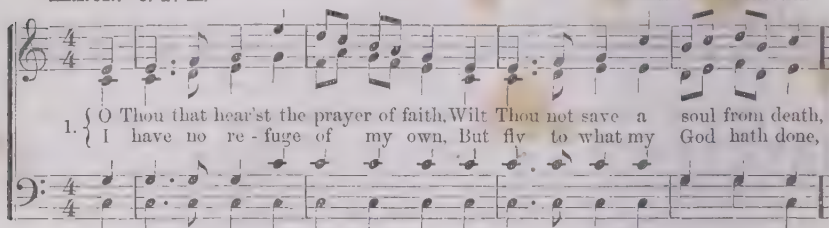
O! He burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5. There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold My hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray Thee, forgive."

6. "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe,
Let them now return to Thee,
And be reconciled to Me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

ARNON. C. P. M.

From Root & SWEETSEE'S Collection.



393. C. P. M.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
3. Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart.
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4. The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

TOPLADY.

394. C. P. M.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
2. The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3. But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?
Great God! it can not be:
Thou! my immortal, can not die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?
4. My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall.
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

GREEN.

395. C. P. M.

1. WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,
Whose sin hath track'd ten thousand ways
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.
2. Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their haubles or their loads
Down to eternal night;
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.
3. Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! He alone that hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath and will not give
The light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

MONTGOMERY.

CEDRON. C. P. M.

TH. HASTINGS.

1. Beyond, where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the suffering Saviour go To sad Gethsemane -
- ne; His coun-tenance is all di-vine, Yet grief appears in every line.

396. C. P. M.

1. BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
2. He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts His mournful eyes above—
"My Father can this cup remove?"
3. With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to His Father's will
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold Me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let Thy will be done."
4. The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.
5. When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like Him, in prayer.

S. F. SMITH.

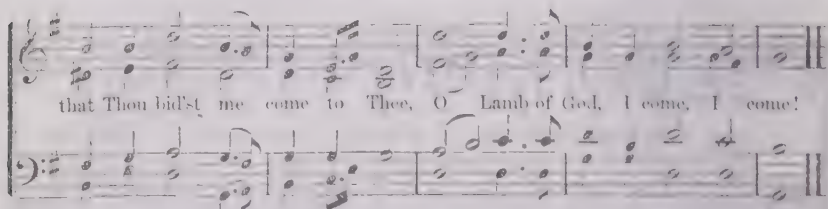
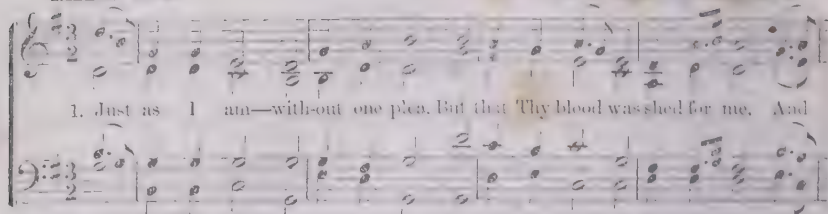
397. C. P. M.*

1. O Lord! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee—
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.
2. How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy almighty arms!
3. Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer—
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear!
4. We can not trust Him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flow'rets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach,
Sufficient for the day.
5. Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

* Sing ARNON.

RILDA. L. M.

Melody by Mrs. M. De L. Love.



398. L. M.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
“Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

399. L. M.

1. God of my life! Thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
Father! I come, I come to Thee.
2. Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come, I come to Thee.

3. Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast Thou digned my guide to be;
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed;
My God! I come, I come to Thee.
4. I come to join that countless host,
Who praise Thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come, I come to Thee.

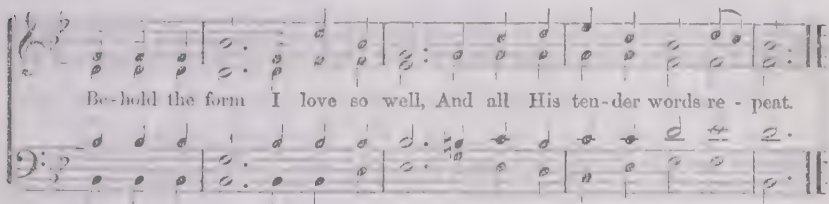
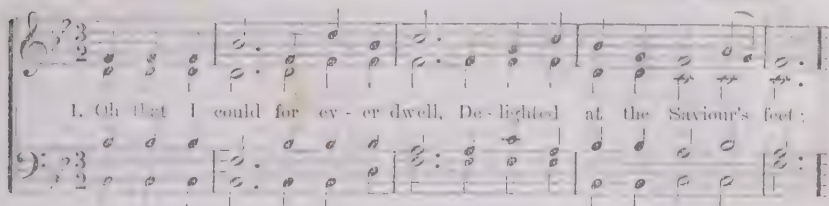
400. L. M.

1. Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!
2. Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
3. Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
4. Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While Thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
5. Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee—'t is death—'t is more—
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!
6. Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

MRS. STEELE.

BADEN. L. M.

TH. HASTINGS.



401. L. M.

2. The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh! is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?
3. This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.
4. When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.
5. Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

REED.

402. L. M.

1. Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.
2. I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

WATTS.

403. L. M.

1. COME, now, ye wanderers, to your God,
Through love, to purity restored;

The proffered benefit embrace,
The plenitude of Heavenly grace:

2. The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that wait your souls to heaven:
3. The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder—"Why such love to me?"
4. The overwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

C. WESLEY.

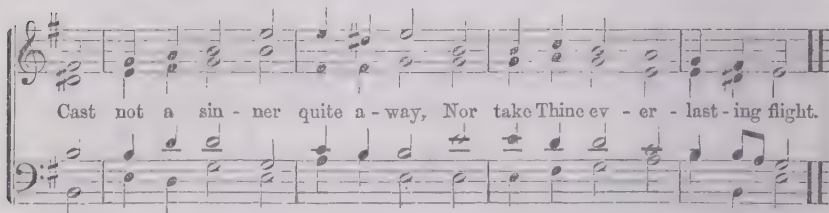
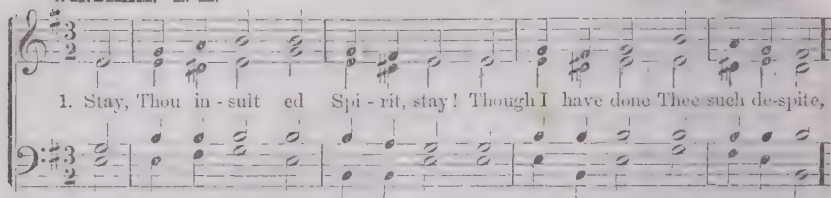
404. L. M.

1. THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.
2. Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head.
3. Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.
4. Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

G. TERSTEEGAN.

WINDHAM, L. M.

READ.



405. L. M.

1. STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
2. Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved;—
3. Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.
4. O Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

406. L. M.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound—
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

407. L. M.

1. WHEN Jesus' friend had ceased to be,
Still Jesus' heart its friendship kept—
"Where have ye laid Him?" "Come and
see,"
But ere His eyes could see, they wept.
2. Lord! not in sepulchres alone
Corruption's worm is rank and free;
The shroud of death our bosoms own—
The shades of sorrow! come and see.
3. Come, Lord! God's image can not shine
Where sin's funereal darkness lowers—
Come! turn those weeping eyes of Thine
Upon these sinning souls of ours!
4. And let those eyes, with shepherd care,
Their moving watch above us keep;
Till love the strength of sorrow wear,
And as Thou weepedst, we may weep.
5. For surely we may weep to know,
So dark and deep our spirit's stain,
That had Thy blood refused to flow,
Thy very tears had flowed in vain.

MRS. BROWNING.

408. L. M.

1. My sufferings all to Thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard Thine own:
Jesus, remember Calvary!
2. For whom didst Thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd Thy body to the tree?
Did not Thy death my life procure?
O let Thy mercy answer me.
3. Art Thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?
4. Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
5. The day of small and feeble things,
I know Thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in His wings,
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

C. WESLEY.

409. L. M.

1. HERE at Thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love,
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it o'er remove.
2. Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence
If I must perish, there to die.
4. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
5. Yes, I'm secure beneath Thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honors to His name.

WATTS.

410. L. M.

1. I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

2. I hoped that in some favored hour
At once He'd answer my request;
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
3. Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
4. Yea more, with His own hand He seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.
4. "Lord, why is this," I trembling cried—
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.
4. "These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in Me."

NEWTON.

411. L. M.

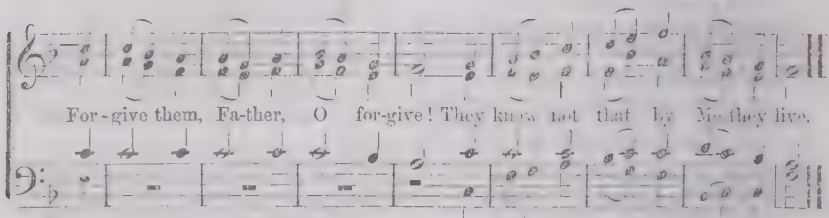
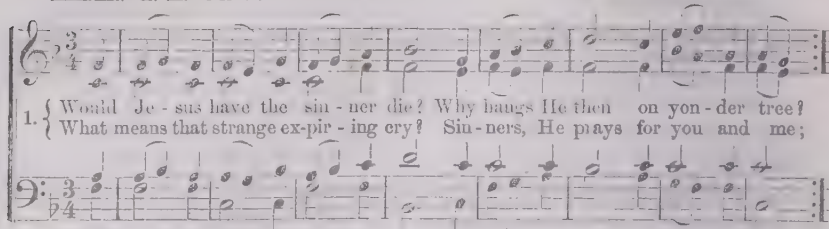
1. O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
2. Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
4. Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.
5. I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

C. WESLEY.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

GLORY to Jesus, who returns
In pomp triumphant to the sky,
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

AMBER. L. M. 6 lines.



412. L. M. 6 lines.

2. Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb—
Thee, by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

C. WESLEY.

413. L. M. 6 lines.

1. WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
2. O Jesus, full of truth and grace—
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love Thy faithless servant still.
3. Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

C. WESLEY.

414. L. M. 6 lines.

1. LOOSED from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
But now, my God, to Thee I fly,
For, Oh! estranged from Thee, I die.

2. Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of sense, for Thee I leave;
Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive;
Take my poor, fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on Thy breast.
3. Endow me with my Saviour's peace,
Confirm and keep my longing heart;
In Thee may all my wanderings cease;
From Thee may I no more depart:
Never again from Thee remove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

MORAVIAN.

415. L. M. 6 lines.

1. O LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth!
Whom men resist with stubborn will,
And, more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench with reasonings vain,
While error and deception reign!
2. Whence comes it, that, your power the
same
As His on high, from whom you came,
Ye rarely find a listening ear,
Or heart, that makes you welcome here?
Because ye bring reproach and pain,
Where'er ye visit, in your train.
3. Then let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepared to pay:
Come shame, come sorrow, spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
One soul, at least, shall not repine
To give you room; come, reign in mine!

MADAME GUION.

416. L. M. 6 lines.

1. THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man
knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light;
Only I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.
2. Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strow all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
3. 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?
4. Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to
share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
5. O Love, Thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy dutious child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

J. WESLEY.

417. L. M. 6 lines.

1. SAVIOUR of all, what hast Thou done?
What hast Thou suffer'd on the tree?
Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The myst'ry of Thy passion show—
The end of all Thy griefs below.
2. Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding sacrifice expired;
But didst Thou not my pattern die,
That, by Thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffer'ing sure?
3. Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in Thy footsteps tread;
Might like the Man of Sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with Thee my head:
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all Thy state of suffer'ing share.

C. WESLEY.

418. L. M. 6 lines.

1. I THANK thee, uncreated Sun, [shined:
That Thy bright beams on me have
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
2. Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.
3. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay;
Thee shall I love in endless day.

J. WESLEY.

419. L. M. 6 lines.

1. AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing,
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.
2. Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower,
Which with its healing waters went.
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.
3. Saviour! Thy love is still the same
As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in Thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!
O, be that power, that love displayed,
Help those whom Thou alone canst aid!

BARTON.

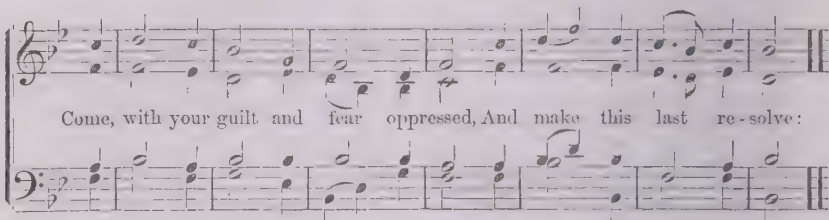
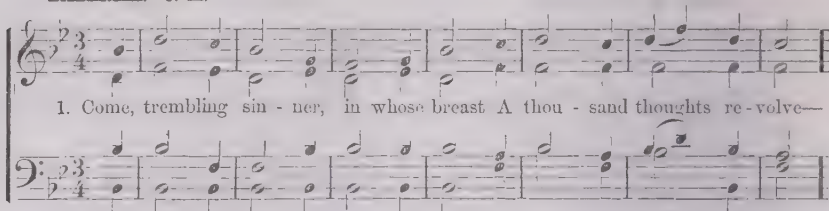
420. L. M.*

1. HEALTH of the weak, to make them strong!
Refuge of sinners, and their song!
Comfort of each afflicted breast!
Haven of hope in realms of rest!
2. Lord of the patriarchs gone before!
Light of the prophets' learned lore!
Deign from Thy throne to look on me,
And hear my lowly litany.
3. Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son,
To taste and feel what He has done;
To lay me low before His cross,
And reckon all besides as dross;
4. To speak, and think, and will, and move,
And love, as Thou wouldst have me love:
O, look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own litany!

LYRA CATH.

* To adapt the music to Long Metre, four lines, omit the repeat.

BALERMA. C. M.



421. C. M.

2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
3. Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.
4. Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
5. I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

JONES.

422. C. M.

1. WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
2. Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
3. How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all Thy servants are
How great Thy grace to me!

My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5. Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.
6. Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS.

423. C. M.

1. Son of the Carpenter! receive
This humble work of mine,
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to Thine.
2. Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.
3. Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is but one sacrifice.
4. Careless, through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.
5. Oh! when wilt Thou, my Life, appear!
How gladly would I cry—
"Tis done, the work Thou gav'st me here,
"Tis finished, Lord!" and fly.

MORAVIAN.

424. C. M.

1. THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
2. And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was Thine enemy.
3. Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;
4. Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.
5. E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

F. XAVIER.

425. C. M.

1. O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.
2. I'd tell Him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
3. Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

WATTS.

426. C. M.

1. THOU Lamb once slain! whose flaming
Sparkle with dazzling light, [eyes
How can a sinner choose but bow,
And sink beneath Thy sight?
2. But I am Thine, my ransom paid—
The price, Thy precious blood;
And Thine and mine are made one heart,
O my Redeemer, God!
3. How did love seize me—that pure fire
That flamed within Thy breast
When Thou, before Thy Father's throne,
Wert pleased to name me bless'd!

4. Let me to Thee, in all my wants,
Child-like, still closer fly,
In all my course regarding still
The guiding of Thine eye.

MORAVIAN.

427. C. M.

1. LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles, too,
But grace has set me free.
2. Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
3. As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
4. Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

NEWTON.

428. C. M.

1. WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:
2. That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
3. We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

BEDDOME.

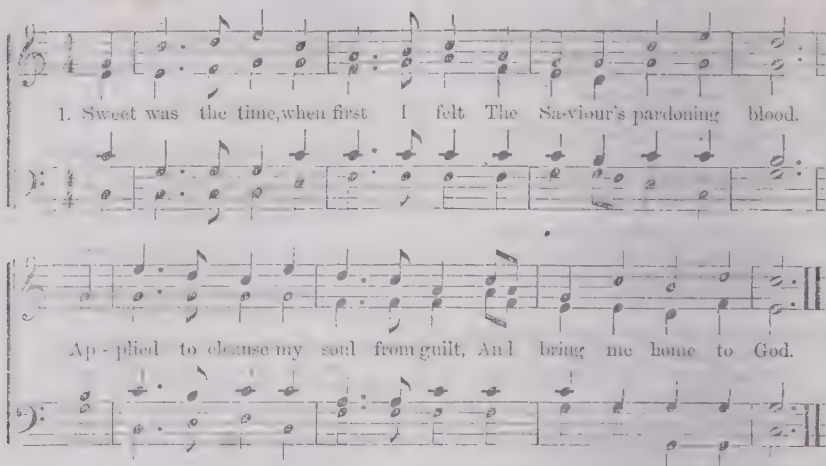
429. C. M.

1. AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for Thee?
It is but right! since Thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
2. Yes, let it go! One look from Thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with Thee, supremely good!
Divinely bright and fair!

BEDDOME.

BROWN. C. M.

From the PSALMODIST.



1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood.
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

430. C. M.

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.
3. In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.
4. Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy can not fail,
Let me that mercy share.

NEWTON.

431. C. M.

1. THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill;
The Saviour wakened from His sleep:
He spake, and all was still.
2. The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveler who strayed,
With heedless footsteps, there

3. He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.
4. Oh, madder than the raving man!
Oh, deeper than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!
5. Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

HEBER.

432. C. M.

1. DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of Thy grace,
Low at Thy feet ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
2. Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.
3. But He, for His own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
4. Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in Thine eye.
5. Then shall the mourner at Thy feet,
Rejoice to seek Thy face;
And grateful, own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

MRS. STEELE.

433. C. M.

1. WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With Thee, no more by night?
2. When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of Thy grace,
My heart presumes, I can not lose
The relish all my days.
3. But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
4. Wretch that I am to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to Thy cross,
Rather than lose Thy sight.
5. Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear center of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

WATTS.

434. C. M.

1. AMIDST thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.
2. My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
3. All my desire to Thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh and every groan
Is noticed by Thine ear.
4. But I'll confess my guilt to Thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.
5. My God! forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation! haste,
Before Thy servant die.

WATTS.

435. C. M.

1. MERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.
2. Save me, for none beside can save,
At Thy command I tread,

With failing steps, life's stormy wave;
The wave goes o'er my head.

3. I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt Thou leave me?—No!
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let Thee go.
4. To Thee, Thee only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

MONTGOMERY.

436. C. M.

1. AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms.
2. Shall Jesus for admittance plead,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, for which he bled,
Remain forever barred?
3. 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed,
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
Against the heavenly guest.
4. Lord! rise in Thine all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from Thy face
Can drive my foes away.
5. Ye vile seducers! hence, depart;
Dear Saviour! enter in;
Oh! guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

MRS. STEELE.

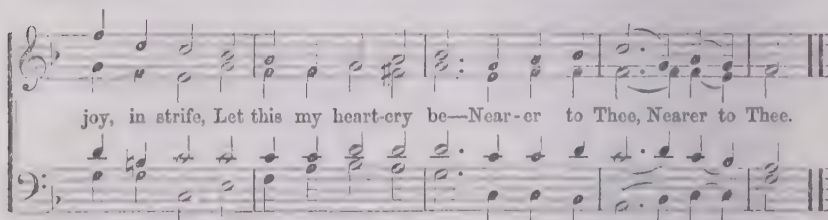
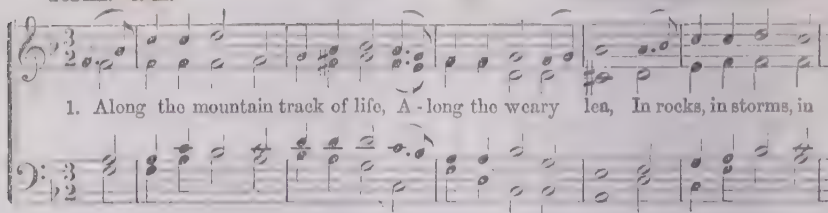
437. C. M.

1. OUR Christ hath reached His heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars;
The golden lamps are at His feet,
And in His hand the stars.
2. O Lord of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and Thy Son.
3. We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."
4. O, may He walk among us here,
With His rebuke and love,—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above!

FROTHINGHAM.

TOPAZ. C. M.

CH. BEECHER.



438. C. M. *

2. This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,
Jesus! my King! by Thee—
Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood,
In love, in death, for me—
O! bring my soul nearer to Thee!
3. Let every step, let every thought,
Sweet memories bear of Thee!
And hear the soul Thy love hath bought,
Whose every cry shall be
"Nearer to Thee!" "Nearer to Thee!"
4. Thou wilt! Thou dost!—a still small voice
Whispers of faith in Thee,
Of hope that might in grief rejoice,
If still the way-cry be—
"Nearer to Thee!" "Nearer to Thee!"
5. Yet a few days to me, perhaps,
And time shall no more be—
But boundless love can know no lapse,
Thou art eternity!
Draw then, my soul, "Nearer to Thee!"

439. C. M.

1. JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,

* In this Hymn omit the slurs in the last measure but one.

A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3. O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

ST. BERNARD.

440. C. M.

1. LORD, see what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries;
Billows on billows roll.
2. From fear to hope, from hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost,
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.
3. Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to Thee, my God;
O, fix my feet upon the rock,
Beyond the raging flood.
4. One look of mercy from Thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

STENNETT.

441. C. M.

1. Oh, my dear Saviour, when Thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,
And I bow down my head.
2. Thy suffering life I can not trace,
Or read Thy sacred word;
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
To Thee, my gracious Lord.
3. What am I, Lord, that Thou so much
Should'st love and value me?
Vile dust I am, yet Thou for such
Didst bear Thy misery.

MORAVIAN.

442. C. M.

1. THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine,
A contrite heart, or no?
2. I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I can not feel.
3. My best desires are faint and few:
Fain would I strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
4. Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love the house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
5. Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

443. C. M.

1. How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart—
Forgetful of His word!
2. Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.
3. And canst Thou—wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove!
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4. Almighty grace! Thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine!
5. Thy pard'ning love—so free, so sweet—
Dear Saviour! I adore;
Oh! keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

MRS. STEELE.

444. C. M.

1. WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at Thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
2. Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!
3. My reason tells me Thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is His most righteous due.
4. Reason, I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.
5. How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt Thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
6. Break, Sovereign Grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, Thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

STENNETT.

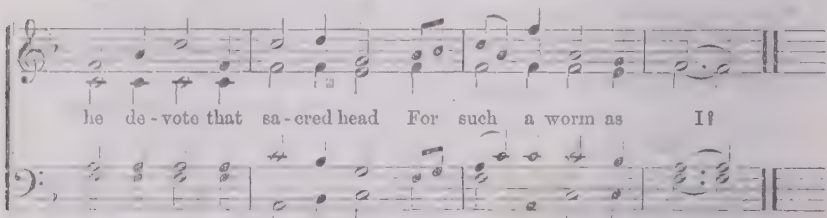
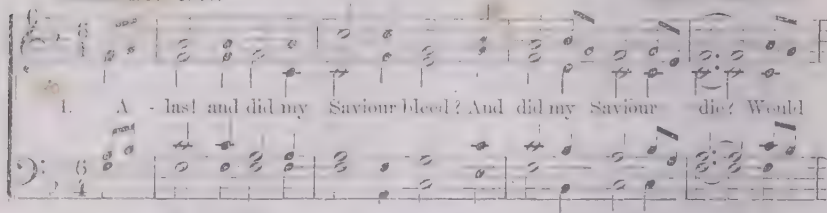
445. C. M.

1. MY God! the covenant of Thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
2. Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;—
3. I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.
4. Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

DODDRIDGE.

FREELAND. C. M.

From a Western Air. •



* The first two strains of this melody were heard in the camp ground, sung by hundreds of voices. It was written down from memory, and the other strains added.

446. C. M.

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3. W. H. might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS.

447. C. M.*

1. JESUS! Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord! remember me.
2. Remember Thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary:
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3. Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.
4. Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
5. And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me.

PARKINSON SELEC.

448. C. M.

1. JESUS, and didst Thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?
2. Didst Thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, Thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.
3. And didst Thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs Thy mercy more.
4. Didst Thou regard Thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord—oh save my soul,
For Thou alone canst save.

BRADLEY.

* To this hymn sing, as a coda, at the end of every verse, the words, "Remember me, remember me, dear Lord, remember me!" to the first four measures of the tune.

449. C. M.

1. WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess Thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for Thine own.
2. The world and Satan I forsake—
To Thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.
3. Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from Thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to Thee.

BOURNE'S COLL.

450. C. M.

1. My Saviour, can I follow Thee,
When all is dark before?
While midnight rests upon the sea,
How can I reach the shore?
2. Oh, let Thy star of love but shine,
Though with the faintest ray;
'T will gild with light the foaming brine,
And light my stormy way.
3. Then gladly will I follow Thee,
Though hurricanes appear;
Singing with rapture o'er the sea;
"What can I have to fear?"

LEIFCHILD'S COLL.

451. C. M.

1. Thy gracious presence, O my God!
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
2. This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
3. O happy scenes above the sky,
Where Thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart.
4. Her portion in those realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
5. Lord! Shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to Thee?
Confirm my hope, that where Thou art,
I shall for ever be.

10

6. Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

STEELE.

452. C. M.

1. APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
2. Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
4. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell Him—"Thou hast died."
5. Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

NEWTON.

453. C. M.

1. MY soul, review the trembling days
In which my God I sought,
I cried aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine He brought.
2. Thro' all my weak and fainting heart
His secret strength He spread,
And clasped me in His arms of love,
And raised my drooping head.
3. He called Himself my covenant God;
His promises He shewed;
And wide displayed their solemn seal
In the great-Surety's blood.
4. I heard His people shout around,
And joined their cheerful song;
And saw from far the shining seats—
Which to His saints belong.
5. My God, what inward strength thou givest
I to Thy service vow;
And in Thy strength would upward march,
Till at Thy throne I bow.

DODDRIDGE.

BENEVENTO. 7s.

1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a-dor-ing knee: When, repentant, to the skies
D. C. Bending from thy throne on high,

Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man below,
Hear our solemn li-t-a-n-y. *Fine.*

454. 7s.

2. By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness.
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power:
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
3. By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice:
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
4. By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save:
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

ROBERT GRANT.

455. 7s.

1. WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
2. Spared to see another year,
Let Thy blessing meet us here;
Come, Thy dying work revive,
Bid Thy drooping garden thrive:
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;
Let our prayer Thy pity move,
Make this year a time of love.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with Thee above.

NEWTON.

456. 7s.

1. DOES the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee:
Marks of grace I can not show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2. Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without;
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3. In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace:
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

NEWTON.

457. 7s.

1. GRACIOUS Jesus, Lord most dear,
Guilty though I am, give ear;
Show Thine own sweet clemency;
Spurn me not, though vile I be.

2. Here before Thee, fallen, weeping,
And with tears those torn feet steeping;
Jesus, for Thy mercy's sake,
Pity on my misery take.

3. Sharing now Thy wounds, I pray Thee,
Let me love for love repay Thee,—
Thou, whose soul for sinners smarted,
Healer of the broken-hearted!

4. On my heart each stripe be writ'en,
Wherewith Thou for me wert smitten;
Each deep wound, that I may be
Wholly crucified with Thee.

5. From the cross uplifted high,
My beloved, cast Thine eye;
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul,
Speak the word of power—"Be whole!"

458. 7s.

1. 'T IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2. Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3. God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4. Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

COWPER.

459. 7s.

1. ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2. Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour;
Sin has put my joys to flight—
Sin has turned my day to night.

3. Saviour! shine, and cheer my soul;
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole;
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word, and set me free—
Let me live alone to Thee.

NEWTON.

460. 7s.

1. LORD, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

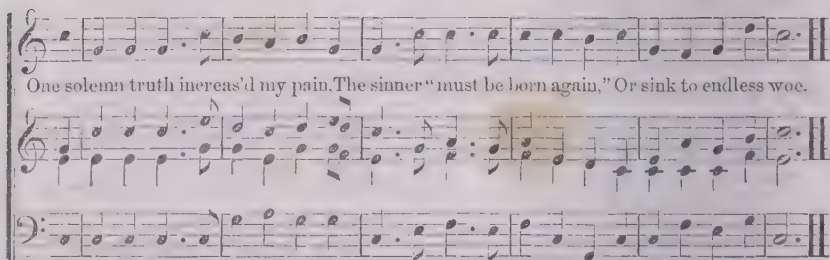
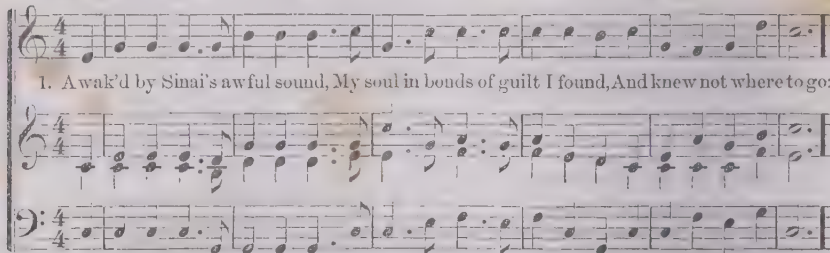
2. Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3. Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4. Israel, now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and powerful, and just.

MONTGOMERY

GANGES. C. P. M.



461. C. P. M.

1. AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.
2. I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.
3. The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.
4. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

OCKUM.

462. C. P. M.

1. THAT warning voice, O sinner hear!
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.
2. Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour:
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise;
What terrors fill that hour.
3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.
4. Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

T. HASTINGS.

ONYX. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. { Lamb of God! whose bleeding love We now recall to mind, }
 { Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find: } Think on us, who think on Thee,
 Every burdened soul release; O remember Calva-ry, And bid us go in peace.

463. 7s & 6s.

1. LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us, who think on Thee,
 Every burdened soul release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!
2. By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away;
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From all sin do Thou release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!
3. Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Own us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal;
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

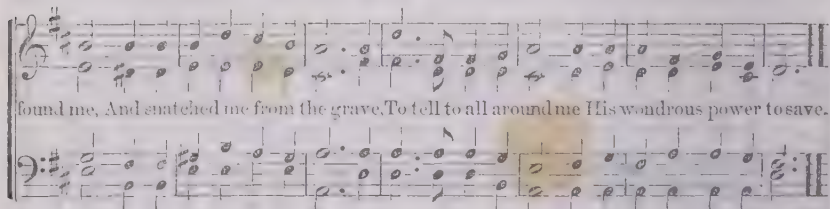
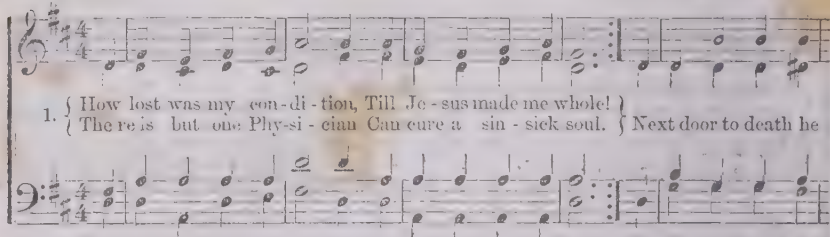
C. WESLEY.

464. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. THOU, O Lord, in tender love,
 Dost all my burdens bear;
 Lift my heart to things above,
 And fix it ever there.
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
 'Midst busy multitudes alone;
 Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
 Till all Thy will be done.
2. Careful without care I am,
 Nor feel my happy toil;
 Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
 Supported by His smile.
 Joyful thus my faith to show,
 I find His service my reward;
 Every work I do below,
 I do it to the Lord.
3. To the desert or the cell,
 Let others blindly fly,
 In this evil world I dwell,
 Unhurt, unspotted I.
 Here I find a house of prayer,
 To which I inwardly retire;
 Walking unconcerned in care,
 And unconsumed in fire. C. WESLEY

GILEAD. 7s & 6s.

Arranged by CH. BEECHER.



465. 7s & 6s.

2. The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
3. From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.
4. At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is His grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view Him—
For sin my sight had sealed—
Then bade me look unto Him;
I looked, and I was healed.
5. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

Come, then, to this Physician;
His help He'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live!

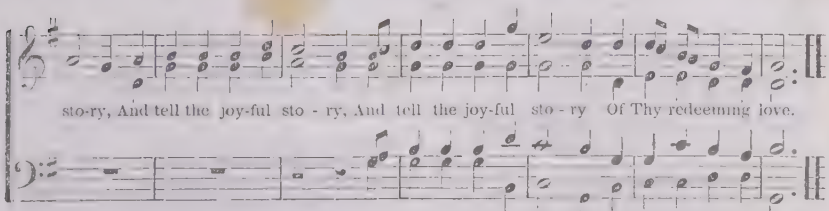
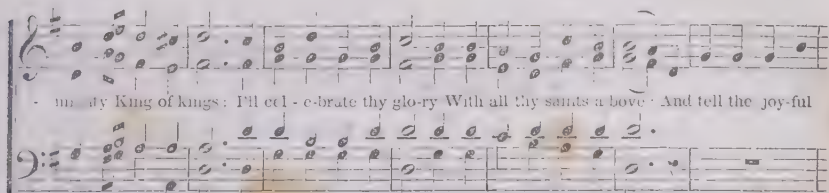
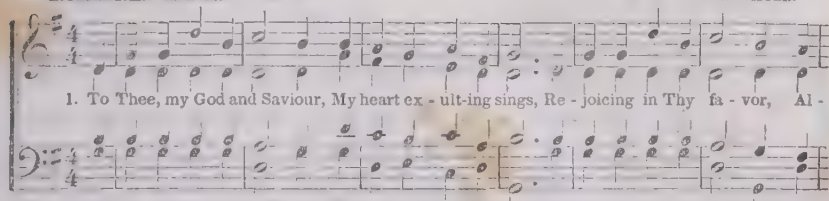
NEWTON.

466. 7s & 6s.

1. O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with Him above;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?
2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
And since He has proved faithful,
A righteous crown He'll give,
And all His valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
3. Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O! cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

ROMAINE. 7s & 6s.

BANNISTER.



467. 7s & 6s.

1. To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting springs,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings:
I'll celebrate Thy glory
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.
2. Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
Jehovah, Thou shalt hear;
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
3. By Thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;

There cast my crown before Thee,
My toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee—
What can an angel more?

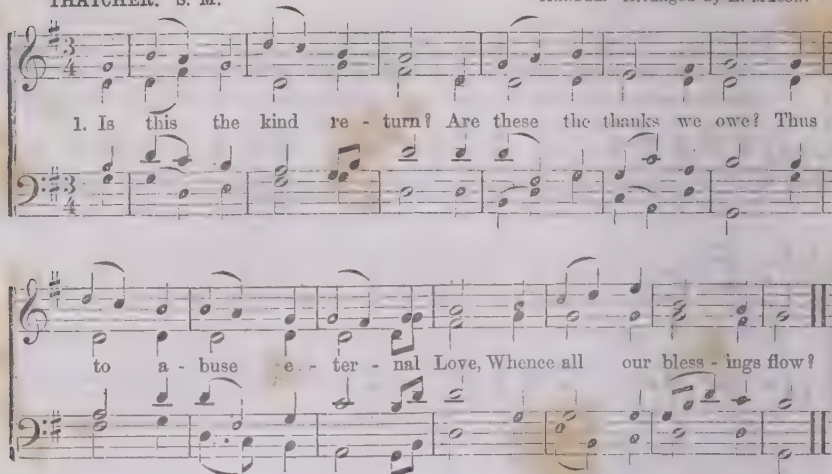
HAWES.

468. 7s & 6s.

1. From ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.
2. What though we are but strangers,
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go?
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above,
And onward still we're pressing
To reach that land of love.

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL. Arranged by L. MASON.



469. S. M.

2. To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
3. On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
4. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
5. Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

470. S. M.

1. Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
2. My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay!
3. What worldly tie must break?
What idol yet depart,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4. Jesus, the hindrance show
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.
5. Oh! break the fatal chain,
And all my bonds remove;
Nor let one bosom-sin remain,
To keep me from Thy love.

C. WESLEY.

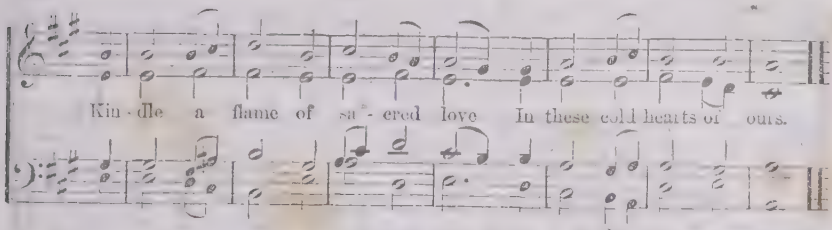
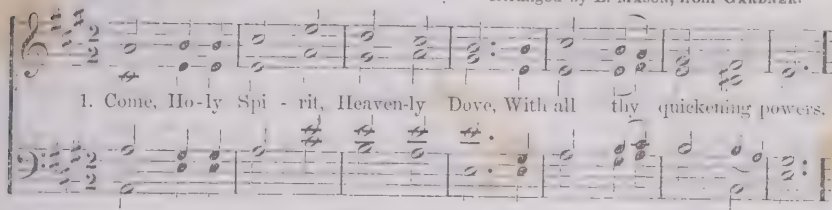
471. S. M.

1. WHERE, O my soul, O where
Thy image shall I view?
In the light cloud that melts in air,
Or in the early dew.
2. This hour, with flowing tears,
My follies I bewail:
The next, my heart a waste appears,
Where all the fountains fail.
3. To-day, her glimmering light
Hope kindles in my breast;
The morrow, with despair's black night,
Has all my soul oppressed.
4. O my unsteadfast mind,
Tossed between good and ill!
While brutes, with instinct sure, though blind,
Their Maker's law fulfill.
5. O wavering, wretched state,
Of hope by fear subdued!
On Thee, O Lord, for help I wait—
Fix, fix my soul in good.

T. SCOTT.

DEDHAM. C. M.

Arranged by L. MASON, from GARDNER.



472. C. M.

2. Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

473. S. M.

1. LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
2. How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
3. How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
4. But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

WATTS.

474. C. M.

1. My Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
2. Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
3. Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father, cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

DODDRIDGE.

475. C. M.

1. SPEAK with us, Lord; Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of Thy love.
2. With Thee conversing, we forget
All toil, and time, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou art present there.
3. Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
4. Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

C. WESLEY.

AMELIA. 7s & 6s.

German Theme.

1. In time of tri-bu-lation, Hear, Lord, my feeble cries; With humble sup-pli-
- ca - tion To Thee my spi - rit flies: 2. My heart with grief is break-ing; Scarce
can my voice complain: Mine eyes, with tears kept waking, Still watch and weep in vain.

476. 7s & 6s.

3. The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanished bliss to view:
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pang's renew:

4. Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

MONTGOMERY.

477. 7s & 6s.

1. HATH God cast off for ever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?

2. Hath He his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No: this is mine own blindness,
That can not see His path.

3. I call to recollection
The years of His right hand;
And, strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand.

4. Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,
Holy are all Thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

MONTGOMERY.

478. 7s & 6s.

1. THEE, with the tribes assembled,
O God! the billows saw;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still, with awe:

2. The clouds shot hail, they lightened;
The earth reeled to and fro;
The fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

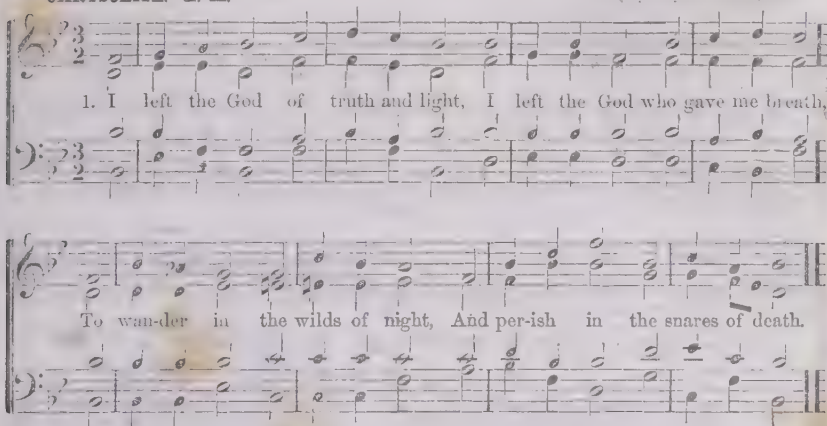
3. Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone.

4. Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore:
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

MONTGOMERY.

CHRYSOLITE. L. M.

S. B. POND.



479. L. M.

2. I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head;
But serpents hiss'd amongst the flowers:
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.
3. In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasures fleeting dust.
4. I wooed ambition, climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars—but fell
Headlong in all my pride of soul,
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.
5. Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast-down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance, from Thy frown?—
Eternal Justice, from Thine eye?
6. Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.
7. My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to Thee;
I claim acceptance on Thy word;
My God! my God! forsake not me!
8. Prostrate before the mercy seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at Thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

MONTGOMERY.

480. L. M.

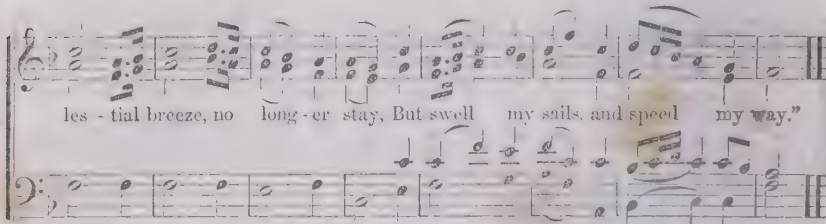
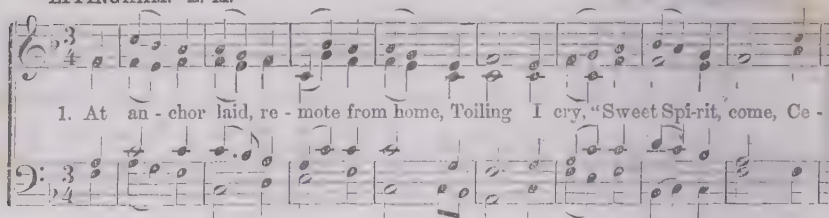
1. Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
2. Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart—
But we're defiled in every part.
3. Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
No outward rites can make me clean,—
The leprosy lies deep within.
4. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
5. Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
6. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

1. To God, the Father,—God, the Son,—
And God, the Spirit—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.



481. L. M.

2. "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious
gale."

482. L. M.

1. UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
2. O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!
3. Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
4. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
5. Great All in All, Eternal King!
Let me but view Thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and Thy grace.

WATTS.

483. L. M.

1. LIKE morning,—when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

2. Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3. Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4. So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

MOORE.

484. L. M.

1. LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea
Their minds have heaven and peace
within.
2. The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
4. How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!
5. They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

WATTS.

485. L. M.

1. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe—
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill,

C. WESLEY.

486. L. M.

1. God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise,
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
2. When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
3. When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
4. But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
5. The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live,
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity!

DODDRIDGE.

487. L. M.

1. TREMBLING, before Thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and Mercy for my life
Contend!—O smile, and heal the strife.

2. The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found—
Seraphic transport wings the sound!
3. Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.
4. Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.
5. Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in His presence play.
6. Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken by the choral strain,
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
7. But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that *mine* will bear.

HILLHOUSE.

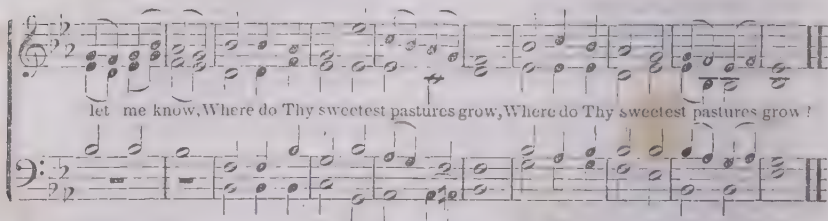
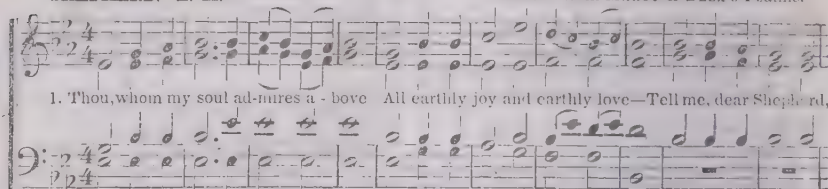
488. L. M.

1. GOD named Love, whose fount Thou art,
Thy crownless church before Thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart,
And too much striving in her hands.
2. "Love as I loved you"—was the sound
That on Thy lips expiring sate!
Sweet words in bitter strivings drowned!
We hated as the wordly hate.
3. Yet, Lord, Thy wronged love fulfill,
Thy church, though fallen, before Thee
stands;
Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,
Albeit the hands are Esau's hands.
4. Hast thou no tears, like those be-spent
Upon thy Zion's ancient part?
No moving looks, like those which sent
Their softness through a traitor's heart?
5. No touching tale of anguish dear,
Whereby like children we may creep,
All trembling to each other near,
And view each other's face, and weep?
6. Oh, move us—Thou hast power to move—
One in the One Beloved to be;
Teach us the heights and depths of love:
Give Thine—that we may love like
Thee!

MRS. BROWNING.

SHEPHERD. L. M.

Arranged from MAROT & BEZA'S Psalms.



489. L. M.

1. THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love—
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?
2. Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
3. Why should thy bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
4. The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans and tears.
5. His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink His richest blood;
Here to these hills, my soul would come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

WATTS.

490. L. M.

1. My Lord, if Thou one moment leave,
That moment I from Thee depart,—
Fall into sin, Thy Spirit grieve,
And to the tempter yield my heart.
2. O, do not at a distance stand,
Or from my helpless soul remove;
Trouble and sin are hard at hand,
And nought can save me but Thy love.

3. Exposed continually to shame,
To fiends, and men, and passion's power:
O pluck the brand from out the flame,
Or turn aside the fiery hour.
4. I feel throughout my evil day
Temptation intimately near:
Oh could I without ceasing pray,
And always watch, and always fear!
5. Jesus, for this to Thee I cry;
Upon my thirsty, gasping soul,
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high,
And floods o'er all the desert roll.

C. WESLEY.

491. L. M.

1. JESUS! my Lord, my God, my All!
How can I love Thee as I ought!
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
2. O earth! grow flowers beneath His feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on
earth!
Our Jesus comes upon His way.
3. He comes! He comes! The Lord of
Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord,
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee!
4. Our hearts leap up; our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more;
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.

LYRA CATH.

492. L. M.

1. JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

GRIGG.

493. L. M.

1. FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.
2. Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail.
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.
3. The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.
4. But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-abounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

MONTGOMERY.

494. L. M.

1. God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;
2. In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3. Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.
4. I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.
5. Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find—
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

C. WESLEY.

495. L. M.

1. How high Thou art! Our songs can own
No music Thou couldst stoop to hear;
But still the Son's expiring groan
Is vocal in the Father's ear.
2. How pure Thou art! Our hands are dyed
With curses, red with murder's hue;
But He hath stretched His hands to hide
The sins, that pierced them, from Thy view.
3. How strong Thou art! We tremble lest
The thunders of Thine arm be moved;
But He is lying on Thy breast,
And Thou must clasp thy Best-beloved!
4. How kind Thou art! Thou didst not
choose
To joy in Him forever so;
But that embrace Thou wouldst not lose
For vengeance, didst for love forego!
5. High God, and pure, and strong, and kind!
The low, the foul, the feeble, spare!
The brightness in His face we find,—
Behold our darkness only there!

MRS. BROWNING.

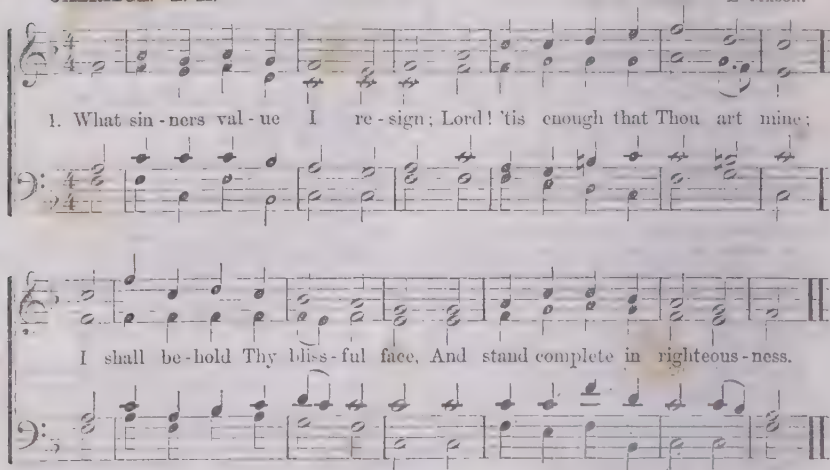
496. L. M.

1. THE Word, descending from above,
Though with the Father still on high,
Went forth upon His work of love,
And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.
2. At birth, our brother He became;
Ever Himself as food He gives;
To ransom us He died in shame;
As our reward, in bliss He lives.
3. O saving Leader! opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow,

BREVIAIRY.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.



497. L. M.

2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3. Oh! glorious hour!—Oh! blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

498. L. M.

1. Now let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2. Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3. Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4. Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell;
And gives us with our God to dwell,

5. To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS.

499. L. M.

1. "WE 'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost a saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2. "We 've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3. "We 've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4. "We 've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name—the Lord is there—
It shines with everlasting light.

5. O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to Thee, and be at rest.

6. But hush, my soul, nor dare repine! --
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

KELLY.

500. L. M.

1. I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
2. Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song, [there,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me
3. Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous
And bade me seek superior bliss. [seas,
4. Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
5. There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WATTS.

501. L. M.

1. JESUS, Thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.
2. Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee:
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.
3. The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
4. Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

502. L. M.

1. AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship Him as God alone,
And crown Him everlasting King.
2. Approach, ye saints! this God is yours!
Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye can not want, while God endures;
Ye can not fail, while God is love.
3. JESUS, Thou everlasting King!
To Thee the praise of heaven belongs;

11

Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4. Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long Thy face to view;
And, when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise Thy name as angels do.

KELLY.

503. L. M.

1. LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly, but to Thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learned no other rest.
2. I can not live contented here,
Without some glimpses of Thy face;
And heaven, without Thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.
3. When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from Thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.
4. And if no evening visit 's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!
5. My God! and can an humble child,
Who loves Thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from Thy face exiled,
Without the pity of Thine eye?
6. Impossible!—for Thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to Thee;
And in Thy book the promise stands,
That where Thou art, Thy friends must be.

WATTS.

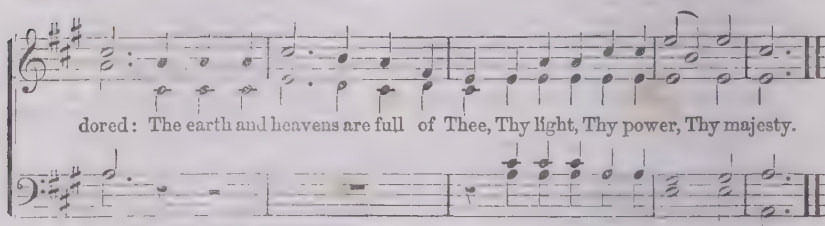
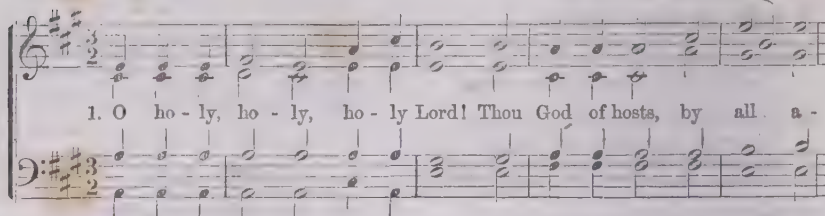
504. L. M.

1. My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in Thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
3. O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
4. When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

WATTS.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



505. L. M.

2. Loud hallelujahs to Thy name,
Angels and Seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
3. Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud, triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujahs round.
4. Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty:
The Son, the Spirit we adore—
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

CONDER.

506. L. M.

1. So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

WATTS.

507. L. M.

1. Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God has built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
2. Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
3. Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

WATTS.

508. L. M.

1. 'T is not the skill of human art,
Which gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.
2. Love is my teacher; He can tell
The wonders that He learnt above:
No other Master knows so well;
'T is Love alone can tell of Love.
3. Love is my Master; when it breaks,—
The morning light, with rising ray,
To Thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.
4. And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

MADAME GUION.

509. L. M.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim!
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.
3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
4. But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of Thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
5. Grace! 't is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
6. O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

WATTS.

510. L. M.

1. Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, Thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.
2. While I am held in Thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile He wears upon His face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.
3. While of Thy absence we complain,
And long, and weep, in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.
4. If He withdraws a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast His image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.
5. When round Thy courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of my Love,
His very name creates delight.
6. Jesus, my God, but rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon Thy face;
'T is best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of His grace.

WATTS.

511. L. M.

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

512. L. M.

1. WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?
2. Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign [died,
At His almighty Father's side.
3. Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
4. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

WATTS.

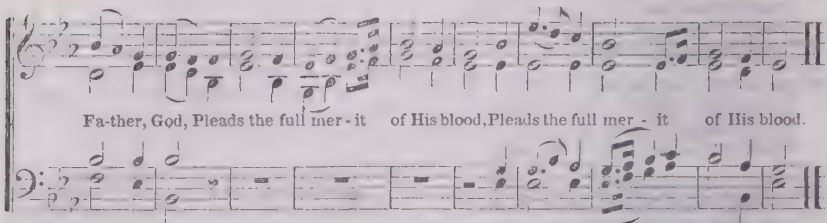
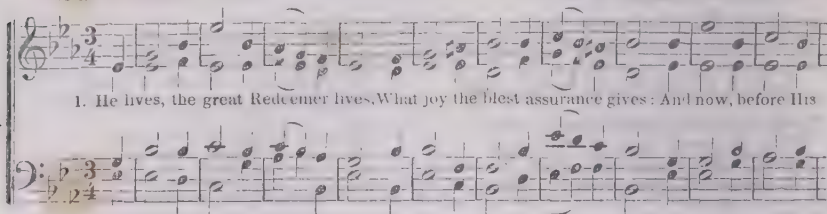
513. L. M.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to their King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

WATTS

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.



514. L. M.

2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
3. Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
4. In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
5. Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On Him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

MRS. STEELE.

515. L. M.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

516. L. M.

1. THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell !
Swallowed the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.
2. Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steered him through.
3. So I may sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fixed,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
4. Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat !
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.
5. Nor wreck, nor ruin, there is seen ;
There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

DODDRIDGE.

517. L. M.

1. O JESUS! life-spring of the soul!
The Father's Power, and Glory bright!
Thee with the angels we extol;
From Thee they draw their life and light.
2. Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread,
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
And Thou dost lift Thy standard dread,
And wave the mighty cross on high.
3. Thou in that sign the rebel powers
Didst with their dragon prince expel;
And hurl them from the heaven's high
towers,
Down like a thunderbolt to hell.
4. Glory to Jesus, who returns
In pomp triumphant to the sky,
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

LYRA CATH.

518. L. M.

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown;
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leaders's praise.

WATTS.

519. L. M.

1. AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:
3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
4. From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

WATTS.

520. L. M.

1. Thou art the Way; and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
2. By Thee must come, Thou Gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting
trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

521. L. M.

1. If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
2. Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
3. O could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
4. The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

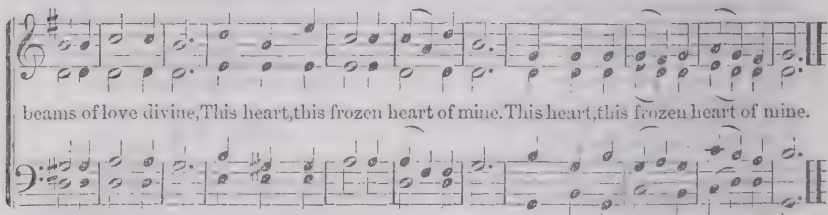
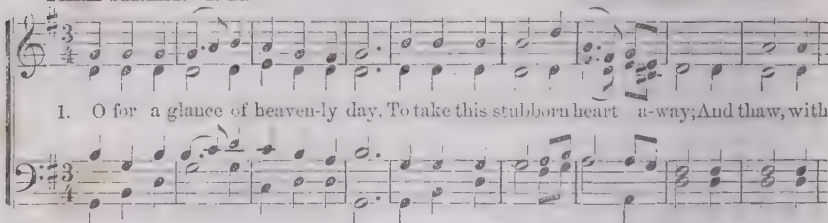
522. L. M.

1. WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
2. By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
3. Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!
4. And, O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

WALTER SCOTT.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



523. L. M.

2. The rocks can read; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
4. Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
5. But Power Divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

HART.

524. L. M.

1. JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to Thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before Thy presence stand;—
2. How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold Thy awful throne,
Or view Thy unapproach'd light?
3. Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul,—“thou art my love,—
My chosen, 'midst ten thousand, thou.”

4. O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view;
Hark, how my silence speaks, and cries,—
Mercy, Thou God of mercy, show!

J. WESLEY.

525. L. M.

1. Oh! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of His face.
2. In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain should bid me move,
In vain, for I should gaze so long,
'Till I were all transformed to love.
3. Then, mighty God, I'd sing and say,
What empty names are crowns and kings;
Amongst men give these worlds away—
These little despicable things.
4. I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
I have a heaven as bright and high,
In the blest vision of my God.

WATTS.

526. L. M.

1. AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
2. See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3. Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,—
But most the traitor in thy heart.
4. Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love,
The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell.

MRS. BARBAULD.

527. L. M.

1. THY happy ones a strain begin:
Dost thou not, Lord, glad souls possess?
Thy cheerful Spirit dwells within;
We feel Thee in our joyfulness.
2. Our mirth is not afraid of Thee;
Our life rejoices to be bright;
We would not from our gladness flee,
But give full welcome to delight.
3. Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny:
Dost Thou not deem them of rich worth?
Our cheer flows on beneath Thine eye;
We feel accepted in our mirth.
4. We turn to Thee a smiling face.
Thou sendest us the smile again;
Our joy, the richness of Thy grace,—
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

T. H. GILL.

528. L. M.

1. SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the ev'ning zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above:
2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars,
So soft to your Almighty Friend,
Be ev'ry sigh your bosom pours.
3. Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.
4. True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll
To Him, who bled upon the tree.

COLLIER.

529. L. M.

1. WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes—
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2. If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal soul is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
3. Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
4. Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

MRS. STEELE.

530. L. M.

1. I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.
2. It was the sight of Thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.
3. I want that grace that springs from Thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
4. For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of my Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to His care,
Or yields Him meaner fruit than I.

COWPER.

531. L. M.

1. FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.
2. Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.
3. In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
4. O, all-sufficient Saviour! be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

NILE. L. M.

English Melody.

1. I now have found a - bid - ing rest, For which I long was sigh - ing,
This is the place where sin, no more, And death and hell a - harm me:

Now, on my Saviour's faith-ful breast My weary head is ly - ing;
I now am safe, by Je - sus' power, From all that else would harm me.

532. L. M. Peculiar.

2. He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
And thou art Mine for ever;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,
Confiding in My favor!
Thy ev'ry want shall find supply
From My exhaustless treasures;
I'll fill thy spirit with My joy,
The pledge of endless pleasures."
3. From Jesus and His love, who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show?
His wounds from vengeance hide me:
My sins are great—I'll not despair,
Though conscience, too, arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Saviour's watchful care—
His arm of love sustains me.
4. I thank Thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought Thee from Thy glorious
throne,
Our peace with God restoring.
O make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling;
Where grateful praise shall never cease
Abroad Thy glories telling.

533. L. M.

1. WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;

But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

H. KIRKE WHITE.

534. L. M.

1. NONE loves me, Saviour, with Thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O, grant me, as Thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of Thine!
2. Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move.
3. A heart that, when my days are glad,
May never from Thy way decline,
A heart that loves to trust in Thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

GERMAN.

535. L. M.

1. THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!
2. Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!
3. O, by the pangs Thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel Thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord! Thou lov'st me still.

536. L. M.

1. A poor way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.
2. I had no power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
3. Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word He spake;
Just perishing for want of bread—
I gave Him all; He blessed and brake,
4. And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then!
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste!
5. I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; His strength was
gone;
The heedless water mocked His thirst:
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
6. I ran and raised the Sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,

Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more!

7. In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him 'mid shame and scorn.
8. My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for Him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"
9. Then, in a moment, to my view,
The Stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
10. He spake, and my poor name He named:
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst it unto Me!"

MONTGOMERY.

537. L. M.

1. ABIDE with us, the evening shades
Begin already to prevail,
And as the evening twilight fades,
Dark clouds around the horizon sail.
2. Abide with us, and still unfold
Thy sacred though prophetic lore,
What wond'rous things of Jesus told—
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.
3. O stay with us, and still converse
Of Him that late on Calvary died—
Of Him the prophecies rehearse—
It was our Friend they crucified.
4. Our souls are faint, our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel He'd restore;
But sweet the truths Thy lips have told
And, Stranger, we complain no more.
5. Thus while they prayed, at their request,
The Stranger bows with smile divine;
Then round the board the unknown Guest,
And weary travelers recline.
6. Abide with us, amaz'd they cried,
As suddenly, while breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus met their eyes,
With radiant glories round His head!
7. Abide with us, Thou heavenly Friend,
Leave not Thy followers alone.
The sweet communion here must end—
The heavenly Visitant is gone.

DRESDEN. L. M.

Fine.

1. Come, O Thou Trav-el-er unknown, Whom still I hold, but can-not see,
 d. c. With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

D. C.

My com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with Thee:
D. C.

538. L. M. (Part 1.) *

2. I need not tell Thee who I am;
 My sin and misery declare;
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
 Look on Thy hands and read it there;
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
 Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
3. In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold!
 Art Thou the Man that died for me?
 The secret of Thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
4. Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

C. WESLEY.

539. L. M. (Part 2.)

1. YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if Thy name be Love.
2. 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
 I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love Thou art:
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move—
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

3. My prayer hath power with God; the
 Unspeakable I now receive; [grace
 Through faith I see Thee face to face;
 I see Thee face to face, and live!
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
4. I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art—
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

C. WESLEY.

540. L. M. (Part 3.)

1. THE Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath risen with healing in His wings:
 Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
 My soul its life and succor brings;
 My help is all laid up above,
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
2. Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend:
 Nor have I power from Thee to move:
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
3. Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

O. WESLEY.

541. L. M. 6 lines.

1. JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Be Thou alone my constant flame.
2. O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole—
My, joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.
3. Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.
4. In suff'ring be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

C. WESLEY.

512. L. M. 6 lines.

1. My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me,
In want, in pain, in shame, hast shown,
For me upon the accursed tree,
Didst by Thy precious death atone;
Thy death upon my heart impress,
That nothing may it thence erase.
2. O that I, like a little child,
May follow Thee; nor ever rest
Till sweetly Thou hast poured Thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast.
Oh may I now and ever be
One spirit, dearest Lord, with Thee!
3. What in Thy love possess I not?
My Star by night, my Sun by day,
My spring of life when parched with
drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.
4. From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued.
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

C. WESLEY.

543. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Now I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
2. O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.
3. With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assaults, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written here.
4. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends
be gone;
Tho' joys be withered all, and dead;
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn—
Steadfast on this my soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

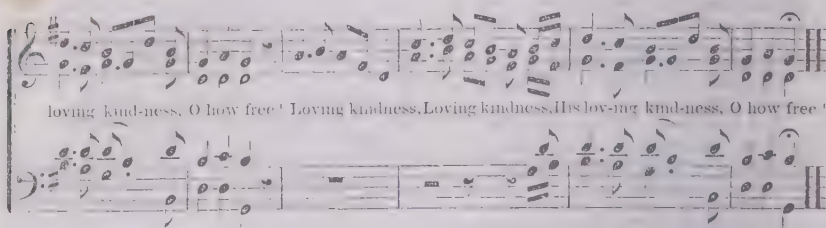
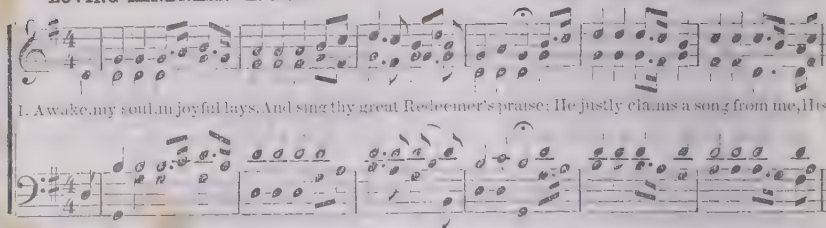
MORAVIAN.

544. L. M. 6 lines.

1. THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while Thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.
2. Jesus, my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
3. In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

C. WESLEY.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



545. L. M.

2. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!
3. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
5. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

546. L. M.

1. LORD, I will bless Thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
2. Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt His name;
I sought the eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
3. I told Him all my silent grief,
My secret groaning reached His ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4. His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
Oh, fear and love Him all His saints,
Accept His grace and trust His word.
WATTS.

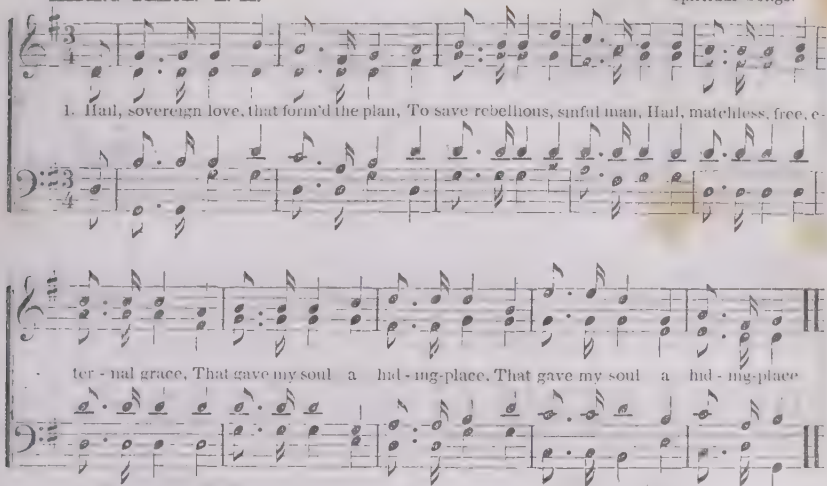
547. L. M.

1. JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
3. This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.
4. The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
5. Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
6. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

CENNICK

HIDING PLACE. L. M.

Spiritual Songs.



548. L. M.

1. HAIL, sov'reign love, that form'd the plan
To save rebellious, ruin'd man,
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
2. Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with weapons lifted high,
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.
3. Yet when God's justice rose in view,
To Sinai's burning mount I flew;
Keen were the pangs of my distress,—
The mountain was no hiding-place.
4. But a celestial voice I heard,
A bleeding Saviour then appear'd,
Led by the Spirit of His grace,—
I found in Him a hiding-place.
5. On Him the weight of vengeance fell,
That else had sunk a world to hell;
Then, O my soul, for ever praise
Thy Saviour God, thy hiding-place.

SPIR. SONGS.

549. L. M.

1. MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
2. What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
I live Thy smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3. I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
4. 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
5. His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love's constraining power.

DODDRIDGE.

550. L. M.

1. JESUS! Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
3. This spotless robe the same appears,
When rained nature sinks in years;
No age can change its lovely hue;
Its glory is for ever now.
4. O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

C. WESLEY.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail! the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - adem, And crown Him Lord of all.

551. C. M.

1. All hail! the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
4. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
5. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all.
6. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
7. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

8. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

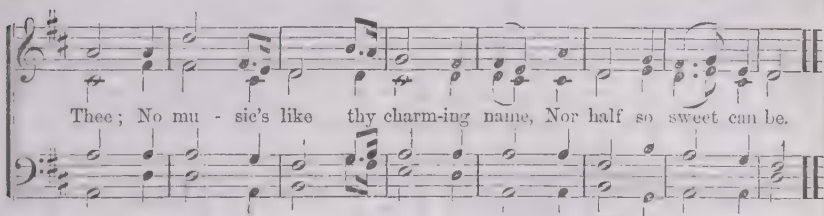
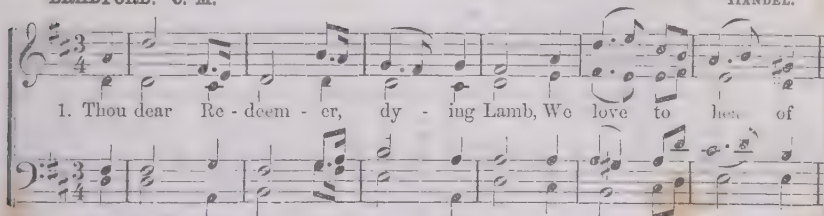
552. C. M.

1. ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
2. He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 't was before I fell.
3. The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
4. The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
5. Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
6. Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

WATTS

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.



553. C. M.

2. O may we ever hear Thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
3. Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

MADAN'S COLL.

554. C. M.

1. WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
2. The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
3. "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned Thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."
4. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5. Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
6. Though seed lie buried long in dust,
'T will not deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

WATTS.

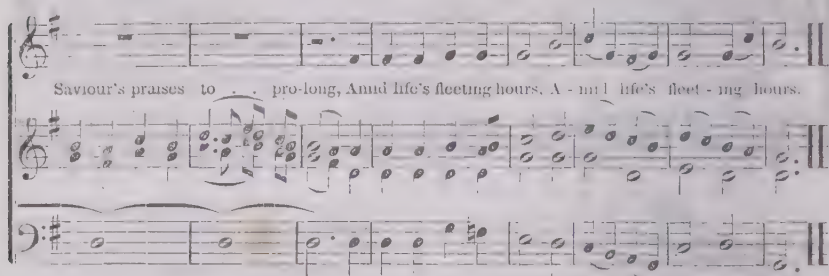
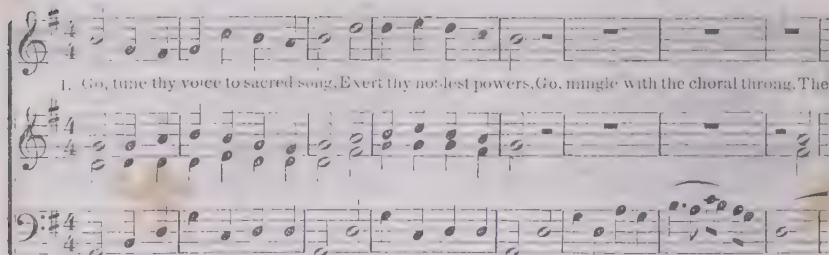
555. C. M.

1. How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!
2. Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me,
The love of my poor heart.
3. No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.
4. Only to sit and think of God—
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss!
5. Father of Jesus! love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

LYRA CATH.

PRAISE. C. M.

English.



556. C. M.

2. O! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heavenly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.
3. Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near th' eternal throne,
O sing the praise of God!
4. Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how He broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven.

557. C. M.*

1. SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing,
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
2. A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3. Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
4. March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

558. C. M.

1. COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.
2. Behold your King, your Saviour crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
3. When in His earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.
4. O for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

MRS. STEELR.

* Adapt simple Common Metres to the music by repeating the third and the fourth lines of the stanza.

559. C. M.

1. ~~Once~~, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
2. Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
3. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
4. To Thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

WATTS.

560. C. M.

1. YE lands and isles of every sea,
Rejoice—the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares His way,
And mountains melt to plains.
2. His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys His smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
3. The heavens His rightful power proclaim;
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
4. Adoring angels at His birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall He come to judge the earth,
And angels guard His throne.
5. His foes shall tremble at the sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.
6. The seeds of joy and glory sown,
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

WATTS.

561. C. M.

1. HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed Himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
2. See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,

With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.

3. There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
4. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
5. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

WATTS.

562. C. M.

1. O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
3. Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

C. WESLEY.

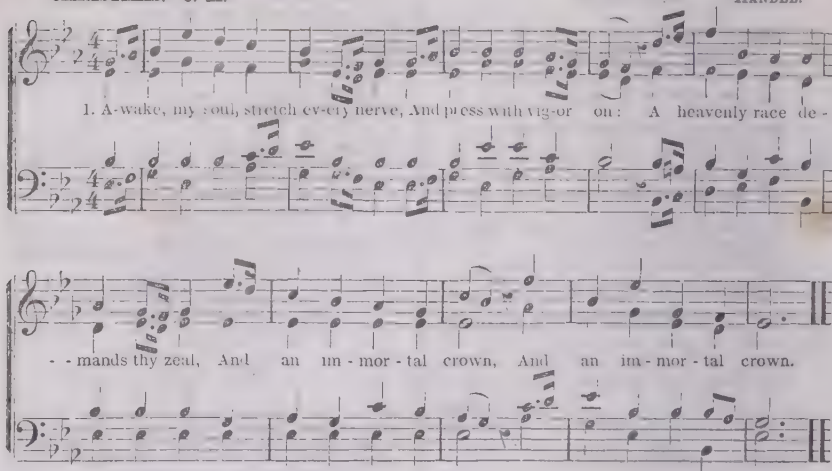
563. C. M.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.
2. Jesus, my God!—I know His name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.



564. C. M.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
4. That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's
gems
Shall blend in common dust.
5. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

DODDRIDGE.

565. C. M.

1. RISE, O my soul—pursue the path .
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.
2. Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
3. 'T was through the Lamb's most precious
blood,
They conquered every foe;

To His almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

4. Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

NEEDHAM.

566. C. M.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies—
The glory shall be Thine. WATTS.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways, My jour-ney I'll pur-sue;
Hin-der me not, ye much-loved saints! For I must go with you.

567. C. M.

2. Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not!—shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
3. Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
4. And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death!
I'll gladly go with Thee.

RYLAND.

568. C. M.

1. ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance!—ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
3. O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
4. Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5. O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

MRS. STEELE.

569. C. M.

1. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3. Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
4. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.
5. Oh! make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide—
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
6. Fear Him, ye saints! and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye His service your delight—
He'll make your wants His care.

TATE AND BRADY.

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

Amazing grace how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see,
D. C. To meet to part no more On

blind, but now I see, I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
Canaan's hap - py shore, Then we shall meet at Jesus' feet, Shall meet to part no more.

blind, but now I see, I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

Coda. (To be sung or omitted at pleasure.) D. C. Al Segno.*

O that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, O that will be joy-ful, to meet to part no more.

O that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, O that will be joy-ful, to meet to part no more.

* The D. C. at Segno signifies that the voices go back to the sign F .

570. C. M.

- 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

NEWTON.

571. C. M.

- COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on His breast.
- Below He washed our guilt away
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.
- Clothed with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom He Himself o'ercame.
- Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of His love;
For us He died in kindness here,
For us He lives above.
- O may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to bear His name;
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith—
Our lips His praise proclaim.

CAMPBELL'S COLL

572. C. M.

1. SALVATION! Oh! the joyful sound;
Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

573. C. M.*

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

COWPER.

574. C. M.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.
2. His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
3. Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."
4. O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

MRS. STEELE.

* This Hymn may be sung to Heber, page 223.

575. C. M.

1. AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
2. 'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes His graces shine.
3. And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
4. How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
5. The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness.
6. Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

WATTS.

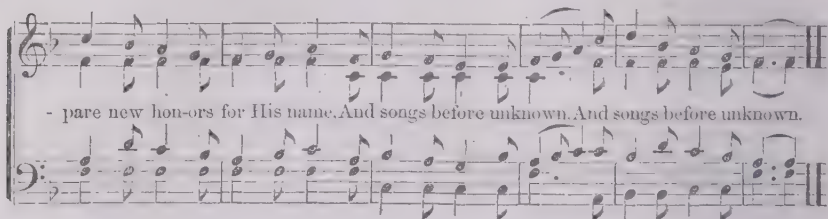
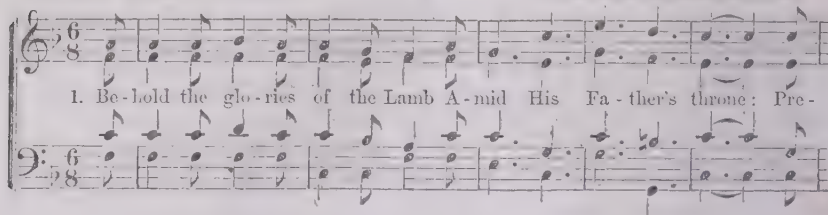
576. C. M.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

MORY. C. M.

From Root & Sweetner's Coll.



577. C. M.

2. Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
3. Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.
4. Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.
5. The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

WATTS.

578. C. M.

1. My Saviour! my almighty Friend!
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end—
The numbers of Thy grace?
2. Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.
3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage, in Thy strength,
To see my Father-God.
4. When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,

I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
6. Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

WATTS.

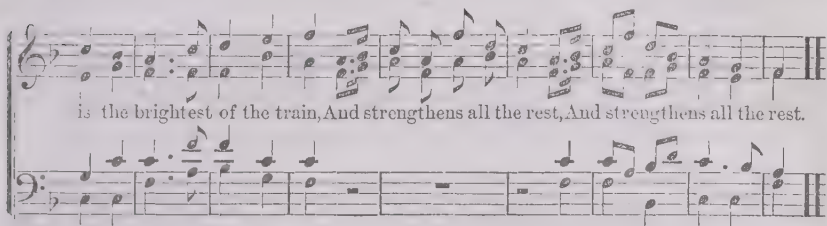
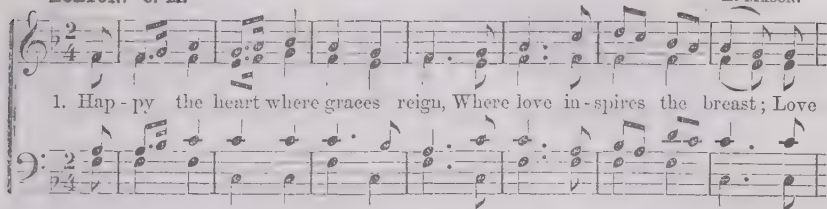
579. C. M.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
4. O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
5. Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

WATTS.

BOLTON. C. M.

L. MASON.



580. C. M.

2. Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
3. This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
T'is this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
4. Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

WATTS.

581. C. M.

1. COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.
2. God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you His treasure and His joy,
His children and His friends.
3. My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.
4. Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

HIGINBOTHAM.

582. C. M.

1. LORD! 'tis an infinite delight
To see Thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in Thy sight,
And feel Thy vital rays.
2. While the bright nation sounds Thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odors of exhaling grace,
The happy region fill.
3. Thy love a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad—
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!
4. Show me Thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings. WATTS.

583. C. M.

1. JESUS—the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky—
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
2. Jesus—the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given—
It scatters all their guilt and fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
3. Oh that a dying world might know
The glory of His name;
My voice shall His salvation show,
And cry—"Behold the Lamb!"
4. Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Proclaim His love, and cry in death—
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

C. WESLEY.

COVENTRY. C. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.

1. O could our thoughts and wish-es fly A - bove these gloom-y shades,

To those bright worlds be-yond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

584. C. M.

1. O COULD our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
2. There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
3. Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
4. Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. [spring]

MRS. STEELE.

585. C. M.

1. O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.
2. Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4. Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

HARTFORD SELECTION.

586. C. M.

1. FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
3. There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
4. Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love.
5. My Saviour, every smile of Thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all Thy graces spring.
6. Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to Thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

587. C. M.

1. MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
2. In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis 'thy sweet beams create my noon—
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
3. And while upon my restless bed
Through midnight hours I roll,
If my Redeemer shows His head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
4. To Thee I owe my wealth and friends,
My health and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
5. Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
6. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

WATTS.

588. C. M.

1. THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.
2. But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
3. So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serenest air
To hold my course to Thee.
4. No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

MOORE.

589. C. M.

1. THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there Thy rest.

2. Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.
3. Who made this beating heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

LYRA CATH.

590. C. M.

1. MY Saviour, let me hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate Thy grace.
2. With gentle smiles call me Thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm my ear
Like the sweet harps of heaven.
3. Cheerful, where'er Thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
4. When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know:
That hand which scatters pardons down
Shall crowns of life bestow.

DODDRIDGE.

591. C. M.

1. UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite,
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.
2. Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims Himself my Friend.
3. Harmonious accents to my soul,
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
4. By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

DODDRIDGE.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

Praise, honor, to the Father be,
Praise to His only Son;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
While ceaseless ages run.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

DR. HAWES.

1. O for the hap - py days gone by, When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spi - rit so en - joyed More than earth's lib - er - ty!

592. C. M.

1. O for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my Spirit so enjoy'd
More than earth's liberty!
2. O for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never pall'd—
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was call'd!
3. Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless, and bright, and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.
4. O who hath lock'd those fountains up?
Those visions who hath stay'd?
What sudden act hath thus transform'd
My sunshine into shade?
5. This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad
thoughts
That come without command,—
6. A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
7. If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!
If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.
8. But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.
9. One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.
10. But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.
11. So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more.
12. O blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dread Supremacy!

FABER.

593. C. M.

1. O JESUS! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire:
2. O JESUS! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.
3. Poor souls! that know not how to love;
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.
4. The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.
5. Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

LYRA CATH.

594. C. M.

1. GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death.
2. O, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.
3. God, whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.
4. Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

595. C. M.

1. DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine,
2. Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,

Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

3. Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine
4. The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine
5. For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

J. F. CLARKE.

596. C. M.

1. DEAR Jesus! ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
2. Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
3. I can not feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.
4. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.
5. And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
6. Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

FABER.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To God the Father, glory be,
And to His only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

GUARDIAN. C. M.

A. BROWN.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my
bright-est days, And com - fort of my nights, And com - fort of my nights.

597. C. M.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
2. In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am His!"
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5. Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

WATTS.

598. C. M.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.
2. Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disclaim to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
4. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?
5. Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

599. C. M.

1. DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?
2. 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.
5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

WATTS.

600. C. M.

1. O HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
2. God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.
3. O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
4. A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?
5. How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast Thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.
6. Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free;
Look long at Jesus; His sweet blood,
How was it dealt to Thee?
7. The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

FABER.

601. C. M.

1. O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
2. To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.
3. O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.
4. O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

BREVIAIRY.

602. C. M.

1. O GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?
2. How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!
3. Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
4. The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.
5. O, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

LYRA CATH.

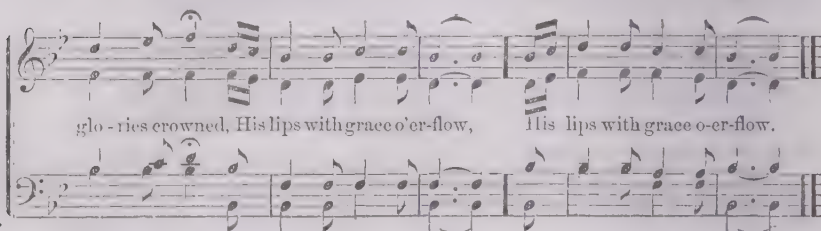
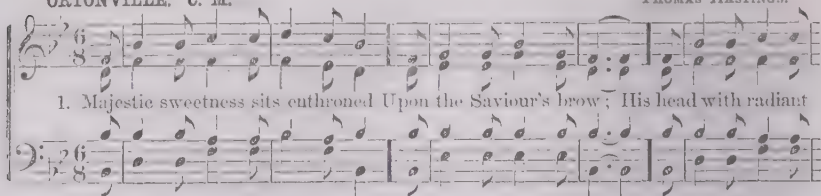
603. C. M.

1. O dearest Lamb, take Thou my heart!
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee?
2. If there's a fervor in my soul,
And fervor sure there is,
Now it shall be at thy control,
And but to serve Thee rise.
3. If love, that mildest flame can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour to my breast,
Its love shall all be Thine.
4. Now the gay world with treacherous art
Shall tempt thy heart in vain
I have conveyed away that heart,
Ne'er to return again.
5. 'Tis heaven on earth to taste His love,
To feel His quickening grace,
And all the heaven I hope above,
Is but to see His face.

MORAVIAN.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



604. C. M.

2. No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
5. To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

S. STENNETT.

605. C. M.

1. JESUS! I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
2. Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are guilty toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
5. I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

606. C. M.

1. To Thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the humblest of Thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
2. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To Thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
3. To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
4. Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by Thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach Thy fold above,
And praise Thee better there.

HIGGINBOTHAM.

607. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
3. By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
6. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

608. C. M.

1. GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
2. Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform His will,
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.
3. They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.
4. O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see His lovely face!
5. Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne,
Call me a child of Thine;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
6. There shed Thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say—"My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

WATTS.

609. C. M.

1. As once the Saviour took His seat—
Attracted by His fame,
And lowly bending at His feet,
An humble suppliant came.
2. Ashamed to lift her streaming eyes
His holy glance to meet,
She poured her costly sacrifice
Upon the Saviour's feet.
3. Oppressed with sin and sorrow's weight,
And sinking in despair,
With tears she washed His sacred feet,
And wiped them with her hair.
4. "Depart in peace," the Saviour said,
"Thy sins are all forgiven!"
The trembling sinner raised her head,
In peaceful hope of heaven.

MRS. BROWN.

610. C. M.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind!—
3. Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
6. The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

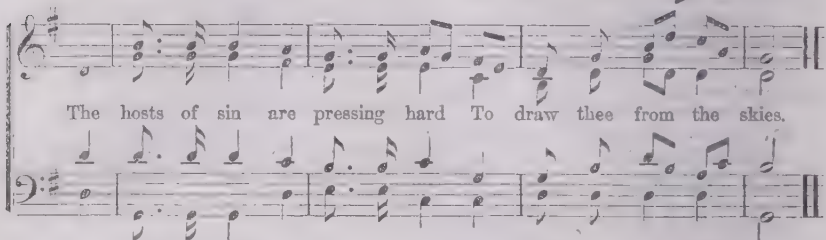
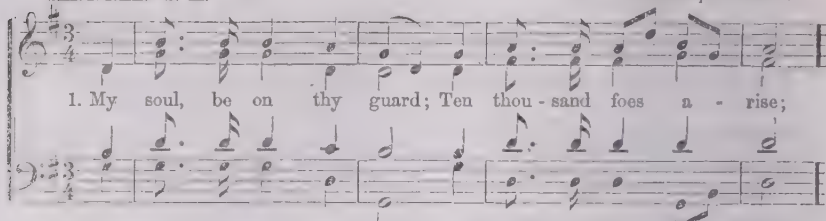
WATTS.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

PRAISE Him, who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies;
Whose blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

SENTINEL. S. M.

From Templi Carmina.



611. S. M.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

HEATH.

612. S. M.

1. SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
3. Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
4. But above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field.
5. Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,

And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

6. That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.
7. From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
8. Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

C. WESLEY.

613. S. M.

1. SOLDIERS of Christ! arise!
The God of armies calls
Unto His mansions in the skies—
His everlasting halls:
2. The angel host appears.
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears,
Its joys, compared to this!
3. Crush'd is the haughty foe,
His might, his glory gone;
But ye, with victory crown'd, shall go
To Christ's eternal throne.
4. There shall the conqueror rest,
And in that bright abode
For ever reign amid the blest,
Triumphant with his God.

LYRA CATH.

614. S. M.

1. I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2. The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3. The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

SWAIN.

615. S. M.

1. GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound;
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

616. S. M.

1. Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2. How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3. But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4. See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.

13

5. All honor to His name,
Who marks the shining way;
To Him, who leads the wanderer on
To realms of endless day.

DODDRIDGE.

617. S. M.

1. REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2. Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3. Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4. When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ His brethren calls;
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

5. So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

618. S. M.

1. JESUS' tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight;
Jesus, the meek, the gentle Lamb
A Lion is, in fight.

2. By all Hell's host withstood,
We all Hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them in Jesus' blood
We still to conquer go.

3. Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize;

4. "Be faithful unto death;
Partake My victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me."

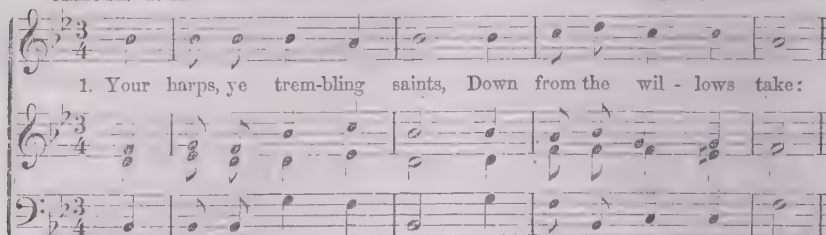
C. WESLEY.

DOXOLOGY. S. M.

Blest Trinity! vouchsafe
That, to Thy guidance true,
What Thou forbiddest, we may shun;
What Thou commandest, do.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.



619. S. M.

2. Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
3. His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
4. When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
6. Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

620. S. M.

1. How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.
4. The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the accursed chain.
5. Lord, we adore Thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign Power, Thy healing grace,
And Thy atoning blood.

WATTS.

621. S. M.

1. "FOR EVER, with the Lord!"—
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
2. Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home

3. "For ever with the Lord!"
Saviour, if 'tis Thy will
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

4. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne—
"For ever with the Lord!"

MONTGOMERY.

622. S. M.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

C. WESLEY.

623. S. M.

1. TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee!

2. To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.

3. All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4. If done beneath Thy laws
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

HERBERT.

624. S. M.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2. Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

BEDDOME.

625. S. M.

1. THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2. Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But He shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring His golden sheaves.

G. BURGESS.

626. S. M.

1. YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

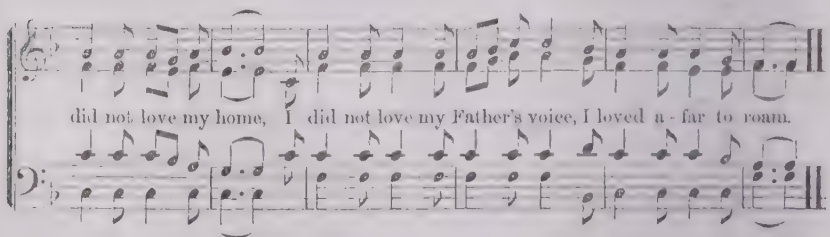
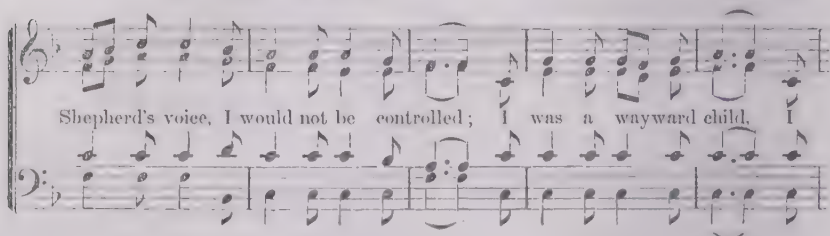
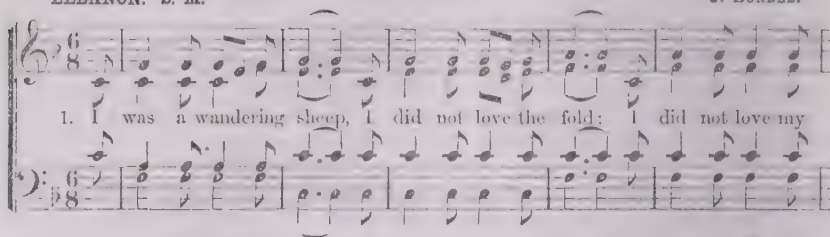
3. Watch—it is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4. O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

DODDRIDGE

LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

**627. S. M. Double.**

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
3. They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;

They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed:
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

4. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that wash'd me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole:
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold—
'T is He that still doth keep.

5. No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controll'd,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love His home.

628. S. M.

1. THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
4. While He affords His aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.
5. In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

WATTS.

629. S. M.

1. OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
2. God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
3. How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!
4. Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
5. Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

DODDRIDGE.

630. S. M.

1. MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I can not live, if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is paradise when Thou art here;
If Thou depart, 't is hell.
3. To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
4. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.
5. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.
6. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

WATTS.

631. S. M. Double.

1. I WANT a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.
2. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.
3. I rest upon Thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. WESLEY.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake
 ev - ery heart, and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Sa - viour's name.

632. S. M.

2. Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart;
 And grace inspire our song.
3. Sing, on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, the heavenly King.
4. Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come!"
 Soon will He call us hence away
 To our eternal home.
5. There shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

HAMMOND.

633. S. M.

1. HARK, how the watchmen cry!
 Attend the trumpet's sound;
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,—
 The powers of hell surround.
2. Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare;
 The day of battle is at hand,—
 Go forth to glorious war.
3. See on the mountain top
 The standard of your God;
 In Jesus' name 't is lifted up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
4. His standard-bearers, now
 To all the nations call:

To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
 He bore the cross for all.

5. Go up with Christ your Head;
 Your Captain's footsteps see;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory.
6. All power to Him is given;
 He ever reigns the same:
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
 Are all in Jesus' name.

C. WESLEY.

634. S. M.

1. Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace.
 Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
4. My soul looks back, to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
5. Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

WATTS.

635. S. M.

1. RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes His brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
5. Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.
6. Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

WATTS.

636. S. M.

1. BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
2. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
3. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
4. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
5. We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

637. S. M.

1. To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2. 'T is His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
3. He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
5. To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

WATTS.

638. S. M.

1. COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
4. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGY. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be:
As was, and is, and shall be so,
Through all eternity.

ESSEX. 7s.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with hallelujahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's
work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done. When he spake, and it was done.

639. 7s.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
3. Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4. And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
5. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6. Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.

640. 7s.*

1. JESUS lives, and so shall I.
Death! thy sting is gone for ever!
He, who deigned for me to die,

* Sung to Essex, by repeating the two first strains.

Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

2. Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
3. Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is True as He is Just;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
4. Jesus lives, and by His grace
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
The weak He raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
5. Jesus lives, and I am sure
Nought shall e'er from Jesus sever.
Satan's wiles, and Satan's power,
Pain or pleasure—ye shall never!
Christian armor can not rust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
6. Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just—
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

GELLERT

HOPE. 7s.

H. POND.

1. { "Joy to those that love the Lord!" Saith the sure e - ter - nal word ;
 Not of earth the joy it brings, Tempered in ce - les - tial springs.
 'Tis the joy that fills the breast, When the pas - sions - sink to rest.

1st time. 2d and 3d times.

2. 'Tis the joy of par - doned sin, When we feel 'tis well with - in.

D. C.

641. 7s.

3. 'Tis a joy, that seated deep,
 Leaves not when we sigh and weep ;
 Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
 Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.
4. Stern and awful are its tones
 When the patriot martyr groans,
 And the death-pulse beating high,
 Rapture blends with agony.
5. Tend'rer is the form it wears,
 Touch'd in love, dissolved in tears,
 When, subdued, at Jesus' feet,
 Sinners clasp the mercy-seat.
6. Joy e'en here! a budding flower,
 Struggling with the storm and shower,
 Till its season to expand,
 Planted in its native land.

642. 7s. Single.

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground—
 Christ, the spring of all my joy!
 Still in Thee let me be found,
 Still for Thee my powers employ.
2. Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
 Freely from Thy fullness give ;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it "Christ for me to live!"
3. Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound ;

Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4. When I touch the blessed shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll ;
 Death's dark stream shall never more
 Part from Thee my ravished soul.
5. Thus—O thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky ;
 Having known it, "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it "gain to die."

WINDHAM.

643. 7s. 6 lines.*

1. CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high be near,
 Day-star in my heart appear.
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If Thy light is hid from me ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till thy inward light impart,
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.
3. Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

* Adapt by repeating the last two lines of the stanza.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON. By permission.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries

forth, Which in my Sa-viour shine! { I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings. }
 { And vie with Ga-briel, while he sings }

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

644. C. P. M.

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
 My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4. Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

MEDLEY.

615. C. P. M.

1. How happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.
2. The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernable and clear,
An undisputed claim.
3. O messenger of dear delight!
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet, peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

MADAME GUION.

616. C. P. M.

1. LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee:
Against Thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against Thy love?—
Love conquers even me.
2. But since Thou hast Thy love reveal'd,
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more;
Couldst Thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst Thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!
3. If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.
4. Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone—
Come, take possession of Thine own,
For Thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by Thee.

NEWTON.

617. C. P. M.

1. O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up in Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2. Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They can not reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
3. God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for Thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!
4. O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
5. O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me! O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest!

C. WESLEY.

618. C. P. M.

1. SELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease—
'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true Love employ—
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.
2. Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.
3. Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must for ever blaze!
To take the cross and follow Thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

MADAME GUION.

DOXOLOGY. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below; [breath,
From whom all creatures draw their
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

BARTIMEUS. 7s.

1. "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed!
 "Others by thy word are sa-ved, Now to me af-ford thine aid." 2. Many for his cry-ing

child him. But he called the louder still: Till the gracious Saviour bid him Come, and ask Me what you will.

649. 8s & 7s.

3. Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but He could give.
4. "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
5. Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around:
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!"
6. "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

NEWTON.

650. 8s & 7s.

1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise, the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
3. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

4. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
5. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
6. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

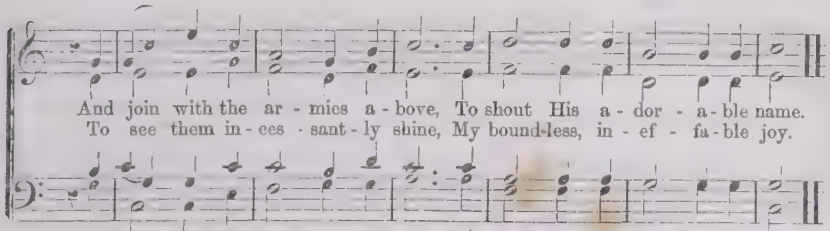
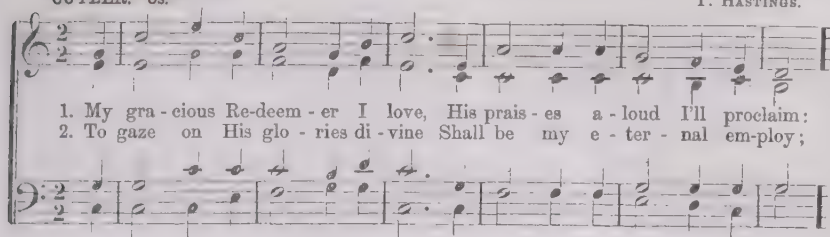
651. 8s & 7s.

1. GOD is love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.
4. He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Every where His glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

HOWRING.

CUYLER. 8s.

T. HASTINGS.



652. 8s.

3. He freely redeemed, with His blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in His sweet presence to dwell.
4. To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
5. Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
6. The crown that my Saviour bestows,
You permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

FRANCIS.

653. 8s.

1. INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign.
2. If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
3. Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4. Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.
5. Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
6. I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

TOPLADY.

654. 8s.

1. THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
2. Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found
In praising to take less delight?
3. Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
Sweet organs your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.
4. His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, His spirit's abode;
My joy as my duty to sing.

HAWES.

WILLIS. 7s.

R. STORRS WILLIS.

1. Now begin the heavenly theme, Sing a-loud in Jesus' name! Ye, who His sal -

-vation prove, Triumph in re-deem-ing love, Triumph in re-deeming love.

655. 7s.

1. Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
4. Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

LANGFORD.

CORAL. 12s & 11s.

1. { As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean, Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see.
So, deep in my heart, the still pray'r of devotion, Unheard by the world, rises,

2. silent to Thee, My God! Silent to Thee, Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

656. 12s & 11s.

1. As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see.
So, deep in my heart, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee!

2. As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, through this wintry world
shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling, to Thee,
My God! trembling to Thee—
True, fond, trembling to Thee.

MOORE.

JACKSONVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Hymn 657.

1. Tho' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest,
2. Pilgrims thro' this world and strangers, Toil-ing in the midst of foes,

Tho' the si-lent watches guard us, Let no foe our peace molest;
Us and ours pre-serve from dangers, And our trust in Thee re-pose;

Je-sus now our Sa-viour be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
And when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

CRUSADER'S HYMN. 5s, 6s & 8s.

Hymn 658.

Arranged by R. STORRS WILLIS.

1. Fairest Lord Je-sus! Ruler of all nature! O Thou of God and man the Son?
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And the twinkling star-ry host;

Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woful heart to sing.
Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

WELCOME. 8s, 7s & 4s.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Welcome, welcome, dear Re - deem - er, Wel - come to this heart of mine;
 Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, Ev - ery power and thought be Thine;
 Thine en - tire - ly, Thine en - tire - ly, Through e - ter - nal a - ges Thine.

659. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine;
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be Thine;
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages, Thine.
2. Known to all to be Thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near—
 Shout, O Zion!
 Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

660. 8s & 7s.*

1. LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2. Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
3. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest.
4. Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave!
5. Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure, and spotless may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee!
6. Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. WESLEY.

* Repeat the last two lines.

661. 8s & 7s.

1. COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
2. Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
3. Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a child—and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy precious kingdom bring.
4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

MADAN'S COLL.

662. 8s & 7s.

1. JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured Thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.
2. I have sinned, but Oh, restore me;
For unless Thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity!
3. In Thy word I hear Thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to Thy breast.
4. Grant, Oh grant Thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

663. 8s & 7s.

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
2. Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
3. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

14

5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
6. Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,
Where, unveiled, Thy glories shine.

BEATTY.

664. 8s & 7s.

1. CROWN His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.
2. Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee—
Thee, our Saviour—Thee, our God;
From Thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
3. Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
4. Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

PRATT'S COLL.

665. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

1. ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God;
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need!
3. When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them "Brethren—friends,"
And to all their wants attends.
4. O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

NEWTON.

CROMWELL, H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Come, every pious heart, That loves the Saviour's name! Your noblest powers exert, To

cel- e-brate His fame; Tell all a-bove, and all be-low, The debt of

love to Him you owe, The debt of love to Him you owe.

666. H. M.

1. Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.
2. He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
3. From the dark grave He rose,—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.
4. From thence He'll quickly come,—
His chariot will not stay,—
And hear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face,
And over be in His embrace.

STERNKITT.

667. H. M.

1. Ye dying sons of men,—
Immersed in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
2. No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinners, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.
3. Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is His name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair; there yet is room.
4. Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

BODEN.

668. II. M.

1. JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For Thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2. Thou art my pilot—wise,
My compass is Thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord ;
I'll trust Thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3. Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with His eye:
My anchor—hope, will firm abide,
And ev'ry boist'rous storm outride.

4. Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5. By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
Oh may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves disturb no more
TOPLADY.

669. II. M.

1. ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands ;
My name is written on His hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,—
I can no longer fear ;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me "Thou art born of God."

C. WESLEY.

670. II. M.

1. My Shepherd's name is Love—
Jehovah, God above ;
Where tender herbage grows,
And peaceful water flows,
He gently leads, He kindly feeds,
And lulls me then to sweet repose.

2. If e'er I heedless stray,
He shows my feet the way ;
Yea, though through dreary glades,
I walk in dismal shades,
No harm I fear, for Thou art near,
Thy faithful stall' my progress aids.

3. When raging foes surround,
My comforts still abound ;
I breathe a fragrant air,
And feed on sweetest fare ;
Thus in Thy fold, when worn and old,
I'll dwell secure beneath Thy care.

HATFIELD.

671. II. M.

1. COME, my fond, fluttering heart !
Come, struggle to be free ;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be :
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2. Ye tempting sweets! forbear ;
Ye dearest idols! fall ;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all :
'Tis bitter pain,—'tis cruel smart,—
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3. Ye fair, enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams! farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell :
Farewell, ye joys of early years!
Jesus! forgive these parting tears.

4. In Gilead there is balm,
A kind Physician there
My fevered mind to calm,
And bid me not despair :
Aid me, dear Saviour! set me free;
My all I would resign to Thee.

5. Oh! may I feel Thy worth,
And let no idol dare—
No vanity of earth
With Thee, my Lord! compare :
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

JANE TAYLOR.

LISCHER. H. M.

From the German by L. MASON

1. { O, Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; }
Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast sal - va - tion nigh. } Cheer -

ful in God, a - rise and shine, While rays divine stream all a-broad, While

rays di - vine Stream all a - - - broad.

672. H. M.

2. He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that can not fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crowned.
3. In honor to His name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue His praise till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.
4. There on His holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round His throne ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, His influence own.

DODDRIDGE.

673. H. M.

1. To heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—

The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2. My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun, and Thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4. Hast Thou not pledged Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

WATTS.

CORNET.

Arranged from a Western Melody.

1. O Thou Almighty Father, Come help me now to praise thy glory. Methinks I hear the

trumpet sound be-fore the break of day, Oh, had I the wings of the morn-ing, I'd

fly a - way to Canaan's shore, Bright angels should convey me home, To the new Jeru-sa-lem.

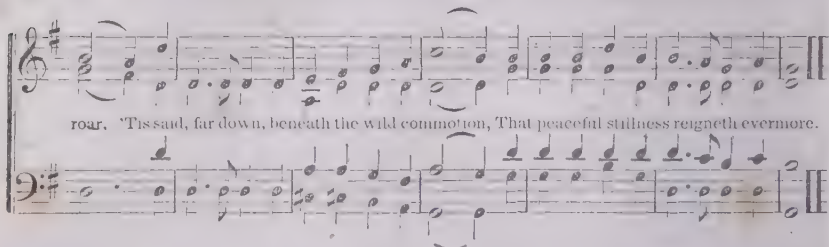
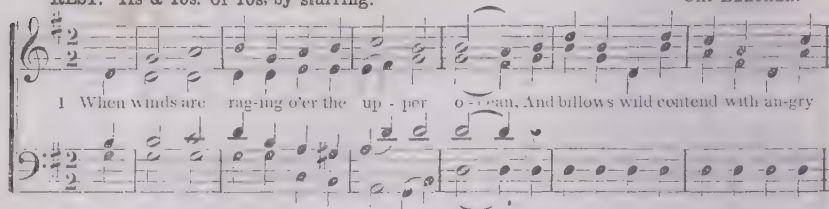
674.

1. O Thou Almighty Father,
Come help me now to praise Thy glory,
Methinks I hear, &c.
2. O come, Thou living Saviour,
Come help me now to love Thee truly,
Methinks I hear, &c.
3. O come, Thou Holy Spirit,
Inflame my soul with heav'nly fire,
Methinks, &c.

4. O angels and archangels,
Come help me chant Jehovah's praises,
Methinks, &c.
5. O all ye Christian heroes,
Come help me fight the mighty battle,
Methinks, &c.
6. Burst wide, ye heavenly portals,
Room for the host of blood-bought con-
querors,
Methinks, &c.

REST. 11s & 10s. Or 10s. by slurring.

CH. BEECHER.



675. 11s & 10s.

2. Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it fieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3. So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4. Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it fieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

5. O Rest of rests! O Peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, for ever and for ever.

MRS. STOWE.

676. 11s & 10s.

1. STILL, still with Thee—when purple morn-ing breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-light,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

2. Alone with Thee—amid the mystic sha-dows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3. As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

4. Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

5. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-shading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

6. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

MRS. STOWE.

677. 11s.

"Abide in me."

1. THAT mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord!

Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

2. Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love,
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine—calm and divine.

3. As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

4. The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

5. Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

6. These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray Thee now fulfill my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

MRS. STOWE.

678. 10s.

1. ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?

On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
LYTE.

679. 10s.

1. MY feet are worn and weary with the march

O'er the rough road and up the steep hill-side;

O city of our God! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

2. My hands are weary, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
O city of our God! I fain would rest,—
I sigh to gain Thy glorious mercy-seat.

3. My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness!
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

4. My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
O city of our God! within Thy walls
All—all are clothed again with Thy new birth.

5. My heart is weary of its own deep sin,—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

6. Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

7. Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O city of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls,—Home of the loved and blest.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

Manhattan Collection.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In un - ion sweet, ac-cord-ing minds! How
 swift the heav-en-ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

680. L. M.

2. To each, the soul of each how dear!
 What watchful love, what holy fear!
 How doth the gen'rous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
3. Their streaming eyes together flow
 For human guilt and mortal woe;
 Their ardent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
4. Together oft they seek the place
 Where God reveals His awful face;
 How high, how strong their raptures swell,
 There 's none but kindred souls can tell.
5. Nor shall the glowing flame expire
 'Midst nature's drooping, sick'ning fire:
 Soon shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy, because of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

681. L. M.

1. COME in, thou blessed of our God,
 In Jesus' name we bid thee come;
 No more thy feet shall roam abroad,
 Henceforth a brother,—welcome home.

2. Those joys which earth can not afford,
 We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
 Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.
3. And while we pass this vale of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
 We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
 And count a brother's cares our own.
4. Once more our welcome we repeat;
 Receive assurance of our love;
 O may we all together meet
 Around the throne of God above!

KELLY.

682. L. M.

1. How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
 When life declines, recalls again
 The years that time has cast behind,
 And reaps delight from toil and pain.
2. So, when the transient storm is past,
 The sudden gloom and driving shower,
 The sweetest sunshine is the last;
 The loveliest is the evening hour.

683. L. M.

1. My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4. Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

684. L. M.

1. GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:—
2. Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,—
We shall be saved and sigh no more.
3. Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain Thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
4. Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore.—
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

WATTS.

685. L. M.

1. KINDRED in Christ! for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
2. May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.
4. We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below;—
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
5. Thus,—as the moments pass away,—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

686. L. M.

1. WHAT various hindrances we meet.
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
2. Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. Have you no words? Ah, think again
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
5. Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

COWPER.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee through endless times confess'd
Of Both th' eternal Spirit blest.

All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death: the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

GEER, C. M.

GREATORREX'S COLL.

1. While Thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es still'd:
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

687. C. M.

2. Thy love the powers of thought bestowed!
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
3. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
5. When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

688. C. M.

1. O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!
2. Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide.
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
4. O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
5. Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

LOGAN.

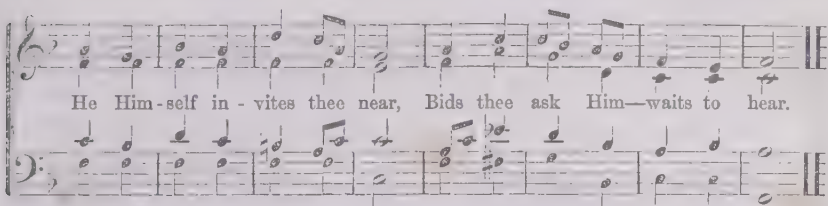
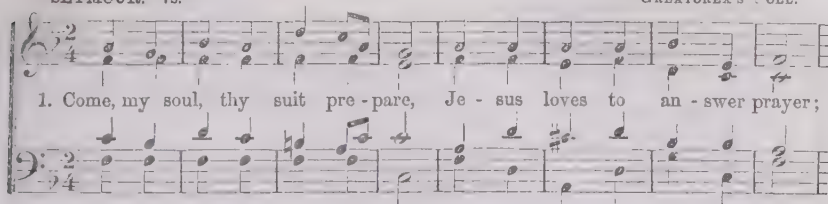
689. C. M.

1. How deep and tranquil is the joy
Which Thou hast kindly given
To those who seek Thy presence, Lord,
And tread the path to heaven.
2. 'Tis in the silence of the shade
My sober thoughts begin,
And earth's illusive charms appear
But vanity and sin.
3. 'Tis here the troubled springs of life
Are calmed to sweetest rest;
The stillness of this hour expels
The tumult of my breast.
4. Far, far above all mortal things
I walk with God alone;
And while He names celestial joys,
I call them all my own.
5. Then let the noisy world pursue
The trifles of a day,—
Mine be the silent, secret joys
That never fade away.

REED.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

GREATOROX'S COLL.



690. 7s.

2. With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt!
3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
4. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!
5. Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

NEWTON.

691. 7s.

1. THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.
2. In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.
3. When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every where.

4. Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present every where.

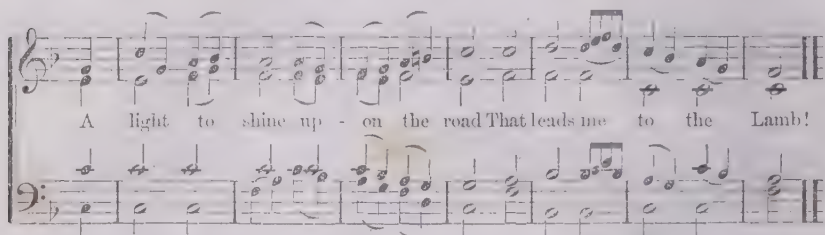
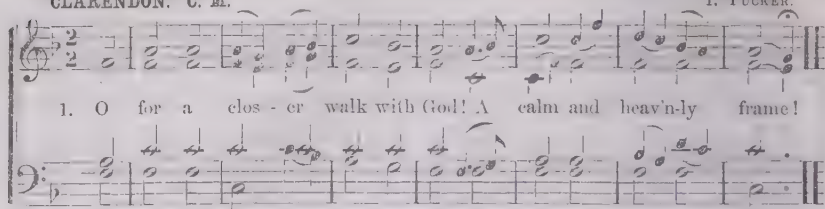
692. C. M.

1. To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
2. Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom He designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
3. He will sustain our weakest powers
With His almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
4. Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ His power
For thine eternal guard.
5. Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
6. He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

WATTS.

CLARENDON. C. M.

I. TUCKER.



693. C. M.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

694. C. M.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from His ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays"
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

695. C. M.

1. FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
3. There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy and love,
She communes with her God!
4. There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
5. Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine!
6. What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more. COWPER.

696. C. M.

1. SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows:
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
3. But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
4. Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

697. C. M.

1. THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed,
Then seize, O youth, the present hour,
Of that thou hast most need.
2. Do thy best always—do it now—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plow,
Fall seeds of good or crime.
3. The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown,
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.
4. And soon the harvest of thy toil,
Rejoicing, thou shalt reap,
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil,
Go forth in shame to weep.

JONES VERY.

698. C. M.

1. THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In Thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
2. I have no argument beside
I urge no other plea,
And 't is enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.
3. When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.

4. From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My spirit flies to Thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me.
5. And when Thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—
6. Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak—
“My Saviour died for me.”

RAFFLES.

699. C. M.

1. GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
2. Show us some token of Thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
3. Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
4. The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
5. May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
6. And may Thy Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to Thine.

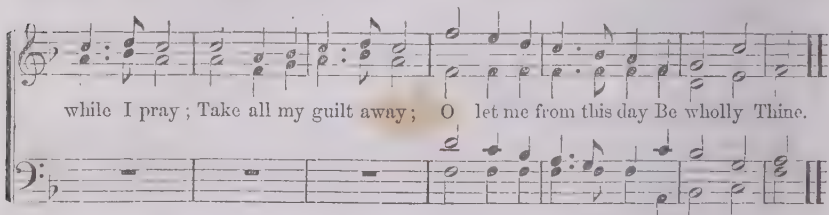
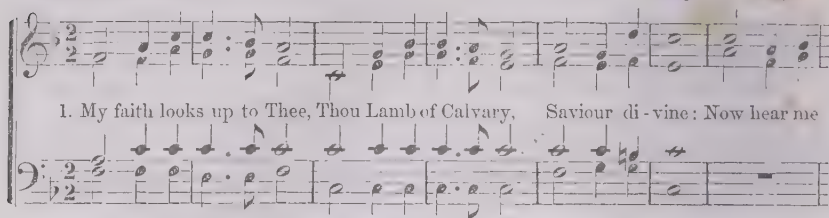
NEWTON.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

1. HAVE mercy on us, God Most High!
Have mercy upon me,
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity!
2. Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

Spiritual Songs.



700. 6s & 4s.

2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

701. 6s & 4s. *

1. Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine!
2. O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow,—

When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,—
Sustain us, Thou!

3. By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

702. 6s & 4s.

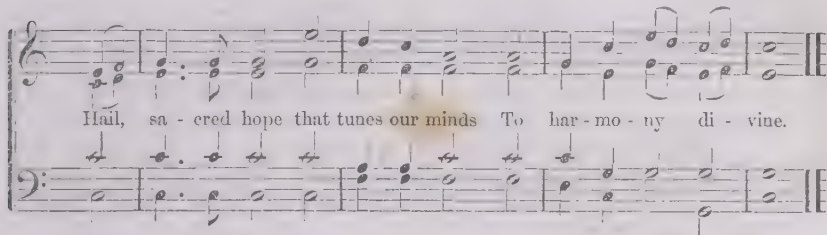
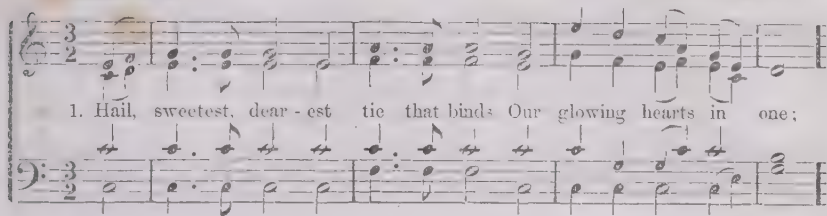
1. COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."
3. Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

PRATT'S COLL.

* Repeat the fifth line of each verse.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



703. C. M.

1. HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope! that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
2. What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
3. No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
4. O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;

SUTTON.

704. C. M.

1. LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.
2. One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:—
3. One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
4. Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;

And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5. Oh that we now might see our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, blessed Lord! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

705. C. M.

1. NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,—
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke,—
2. But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
3. Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
4. Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven!
5. The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.
6. In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

WATTS.

TURNER. C. M.

G. MAXIM.

1. Our souls, by love to-ge-ther knit, Ce-ment-ed, mixed in one. One

One hope, one heart, one

hope, one heart, one mind, one voice. One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice. 'Tis heaven on [earth be-

mind, . one voice,

- gun, One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.

706. C. M.

1. OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
2. Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd.
And filled the enlarged desire.
3. The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
4. A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim Thee, God!
5. And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown;
When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own;

6. May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

MILLER.

707. C. M.

1. BLESS'D be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.
2. Joined in one Spirit to our head,
Where He appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread
And show His praise below.
3. Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart—
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place.
Nor life, nor death, can part.
4. But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

C. WESLEY.

708. C. M.

1. THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
2. The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
3. In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
4. Here in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

MONTGOMERY.

709. C. M.

1. O, 'T is joy in one to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.
2. 'T is joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.
3. But chief 't is joy to think that He,
To whom His church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.
4. Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven!"

ANCIENT HYMNS.

710. C. M.

1. How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord.
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfill His word.
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh.
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
3. When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, with fond esteem,
In every action glows.
4. Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

SWAIN.

711. C. M.

1. WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?
2. Ah, those are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing!
3. But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth pos-
sessed,
With hidden manna fed.
4. But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why?—that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.
5. Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

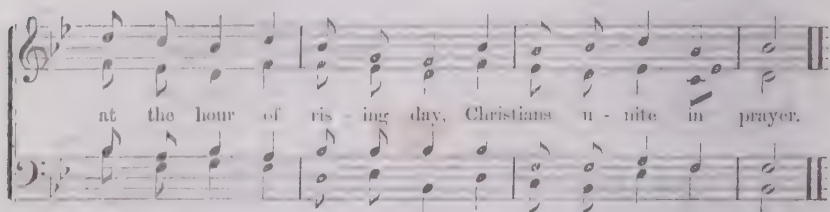
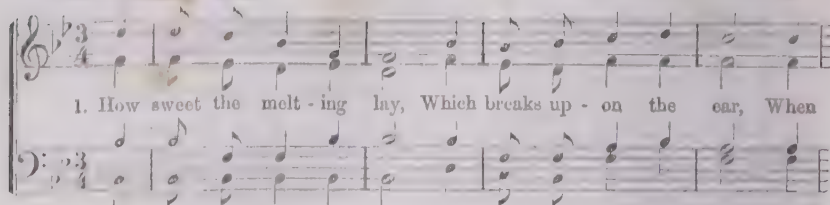
712. C. M.

1. How happy every child of grace,
Who knows His sins forgiven!
This earth, He cries, is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.
2. A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
3. O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day.
4. We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
5. O, would He all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.
6. On Him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



713. S. M.

2. The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends His blessings down.
3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
4. So Jesus still doth pray,
Before the morning bright,
On heavenly mountains far away,
While we toil here in night.
5. Leave, Lord, Thy vigil there,
Descend upon life's wave;
Come to the bark through midnight air—
The storm shall cease to rave.

714. S. M.

1. How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!
2. Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.
3. Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4. To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
5. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

STENNETT.

715. S. M.

1. JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
2. He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
3. Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
4. His nature, truth, and love,
Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, His bowels move,
And can they be denied?
5. Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

WESTON.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love; The

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

716. S. M.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

717. S. M.

1. I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
2. I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
6. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

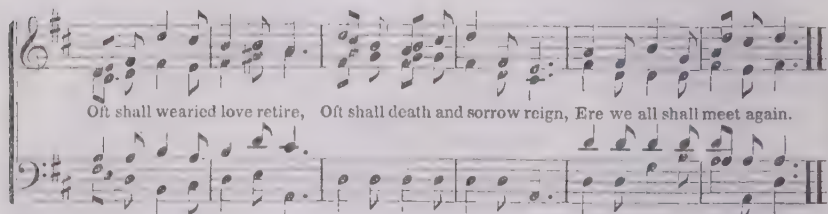
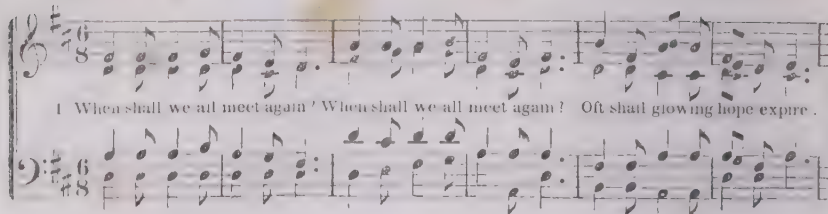
DWIGHT.

718. S. M.

1. LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.
2. Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
3. Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

BEDDOME

ELEU. 7a.



719. P. M. 7s.

1. WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire;
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
2. Though on foreign shore we sigh,
Far remote our native sky;
Though the depth between us roll,
Hope shall anchor there our soul,
And in faith's well known domain,
Within the veil, we'll meet again.
3. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
Thither soar, to meet again!

720. 7s.*

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CENNICK.

721. 7s.*

1. JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee;
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
2. By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread Thy banner here.
3. Make us of one heart and mind,—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,—
Altogether like our Lord.
4. Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
5. Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the heights of holiness.
6. Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

C. WESLEY.

COME HOME. 7s.

1. { Brethren, while we so - journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear; }
 { Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end. }

Forward, then, with cour - age go, Long we shall not dwell be - low;

Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Fa - ther calls—come home!"

722. 7s.

2. In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part:
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls—come home!"
3. But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2. Only Thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below?
 Only guided by Thy light?
 Only mighty in Thy might?
3. Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

C. WESLEY.

724. 7s.*

1. For a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
3. In Thy strength may we be strong;
 Sweeten every cross and pain;
 Spare us, that we may, ere long,
 Meet and worship Thee again.

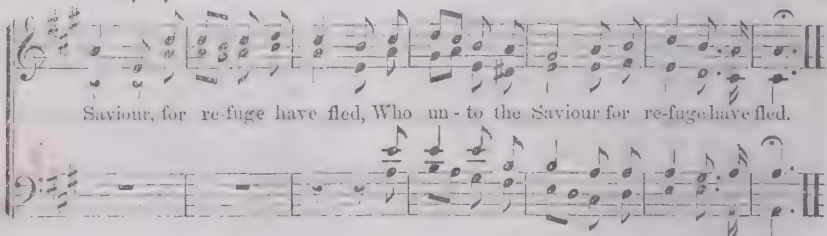
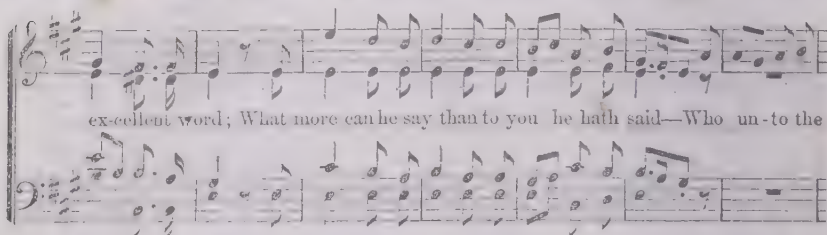
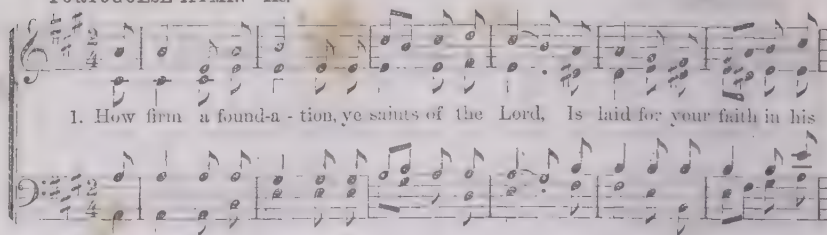
NEWTON.

723. 7s.*

1. WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to thee?
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in Thy wisdom wise?

* To the odd stanzas sing the latter half of the tune.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



725. 11s.

2. Fear not, I am with thee. Oh! be not dismayed;

For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5. E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes:

That soul—though all hell should endeavor
to shake,

I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

KENNEDY.

726. 11s.*

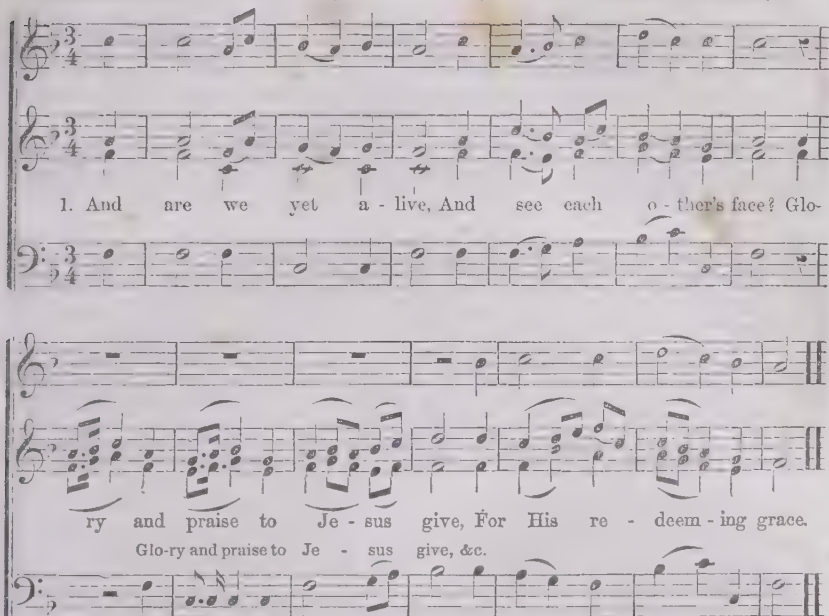
1. DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake!—for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;
Arise!—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that
subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war!
3. Daughter of Zion! the Power that hath
saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be;
Shout!—for the foe is destroyed that en-
slaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

FITZGERALD'S COLL.

* In adapting this hymn to the music above, be careful to commence each line on the accented part of the measure, when the rhythm of the poetry requires it.

FISHER. S. M.

E. HOWE, JR.



1. And are we yet a - live, And see each o - ther's face? Glo-
ry and praise to Je - sus give, For His re - deem - ing grace.
Glo-ry and praise to Je - sus give, &c.

727. S. M.

1. AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For His redeeming grace.
2. What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last! 4
3. But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.
4. Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.
5. Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

C. WESLEY.

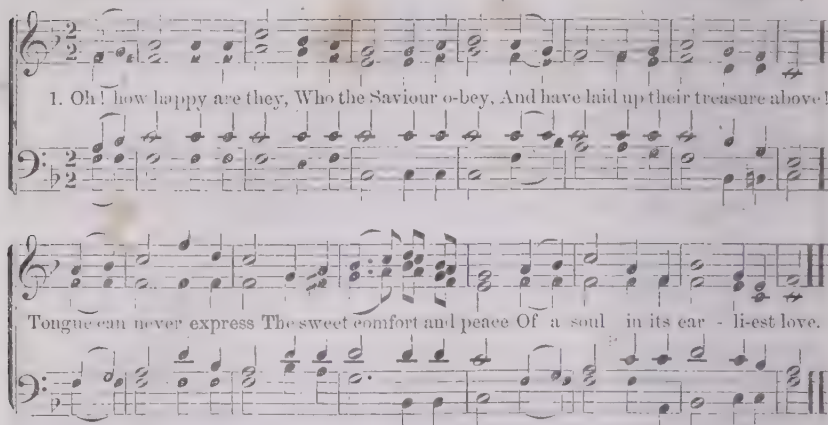
728. S. M.

1. To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
2. The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from Him.
3. Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
4. Retreat beneath His wings,
And in His grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.
5. In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from His throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

COWPER.

HAPPINESS. 11s & 9s.

Western Melody.



729. 11s & 9s.

1. Oh! how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
O what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
2. It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know!
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
3. O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.
4. Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in His name:
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

730. 11s & 8s.

1. O Thou, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd,
Resort with Thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love;
Say, why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove.
3. O! why should I wander
An alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when
My sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents
My Beloved has been,
And where with His flocks He is gone?
5. Love sits in His eyelids,
And scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high!
Their faces the cherubim
Veil in His sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.
6. He looks! and ten thousands
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His words;
He speaks! and eternity,
Filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
7. Dear Shepherd! I hear, and
Will follow Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Restore and defend me,
For Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

STILL WATER. 11s & 10s.

Spiritual Songs

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, He makes me re - pose Where the
pas - tures in beauty are grow - ing, He leads me a - far from the
world and its woes, Where in peace the still wa - ters are flow - ing.

731. 11s & 10s.

2. He strengthens my spirit, He shows me the
path,
Where the arms of His love shall enfold
me,
And when I walk through the dark valley
of death,
His rod and His staff will uphold me!

732. 11s & 10s.

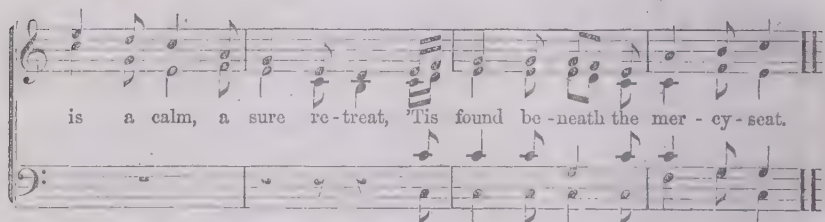
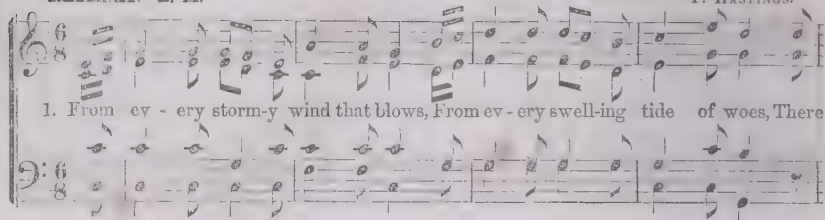
1. O! TELL me, Thou life and delight of my
soul,
Where the flock of Thy pasture are
feeding;
I seek Thy protection, I need Thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading
2. O! tell me the place where Thy flock are
at rest,
Where the noontide will find them re-
posing?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distress'd,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3. O! why should I stray with the flocks of
Thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are
roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction
and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?
4. O! when shall my foes and my wandering
cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that
peace
Thou dost give to the flock Thou art
keeping.
5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee
return
By the way where the footprints are ly-
ing:
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
O fair one, now homeward be flying!

T. HASTINGS.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.



733. L. M.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin becloud no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
5. Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

STOWELL.

734. L. M.

1. ALL mortal vanities, be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst the eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears!
2. Lo, He receives a sealed book
From Him that sits upon the throne!
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown!
3. All the assembling saints around
Full worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honors to His name.

4. The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills—
"Worthy art Thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."
5. Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King!"

WATTS.

735. L. M.

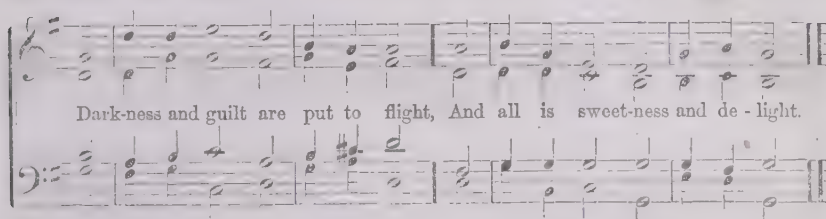
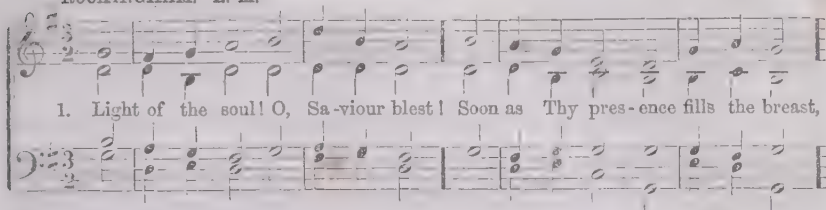
1. O THOU, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But O, my soul, forget Him not.
2. Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.
3. Eternal truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?
4. O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNA PAL.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above!
In lofty songs exalt His name—
In songs as lofty as His love!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



736. L. M.

2. Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels Thee nigh!
Come in Thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.
3. Jesus is from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed,
Through Him, unto the Father be
Glory and praise eternally.

737. L. M.

1. Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks sweetly, smilingly forsworn.
2. The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be false and treacherous too.
3. The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin read,
Draws lightnings down upon the head
It promised surely to defend.
4. But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No change can break or falsify.
5. I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant
knee;
And peace was given.—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

738. L. M.

1. WHEN groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hushed, and cities sleep,—
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?
2. When infancy at evening tries,
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing, meets their raptured eyes:
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?
3. In golden pomp, when autumn smiles,
And hill and dale, its rich increase
By man's full barns, exulting piles:
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?
4. When mercy points where Jesus pleads,
And faith beholds Thine anger cease,
And hope to black despair succeeds:
This, Father, this alone is peace!

GIBBORNE.

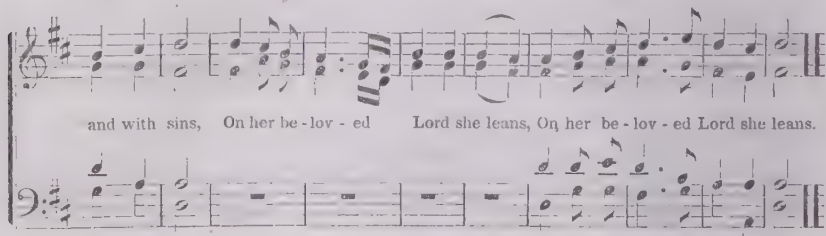
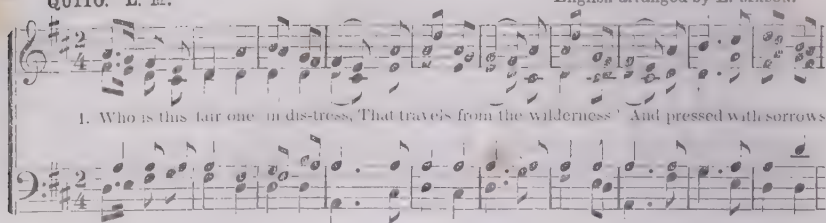
739. L. M.

1. FAR from my thoughts, vain world! be
Let my religious hours alone: [gone,
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord! from Thee.
2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
3. Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
4. Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

WATTS.

QUITO. L. M.

English arranged by L. MASON.



740. L. M.

2. This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of His blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.
3. "O let my name engraven stand,
Both on Thy heart, and on Thy hand;
Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
4. "Stronger than death Thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.
5. "But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from Thee depart;
Then let Thy name be well impress'd,
As a fair signet, on my breast.
6. "Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of Thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow."

WATTS.

741. L. M.

1. BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.
2. Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?

How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3. When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
4. Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
5. He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to His endless praise.
6. Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

NEWTON.

742. L. M.

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."
2. It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."
4. Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to Me."
5. O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

743. L. M.

1. THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with
showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.
2. Yet let the sons of Grace revive;
He bids the soul that seeks Him, live;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.
3. The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!
4. In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
5. Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring!

DODDRIDGE.

744. L. M.

1. God of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2. Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where—but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
3. Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed, remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
4. Poor tho' I am—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

745. L. M.

1. WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.
2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But, though His methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.
3. In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.
4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BEDDOME.

746. L. M.

1. THE waters of Bethesda's pool
Were to the outward eye as clear,
And to the outward touch as cool,
Before the Visitant drew near.
2. But while untroubled, they possess'd
No healing virtue: gentle Friend,
Is there no fount within the breast
To which an angel may descend?
3. O, while the soul unruffled lies,
Its mirror only can display,
However beautiful their dyes,
The forms of things that pass away.
4. But when its troubled waters own
A Saviour's presence, in the wave
The healing power of grace is known,
And found omnipotent to save.
5. A glimpse of glories far more bright
Than earth can give is mirrored there;
And perfect purity and light
The presence of its God declare.

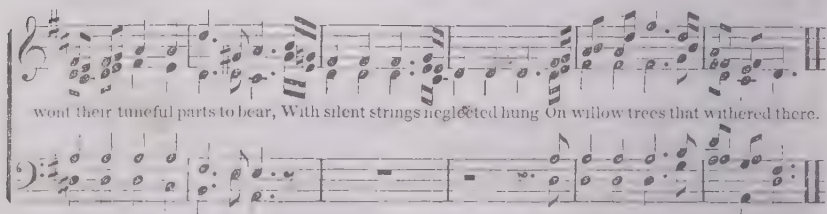
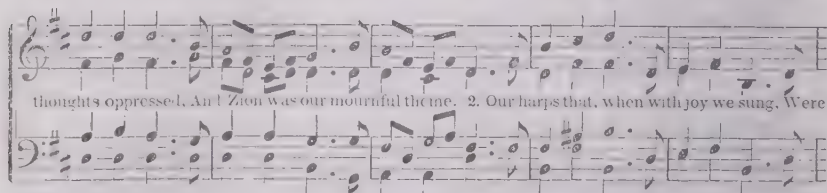
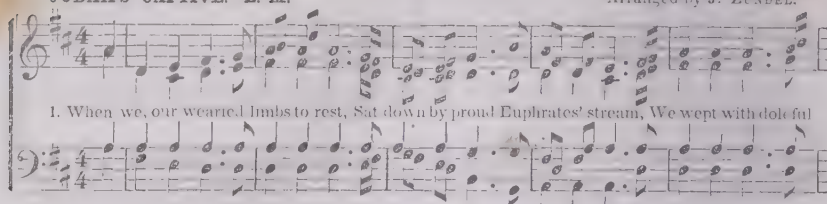
BARTON.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

1. THE peace, which God alone reveals,
And by His word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.
2. And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down,
On every soul assembled here.

JUDAH'S CAPTIVE. L. M.

Arranged by J. ZUNDEL.



747. L. M.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
4. O Salem! our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.
5. If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

TATE AND BRADY.

748. L. M.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2. The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
4. So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

WATTS.

749. L. M.

1. WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."
2. Blessed be the voice that breathes from
heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."
3. And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

J. E. SMITH.

750. L. M.

1. THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
2. O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill:
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."
3. Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still haags her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4. Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

751. L. M.

1. WHILE to its grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is Mine.
2. "Though for a time I hid My face,
Rely upon My love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
3. "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."
4. Lord! I obey, my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing:
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

NEWTON.

752. L. M.

1. THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me
here,
I know that all is bright above.
2. The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3. Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.
4. There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.
5. E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

J. ROSCOE.

753. L. M.

1. IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.
2. No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.
3. Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis Thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to Thy praise.
4. Faith is our only business here,—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days Thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee.

MADAME GUION.

754. L. M.

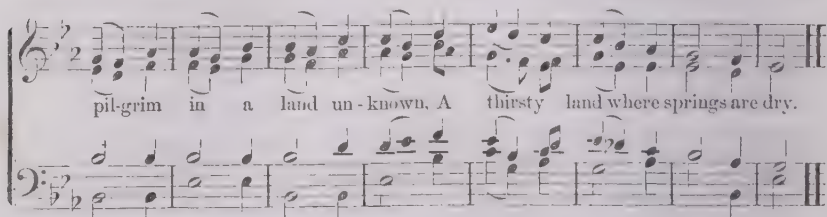
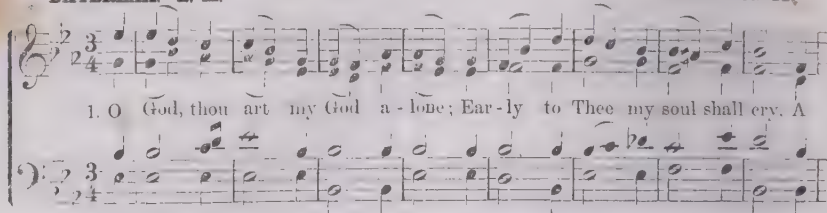
1. MY heart lies dead; and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.*
2. Thy dew doth every morning fall:
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove?
The dew, for which earth can not call,
"Drop from above!"
3. The world is tempting still my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let heavenly grace, to cross its art,
Drop from above.
4. O come! for Thou dost know the way!
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
"Drop from above!"

HERBERT.

* The last line is to be repeated in singing.

DAYBREAK. L. M.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



755. L. M.

2. Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
3. Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
4. Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee?

MONTGOMERY.

756. L. M.

1. THE floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
The mighty floods lift up their roar;
The floods in tumult loud rejoice,
And climb in foam the sounding shore.
2. But mightier than the mighty sea,
The Lord of glory reigns on high;
Far o'er its waves we look to Thee.
And see their fury break and die.
3. Thy word is true, Thy promise sure,
That ancient promise sealed in love;
Here be Thy temple ever pure,
As Thy pure mansions shine above.

G. BURGESS.

757. L. M.

1. O LORD, Thy counsels and Thy care
My safety and my comfort are;
And Thou shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

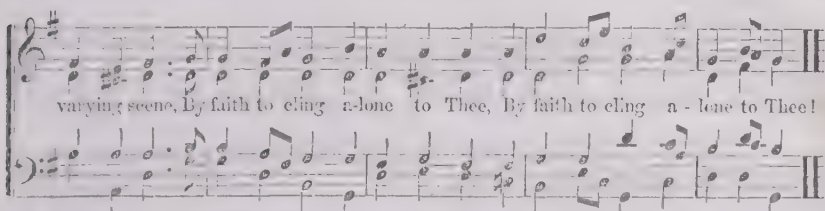
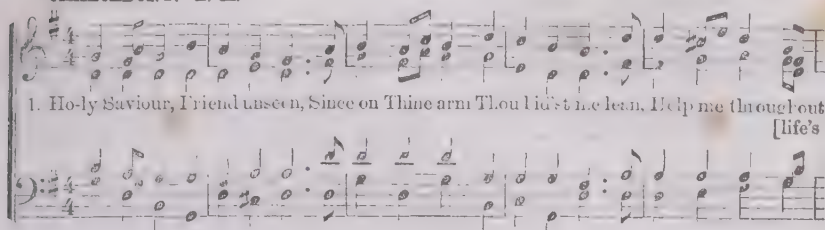
2. In whom but Thee, in heaven above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee?
3. My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?
4. But O! my Saviour, be Thou nigh,
And I will triumph when I die;
My strength, my portion is divine;
And Jesus is for ever mine!

758. L. M.

1. My spirit sinks within me, Lord—
But I will call Thy name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
2. Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
The water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
3. Yet will the Lord command His love,
When I address His throne by day;
Nor in the night His grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
4. I'll cast myself before His feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock,
"Why doth Thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath Thy
stroke?"
5. Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to Thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

WATTS.

CHALCEDONY. L. M.



759. L. M.

2. Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My fainting soul would cling to Thee!
3. Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
Here she has found her place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can closely cling to Thee!
4. Oh, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Still whispers softly, "Cling to me!"
5. Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that only clings to Thee!

760. L. M.

1. THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defense;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
2. Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
3. I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell—
While I was hurried to despair.
4. In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe Him mine,

He bowed His ear to my complaint;
Then did His grace appear divine.

5. With speed He flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing He rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my Deliverer, God!
6. Temptations fled at His rebuke—
The blast of His almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.
7. My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour!
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to His mercy and His power.

WATTS.

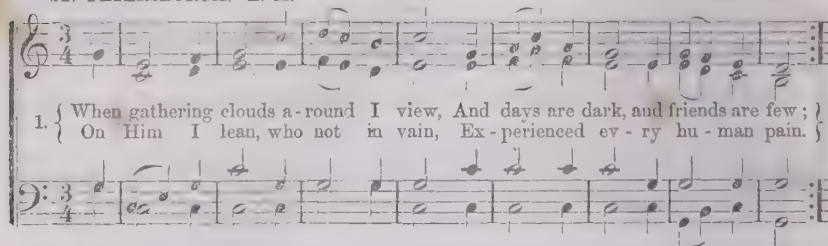
761. L. M.

1. THE tempter to my soul hath said—
"There is no help in God for Thee;"
Lord! lift Thou up Thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.
2. Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
He heard me from His holy hill;
At His command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned—and the winds were still.
3. I laid me down and slept—I woke—
Thou, Lord! my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke—
Thy comforts rose on me again.
4. I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs:
His presence guards His people's path.

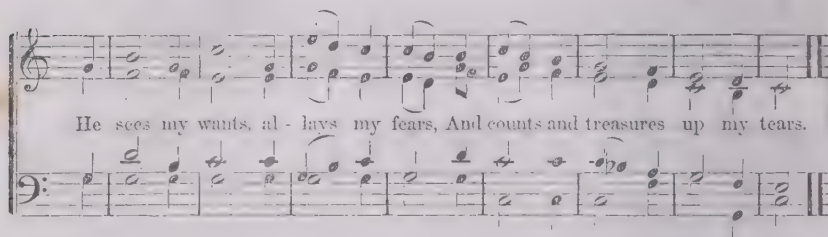
MONTGOMERY.

ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M.

BORTNIANSKY.



1. { When gathering clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few ; }
On Him I lean, who not in vain, Ex-perienced ev-ry hu-man pain. }



He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

762. L. M.

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do ;
Still, He who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.
3. When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;
And from His hand, His voice, His smile,
Divides me for a little while—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For " Jesus wept " o'er Lazarus dead.
4. And, O! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

ROBERT GRANT.

763. L. M.

1. To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes ;
No power hath he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.
2. Angel of patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm,
To lay with hope the storms of fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,

The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

3. O thou, who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with Thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resign'd!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

GERMAN TR. WHITTIER.

764. L. M.

1. O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery ;
I can not, Lord, Thy purpose see ;
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee.
2. When mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar—
Thy light, sweet beaming through Thy
frown ;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of Thee, and smile again.
3. So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on ;
What though some cherished joys are fled ?
What though some flattering dreams are
gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

765. L. M.

1. WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2. When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to Thy promise, Lord! I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

3. One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

766. L. M.

1. PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of
woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

3. As spring the winter—day, the night,
So peace thy gloom shall chase away,
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
While glory weaves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

767. L. M.

1. THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my
head,
Though strength, and health, and friends
be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2. Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain.

When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

J. WESLEY.

768. L. M.

1. "PERFECT in love!"—Lord, can it be,
Amidst this state of doubt and sin?
While foes so thick without, I see,
With weakness, pain, disease within;
Can perfect love inhabit here,
And, strong in faith, extinguish fear?

2. O, Lord! amidst this mental night,
Amidst the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth Thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day.
My Saviour God to me appear,
So love shall triumph over fear.

769. L. M.

1. As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and sweet!
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2. Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here!
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3. If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

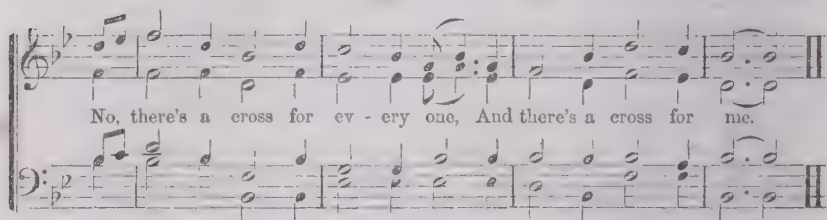
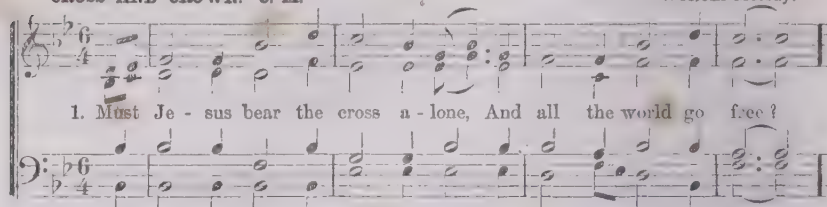
4. Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Now to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O holy Comforter!
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Western Melody.



770. C. M.

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
2. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
3. O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

771. C. M.

1. Now to the haven of Thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be Thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.
2. Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
3. As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,

Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4. As o'er a parched and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Saviour, with Thy hand,
And screen my naked head,
5. In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
And, in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.
6. How swift to save me didst Thou move,
In every trying hour;
O! still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power.

C. WESLEY.

772. C. M.

1. JESUS! Thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find.
2. Shall we Thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and Thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
3. Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony;
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with Thee?
4. Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On Thee, alone on Thee:
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!
5. Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But He who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

773. C. M.

1. COME to the ark—come to the ark,
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.
2. Come to the ark—the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!
3. Come to the ark—all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin;
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.
4. Come to the ark—ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

774. C. M.

1. O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
2. But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
3. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;
4. O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
5. Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
With more than rapture's ray; [bright,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

775. C. M.

1. WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,
And stay my heart on Thee.
2. When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to Thee.

3. Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at Thy throne,
And trust alone in Thee.

776. C. M.

1. Our pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last;—
Not to the last! God's word hath said,
Could we but read aright:
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!
2. Though earth-born shadows now may
Our toilsome path awhile, [shroud
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

3. When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and praise
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on with hope unchill'd
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own His word fulfill'd—
At eve there shall be light!

BARTON.

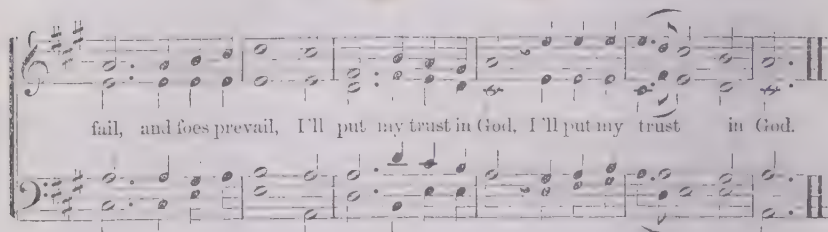
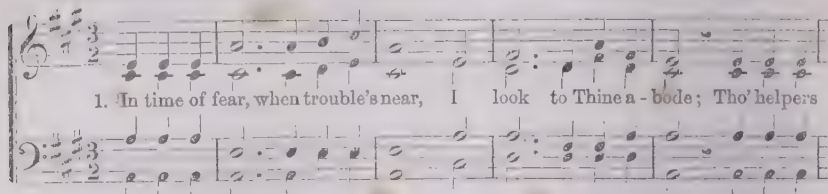
777. C. M.

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
3. But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
5. Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

MRS. STEELE.

ARCADIA. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.



778. C. M.

2. And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.
3. In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismay'd:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on Thee is stay'd!

T. HASTINGS.

779. C. M.

1. WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismay'd;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"T is I; be not afraid."
2. When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear,—
"T is I; be not afraid."
3. There is a gulf that must be cross'd;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is toss'd,—
"T is I; be not afraid."
4. There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
"T is I; be not afraid."

780. C. M.

1. WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou! Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

2. What Friend have I in heaven or earth,
What Friend to trust but Thee?
My father's dead, my mother's dead;
My God! "remember me."
3. Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
And bid my trouble cease;
In Thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.
4. I've not a secret care or pain
But He that secret knows;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

781. C. M.

1. THOUGH faint and sick, and worn away
With poverty and woe,
My widowed feet are doomed to stray
'Mid thorny paths below,—
2. Be Thou, O Lord, my Father still,
My confidence and guide;
I know that perfect is Thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.
3. I know the soul that trusts in Thee
Thou never wilt forsake;
And though a bruised reed I be,
That reed Thou wilt not break.
4. Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go,
Support me on my way,
Though, worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray.
5. To give my weakness strength, O God,
Thy staff shall yet avail;
And, though Thou chasten with Thy rod,
That staff shall never fail.

782. C. M.

1. 'T WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon Thy power;
I kept Thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.
2. While I lay resting on my bed
My thoughts arose on high;
My God, my Life, my Hope, I said,
Bring Thy salvation nigh.
3. I strive to mount Thy holy hill,
And climb the heav'nly road;
And Thy right hand upholds me still,
When I commune with God.
4. Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of Thy wing;
My heart rejoices in Thine aid,
And I Thy praises sing.

WATTS.

783. C. M.

1. THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, to-day
Within Thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.
2. They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.
3. The dew lies thick on all the ground,—
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,—
Shall I of hunger die?
4. Behold Thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis Thy gracious will;
If not, contented in Thy hands
Behold Thy prisoner still.
5. I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer;
Here Sabbath joys impart.

MONTGOMERY.

784. C. M.

1. I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love Thee more and more.
2. Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

3. He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
4. Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will!
5. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
6. I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

LYRA CATH.

785. C. M.

1. AUTHOR of good, we rest on Thee;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
2. In Thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let Thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide!
3. And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—
4. Not what we wish, but what we want,
Thy mercy still supply!
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny!

MERRICK.

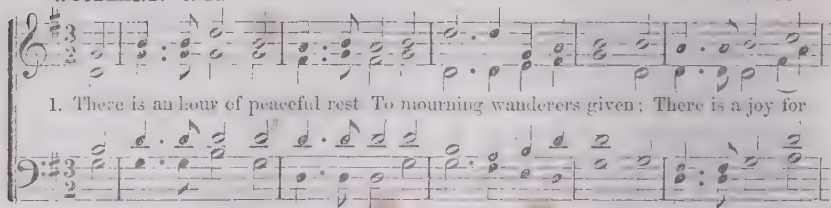
786. C. M.

1. FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
2. His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All whom His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from His breast;
In the dear bosom of His love
They must for ever rest.

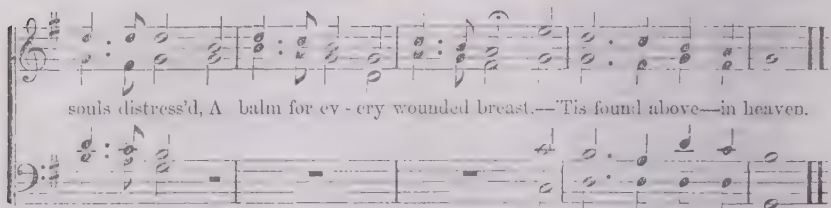
WATTS.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for



souls distress'd, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast.—'Tis found above—in heaven.

787. C. M. Peculiar.

1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.
2. There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.
3. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
4. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
5. There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.

788. C. M. Peculiar.

1. THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And, like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor;
There's nothing rich but heaven.
2. Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;

The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;
There's nothing sure but heaven.

3. Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven,—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball;
There's nothing firm but heaven.
4. A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb;
I have no home but heaven.
5. The clouds disperse—the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I'm on my way to heaven.

789. C. M.*

1. I CAN not call affliction sweet;
And yet 't was good to bear:
Affliction brought me to Thy feet,
And I found comfort there.
2. My wearied soul was all resign'd
To Thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!
3. Where are the vows which then I vow'd?
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.
4. Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

MONTGOMERY.

* Adapt Woodland to simple Common Metres by repeating the third line.

790. C. M.

1. In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
2. The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
3. The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
4. All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

791. C. M.

1. CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
2. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be?
3. Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
4. My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him!

R. BAXTER.

792. C. M.

1. It is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
2. It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.
3. It is the Lord—my covenant God—
Thrice blessed be His name;

Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood.
Must ever be the same.

4. Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what Thou wilt—
To Thee I all resign.

T. GREENE.

793. C. M.

1. AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.
2. When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our Guide.
3. Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
4. Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod;
He's more to us than all the world,
Our Health, our Life, our God.

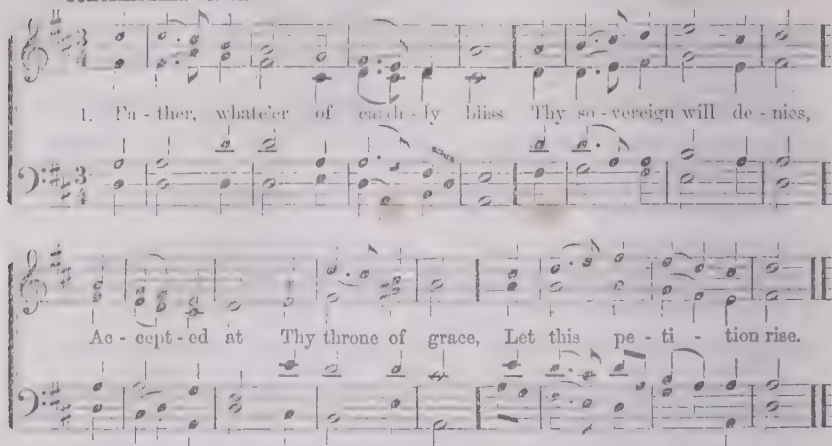
COTTON.

794. C. M.

1. O God, my Refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
2. O were I like some gentle dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
3. Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
4. God shall preserve my soul from fear,
And shield me when afraid:
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If He command their aid.
5. I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon His word,
That saints shall never fall.

WATTS.

COLCHESTER. C. M.



795. C. M.

1. FATHER! what'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free!
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

MRS. STEELE.

796. C. M.

1. MY God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
2. This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
3. What'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.
4. What'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

MRS. STEELE.

797. C. M.

1. O LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
2. When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!
3. No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4. O Lord! I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

RYLAND.

798. C. M.

1. UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord! on Thee.
2. Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
3. Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

WATTS.

799. C. M.

1. O LORD, hadst Thou been here! but when
Is not the Saviour nigh?
His power and love were present then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.
2. And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.
3. He loves to come when others flee,
Or, coming, can not aid;
To save in faith's extremity,
When hope's last glimmerings fade.
4. The house of mourning He prefers
With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say, The Lord is near.
5. Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone,
We ask to feel Thy grace;
The hearts that once Thy love have known,
Would be Thy dwelling-place.

CONDOR.

800. C. M.

1. Not for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.
2. Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.
3. O, might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe!
4. Jesus! our shadowy path illumine,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

BARBAULD.

801. C. M.

1. WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—
2. Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;—

3. Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in His love;
In Him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
4. God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

BURDER'S COL.

802. C. M.

1. JESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
2. Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into Thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.
3. Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move toward Thee.

C. WESLEY.

803. C. M.

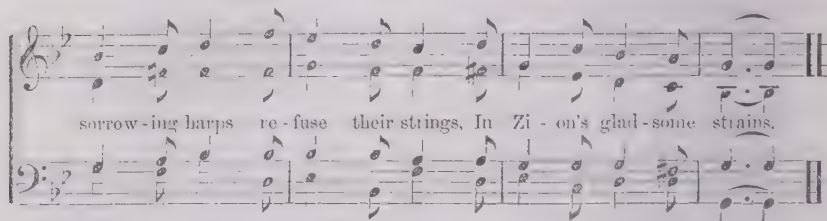
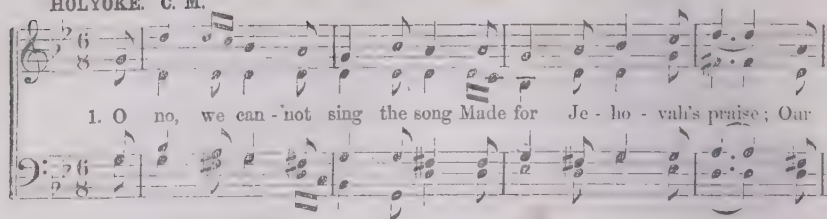
1. WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall:
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

HOLYOKE. C. M.



804. C. M.

2. They bid us be in mirthful mood,
And dry those tears so sad ;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad ?
3. Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
Are hung on willows wet ;
And Zion, though we no more see,
We never can forget.
4. Sad be the notes, the plaintive wail,
Our lyres must falter here ;
Echoes of songs within the vail,
Celestial, sweet, and clear.
5. O memory ! can those strains on high
Grow silent, and unknown ?
Can death's deep pall enshroud our eyes,
And hide yon glitt'ring throne.
6. Jerusalem ! thy banished ones—
Prove anguish and regret—
But endless curses wait on them,
If thee they can forget !

805. C. M.

1. JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me,
My sinking spirit still sustain ;
To Thee I turn, to Thee.
2. When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In Thee alone can help be found ;
To Thee I turn, to Thee.

3. Should strong temptations fierce assail,
As if to ruin me,
Then in Thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to Thee.
4. Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or wo,
Jesus, I'll turn to Thee.

T. H. GALLAUDET.

806. C. M.

1. WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,
And long to fly away ;
2. Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;
3. Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on His covenant of grace,
For all things to depend ;
4. Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.
5. If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee ?

TOPLADY.

807. C. M.

1. WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
2. 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
3. It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
4. O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earthborn woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

B. W. NOEL

808. C. M.

1. WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?
2. Have we forgot the almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But those that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel their strength increase.
5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

WATTS.

809. C. M.

1. ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
2. All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
3. May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;

And back, in gratitude, from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4. And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."
5. A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess'd,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

MONTGOMERY.

810. C. M.

1. MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in Thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.
2. If Thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.
3. Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In Thee, and Thee alone.

BEDDOME.

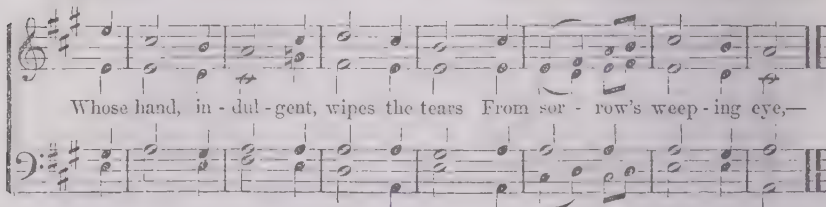
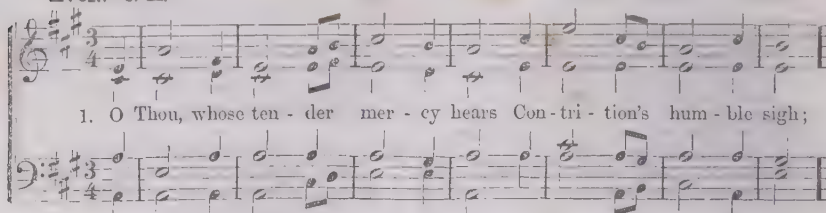
811. C. M.

1. O LORD! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
3. No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
4. Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
5. Wisdom and mercy guide my way,—
Shall I resist them both;
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth?
6. But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

COWPER.

AVON. C. M.

Scottish.



812. C. M.

2. See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat?
4. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

MRS. STEELE.

813. C. M.

1. Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.
2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
3. Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for His provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.
4. Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone:
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

5. Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
6. You, in His wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, His power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

BEDDOME

814. C. M.

1. How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.
2. The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
3. Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,—
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
4. The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
5. Dear Saviour! let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

WATTS.

815. C. M.

1. ANGEL of God! whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus! I take Thee for my guide,
And walk in Thee my way.
2. Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since, over me Thine hand hath spread
The banner of Thy love.
3. To leave my Saviour I disdain,
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and
pain,
And death obstruct the way.
4. Me to Thy suffering self conform,
And arm me with Thy power,
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour.

C. WESLEY.

816. C. M.

1. CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and wo,
To God's high calling true!—
2. Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?
3. Oh! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care:
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.
4. The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—
5. And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.
6. Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O wake thy heart to love.

BOWDLER.

817. C. M.

1. AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"My Father God!"
Lord, at Thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
2. I would submit to all Thy will,
For Thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3. Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
4. My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

MRS. STEELE.

818. C. M.

1. God of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting Friend!
Shall life, so favored in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?
2. To Thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.
3. From parent's eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swelled the hymn, and sealed the
prayer;
'T was calm, and strange, and sweet!
4. Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood;—
5. Thy dew came down—my heart was
Thine;
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.
6. Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify Thy name;
Though I must die to all that's mine,
And suffer all my shame.

C. WESLEY.

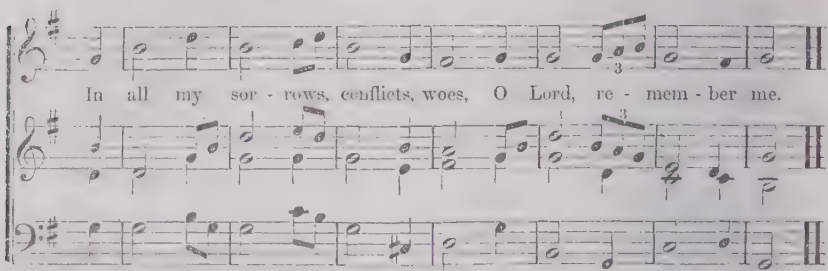
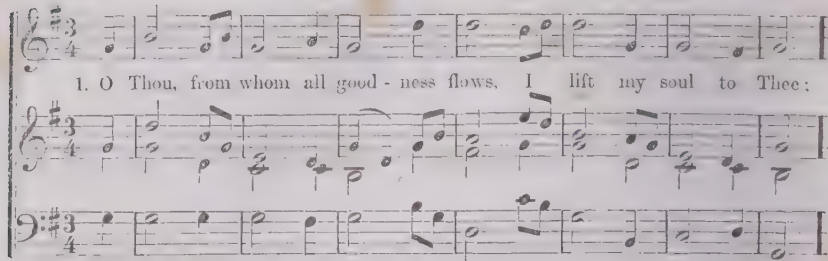
819. C. M.

1. O THOU eternal Source of love!
Ruler of nature's scheme!
In Substance One, in Persons Three!
Omniscient and Supreme!
2. For Thy dear mercy's sake receive
The strains and tears we pour,
And purify our hearts to taste
Thy sweetness more and more.
3. Our flesh, our reins, our spirits, Lord,
In Thy clear fire refine;
Break down the self-indulgent will;
Gird us with strength divine.

CASWELL.

BURNS. C. M.

ROBERT BURNS.



820. C. M.

2. If, for Thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me!
3. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me!
4. When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me!
5. And when before Thy Throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Thou, with the saints at Thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me!

HAWES.

821. C. M.

1. Oh Thou, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

2. Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command.
3. That Power, which raised, and still upheld
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.
4. Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.
5. Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature man
Is to existence brought,
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men
Return ye into naught!"
6. Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As in a flood, Thou tak'st them off,
With overwhelming sweep.
7. They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

ROBERT BURNS.

822. C. M.

1. My Father! to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.
2. My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
3. My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
And let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
4. O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust Thy power and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

MRS. STEELE.

823. C. M.

1. WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

BERNARD BARTON.

824. C. M.

1. LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
2. Yet the dear path to Thine abode
Lies through this weary land;
Lord! we would keep that heavenly road,
And run at Thy command.
3. Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;

Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4. See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home!
5. There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,—
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.
6. Eternal glory to the King,
That brought us safely through;
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

WATTS.

825. C. M.

1. LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord! to Thee,
What feeble things we are.
2. Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
3. Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
4. But 't is our God supports our frame,—
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

WATTS.

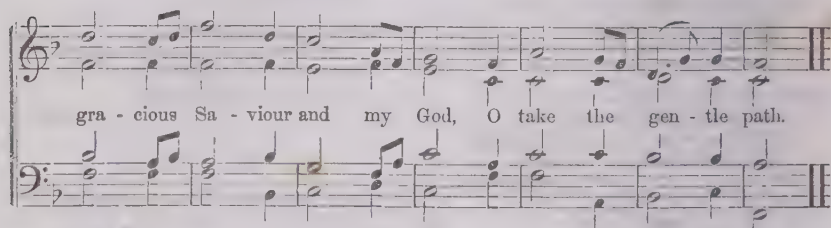
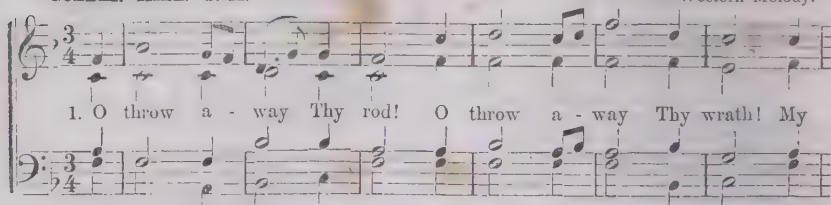
826. C. M.

1. FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written—'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return!'
2. Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing,
Which lays thee with the dead.
3. Gay is thy morning: flattering hope
Thy sprightly steps attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends!
4. Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night!

LOGAN.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Melody.



827. S. M.

2. Thou seest my heart's desire
Still unto Thee is bent;
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.
3. Although I fail, I weep;
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.
4. O then let wrath remove;
For love will do the deed;
Love will the conquest gain; with love
E'en stony hearts will bleed.
5. O throw away thy rod!
What though man frailties hath?
Thou art my Saviour and my God;
O throw away thy wrath!

828. S. M.

1. My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
2. Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
3. When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says—
"Flee from the wrath to come."
4. I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;

A beam of day that shines for me
To save me from despair.

5. Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

COWPER.

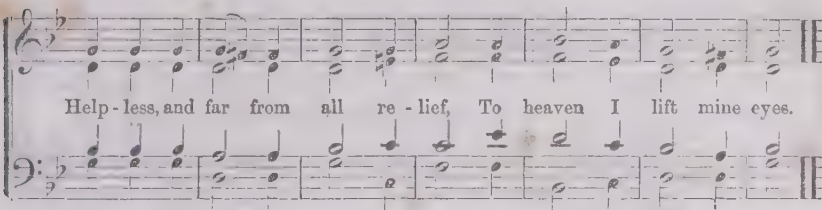
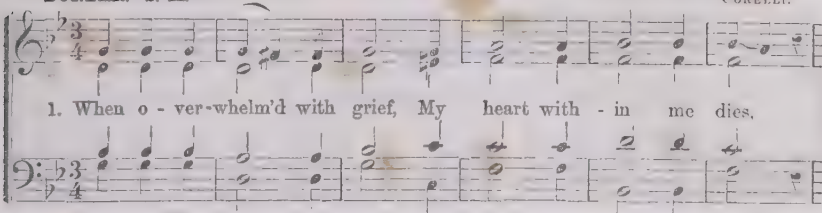
829. C. M.*

1. WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
I see the billows roar,
And, breaking on the coral strand,
Whiten with foam the shore.
2. But 'tis in vain they strive to break
Beyond the bounds decreed;
"No farther come!" let God but speak,
No farther they proceed.
3. Though furiously their heads they rear,
And mingle sea and skies,
They smooth as polished glass appear,
If "Peace, be still!" He cries.
4. Shall winds and waves their God obey,
And I refuse to hear?
Shall He, that bounds the flowing sea,
Not bind me with His fear?
5. O Thou! who rulest seas and skies,
Corruption's flood control;
Nor let the waves of passion rise
Within my troubled soul.
6. Then I, within Thy sacred mound,
Shall, in obedience blest,
Calm, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
And wait eternal rest.

* This may be sung to Arcadia page 246.

DUNBAR. S. M.

CORELLI.



830. S. M.

1. WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
2. O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
3. Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

WATTS.

831. S. M.

1. I FAINT, my soul doth faint,
My strength, a broken reed!
Would this so long be my complaint,
Were I a saint indeed?
2. The sins I fancied quell'd,
Again in arms arise;
The promise that I thought I held,
Refuses its supplies.
3. My bosom burns with shame,
And yet is icy cold;
Even to breathe the Saviour's name
Seems now to be too bold.
4. So oft my soul hath trod
The same sad path astray,

How can I turn again to God?
What venture now to say?

5. Thou, Saviour, only Thou
Canst meet my utter need,
And should'st Thou save the rebel now,
It will be grace indeed!

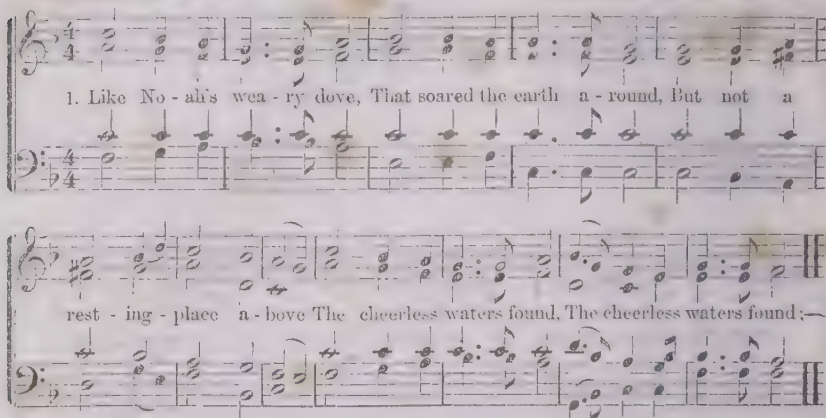
MRS. GILBERT.

832. S. M.

1. JUST o'er the grave I hung;
No pardon met my eyes;
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
2. Sweet mercy to my soul
Revealed no charming ray;
Before me rose a long, dark night,
With no succeeding day.
3. I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account
My blessings, wasted here.
4. His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burned to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of woe
He bade my spirit dwell.
5. My friends, now friends no more,
At infinite remove,
Left me to gain their rich reward,
And taste forgiving love.
6. Then to the Lord I cried—
He saved my soul from death;
To Him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

DWIGHT.

ALABASTER. S. M.

PLEYEL. From *Chants Chrétiens*.

833. S. M.

2. O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
3. Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
4. There, safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
5. And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill.

MUHLENBERG.

834. S. M.

1. My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline,
Thou wilt not lead me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.
2. In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good—I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
3. Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

835. S. M.

1. How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care."
2. Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.
3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
4. His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

DODDRIDGE.

836. S. M.

1. If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
2. But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
4. Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone. PRATT'S COLL.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

While the Lil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.

837. 7s.

2. Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

838. 7s.

1. When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
2. When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious mount I climb,

In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3. When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace,
4. Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

MONTGOMERY.

839. S. M.*

1. My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into Thy bosom O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.
2. O'ercome by dying love,
Here at Thy cross I lie,
Submit my soul, my all, to Thee,
And weep, and love, and die.
3. "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise;
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred, crimson flood
To wash away thy stains."
4. See, God is reconciled!
Behold His smiling face!
Let sinners in His love rejoice,
And sound aloud His grace.

WATTS.

* Tune on the opposite page.

DOVER. S. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-may'd; God
hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

840. S. M.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
2. Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
3. Still heavy is thy heart!
Still sink thy spirits down!
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.
4. Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
5. What, though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

GERHARD.

841. S. M.

1. WHERE wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?
2. Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart?

3. No! place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In Him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.
4. His mercies still endure
When skies and stars grow dim,
His changeless promise standeth sure,—
Go,—cast thy care on Him.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

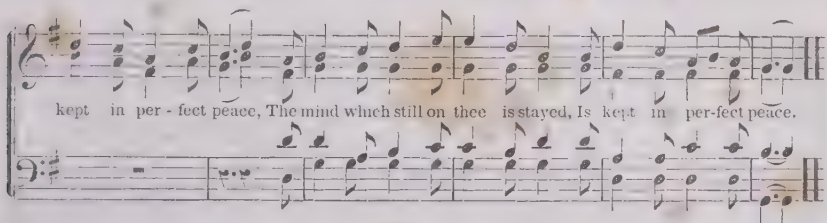
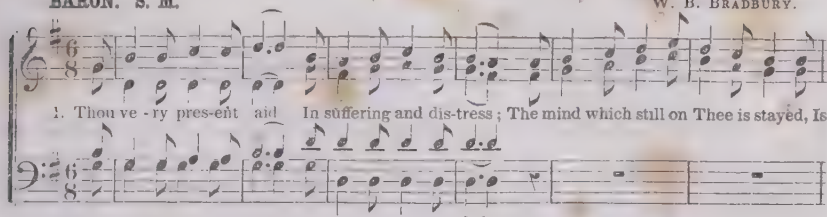
842. S. M.

1. As changing as the moon
Is man's estate below:
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.
2. The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.
3. Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixed laws of heaven.
4. God measures unto all
Their lot of good or ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by wisest will.
5. Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

T. SCOTT.

BARON. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



843. S. M.

2. The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
3. Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
4. It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.
5. Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.
6. Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one:
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

C. WESLEY.

844. S. M.

1. COMMIT thou all Thy griefs
And ways into His hands.
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
2. Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
3. No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;

To Him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

4. Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work Thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

J. WESLEY.

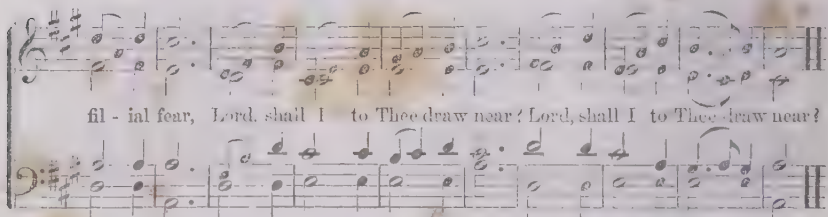
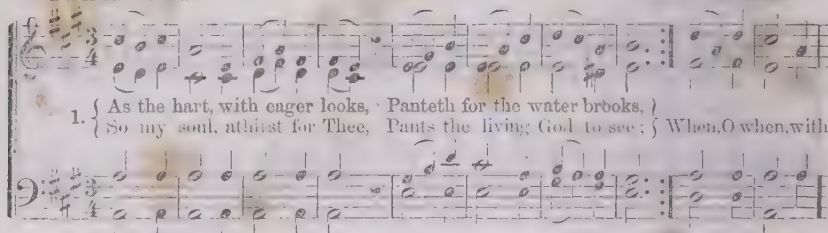
845. S. M.

1. GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath His beams,
Or in His shadow, blest.
2. The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range:
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.
3. Secure, amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs He gathers in His arms,
And in His bosom bears.
4. The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost He came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when He finds.
5. Should storms of trouble blow,
Warned of the coming shock,
They to the Rock of Ages go:
Their Shepherd is their Rock.
6. Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and His flock are one—
One Shepherd and one fold.

MONTGOMERY.

TWILIGHT. 7s. *

J. ZUNDEL.



846. 7s.

2. Why art thou cast down, my soul?
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
 Why art thou disquieted?
 God shall lift thy fallen head,
 And His countenance benign
 Be the saving health of thine.

MONTGOMERY.

847. 7s.

1. HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
 From Thy clear celestial height,
 Come, Thou Light of all that live!
 Thy pure beaming radiance give!
2. Come, Thou Father of the poor!
 Come with treasures which endure;
 Thou, of all consolers best,
 Visiting the troubled breast.
3. Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
 Pleasant coolness in the heat;
 Solace in the midst of woe;
 Dost refreshing peace bestow.
4. Light immortal! Light divine!
 Visit Thou these hearts of Thine;
 If Thou take Thy grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay.
5. Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
 On our dryness pour Thy dew;
 Wash the stains of guilt away;
 Guide the steps that go astray.
6. Give us comfort when we die;
 Give us life with Thee on high;
 In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
 Give us joys which never end.

LYRA CATH.

* In 7s single, omit the repeat.

848. 7s.

1. SOFTLY, now, the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord! I would commune with Thee.
2. Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee.

DOANE

849. 7s.

1. LORD! I can not let Thee go,
 Till a blessing Thou bestow;
 Do not turn away Thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
2. Once, a sinner, near despair,
 Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
 Mercy heard and set him free—
 Lord! that mercy came to me.
3. Many days have passed since then,
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld till now;
 Who could hold me up but Thou?
4. Thou hast helped in every need—
 This emboldens me to plead;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst Thou let me sink at last?
5. No—I must maintain my hold;
 'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

RUBY. 5s & 9s.

1. Midst sorrow and care, There's One that is near, And ever delights to relieve us. 2. 'Tis Jesus our Friend, On whom we depend, For life, and for all its rich bless - ings.

850. 5s & 9s.

1. MIDST sorrow and care
There's One that is near,
And ever delights to relieve us.
2. 'Tis Jesus our Friend,
On whom we depend,
For life and for all its rich blessings.
3. When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with sweet consolation.
4. His bounties are free,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes the cry of the needy,
5. Blest mansions above,
Prepared by His love,
Are waiting at last to receive us.
6. My Saviour and Friend,
On whom I depend,
My heart shall for ever adore Thee.

851. 7s.*

1. HAST thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!
2. Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul;
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

* Tune on the opposite page.

3. Fall before Him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in His ear,
Seek Him while He may be found.
Call upon Him while He's near.

J. T. CLARKE.

852. 7s.*

1. HOLY GHOST! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
4. Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

853. 7s.*

1. CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
2. Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

ROSEFIELD. 7s.

Dr. MALAN.

1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round,
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no where found.

854. 7s.

1. PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found;
2. Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.
3. Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave—
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
4. Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

MONTGOMERY.

855. 7s.

1. O, how soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee;
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.
2. It was the good Physician now,
Soothed thy cheek, and chafed thy brow,
Whispering, as He raised thy head—
"It is I, be not afraid."
3. God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, in mercy, and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe and live.

4. Bless me, and I shall be blest,
Soothe me, and I shall have rest;
Fix my heart, my hopes, above;
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love.

856. 7s.*

1. HEARKEN Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.
2. Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls,
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelmed by all Thy waves.
3. Once the morning's earliest light
Brought Thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard,
Later than the evening bird;
Hast Thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not?
4. Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless troubles vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When His countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

MONTGOMERY.

* Repeat the first two strains.

857. 7s.*

1. QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
2. What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?
3. As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

NEWTON.

858. 7s.*

1. GALES from heaven, if God so will,
Sweeter melodies can wake,
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.
2. Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
3. Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly, loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

859. 7s.

1. GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.
2. Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make—
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
3. Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?

* Repeat the first two strains.

Lord! my sinking soul relieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4. Lo! He comes—He heeds my plea;
Lo! He comes—the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

LYTE.

860. 7s.

1. In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess—
Then, sweet Spirit, comfort me.
2. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted—
Then, sweet Spirit, comfort me.
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep—
Then, sweet Spirit, comfort me.
4. When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth—
Then, sweet Spirit, comfort me.
5. When the flames and hellish cries,
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise—
Then, sweet Spirit, comfort me.
6. When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that opened, which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd—
Then, sweet Spirit, comfort me.

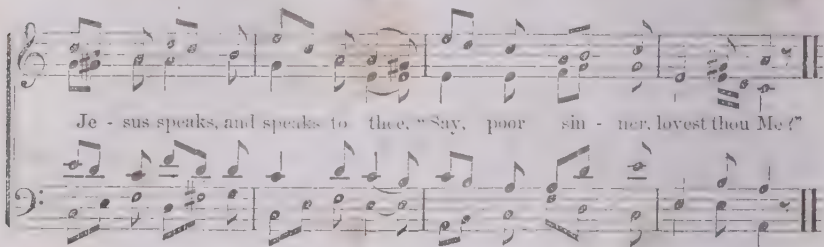
VAUGHN.

861. 7s.*

1. CENTER of our hopes Thou art;
End of our enlarged desires,
Stamp Thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Joined to Thee by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever Thine.
2. All our works in Thee be wrought—
Leveled at one common aim;
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.
3. Let us altogether rise,
To Thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our Paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given;
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYACINTH. 7s.



862. 7s.

2. "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
5. Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou Me?"
6. Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;—
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

COWPER.

863. 7s. 6 lines.*

1. ABBA, Father, hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2. Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into Thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Lord, I will not let Thee go
Till the blessing Thou bestow.
3. Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in Thy temple stay:
Now Thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, Thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

864. 7s. 6 lines.*

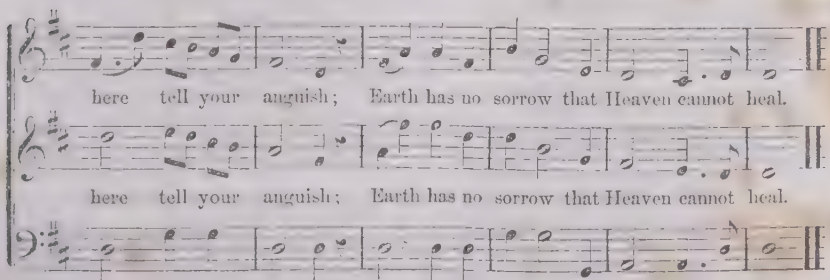
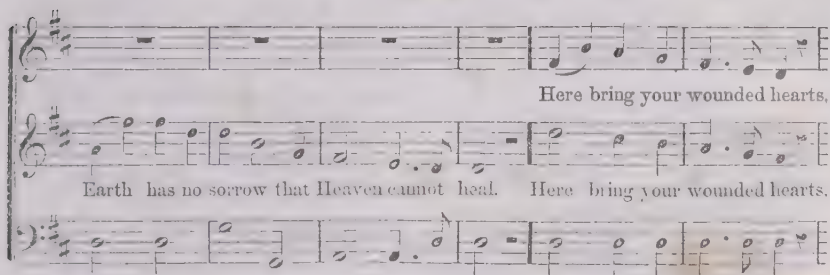
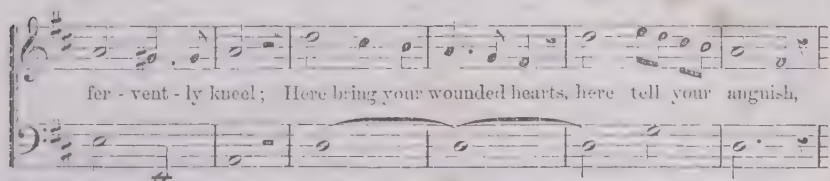
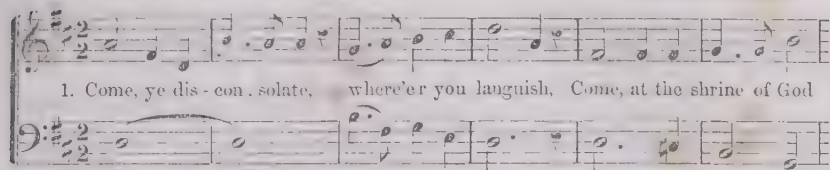
1. BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
2. They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
3. They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

HUMPHRIES.

* Sing to Rosefield, page 266, by repeating the first two strains of the music.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

WEBBE, of England.



865. 11s & 10s.

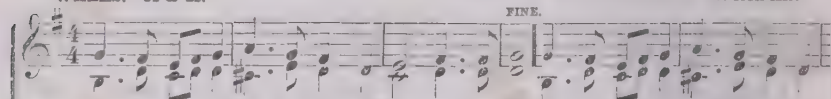
2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

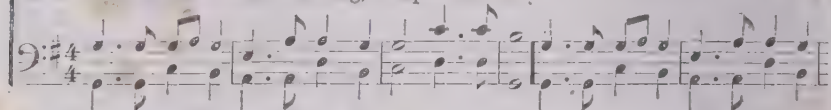
MOORE.

WALES. 8s & 4s.

Welch Air.



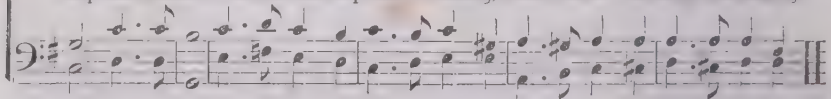
1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me; When the languid eye is streaming,
D. C. 'Tis the fet-tered soul's releasing, Weep not for me!



D. C.



Weep not for me; When the feeble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift decreasing.



866. 8s & 4s.

1. WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing—
Weep not for me!

2. When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, He can not fail me—
Weep not for me:
Yet though sin and doubt endeavor
From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever:
Weep not for me!

867. 8s & 4s.

1. THERE'S a Friend above all others,
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!

2. Blessed Jesus!—would'st thou know Him?
O how He loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to Him,
O how He loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Doubts and trials do they tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O how He loves!

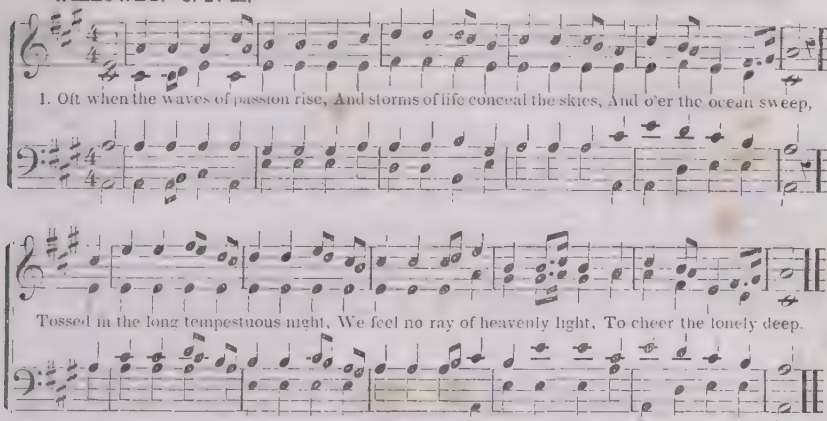
3. Love this Friend who longs to save thee,
O how He loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
O how He loves!
Think no more, then, of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how He loves!

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee—
O how He loves!

5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
O how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder;
O how He loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation—
O how He loves!

6. Let us still this love be viewing,
O how He loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O how He loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
O how He loves!

WILLOWBY. C. P. M.



868. C. P. M.

2. But lo! in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 't is I."
3. Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save:—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.
4. He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound:
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!
5. Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease.
And fall, no more to rise:
O if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies!

C. WESLEY.

869. C. P. M.

1. Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth.
And filled my lips with praise.

2. Then e'en in age and grief, Thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
Oh! yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee!
3. Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

SIR R. GRANT.

870. C. P. M.

1. COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears.
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
3. Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

JACINTH. 7s & 6s. Or 8s & 7s.

CH. BEECHER.

1. There, hark! the winds are blowing, And loud the billows roar ;
 871. And swiftly are we going To our dear native shore. } 2. The billows breaking o'er us,
 (Cresc.)
 1. Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream ;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem. } 2. Life is real! life is earnest!

The storms that round us swell, Are aching to re-store us To all we loved so well.
 And the grave is not its goal ; Dust thou art, to dust re-turn-est, Was not spoken of the soul!

871. 7s & 6s.

3. So sorrow often presses
 Life's mariner along;
 Afflictions and distresses
 Are gales and billows strong.
4. The sharper and severer
 The storm of life we meet,
 The sooner and the nearer
 Is heaven's eternal seat.
5. Come, then, afflictions dreary,
 Sharp sickness, pierce my breast—
 You only bear the weary
 More quickly home to rest.

872. 8s & 7s.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end and way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.
4. Lives of true men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;
5. Footprints which perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

6. Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

873. 8s & 7s.

1. Oh! that we our hearts might sever,
 From earth's tempting vanities,
 Fixing them on Him for ever
 In whom all our fullness lies.
2. Oh! that we might Him discover
 Whom with longing eyes we've sought,
 Join ourselves to Him for ever,
 For without Him all is naught.
3. Oh! that ne'er our hearts might wander
 From our God, so might we cease
 Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
 And our conscience be at peace.
4. Thou abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee;
 Then our senses, soul, and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be.

LYRA GERMANICA.

874. 8s & 7s.

1. FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I Thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.
2. Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In Thy days of flesh below;
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.
3. By Thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By Thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.
4. By the travail of Thy spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By Thy death I Thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

C. WESLEY.

875. 7s & 6s.

1. WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where Thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was display'd.
2. On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely Thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake.
Then, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned Thy head:
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

18

876. 8s & 7s.

1. LONE, amidst the dead and dying,
Lord, my spirit faints for Thee;
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,—
When shall I Thy presence see?
2. O, how altered my condition;
Late I led the joyous throng;
Beat my heart with full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful song.
3. Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
Waves on waves my soul confound;
Nought but boding fears before me,
Nought but threat'ning foes around.
4. Save me, save me, O my Father!
To Thy faithful word I cling;
Thence, my soul! thy comfort gather;
Hope! and thou again shalt sing.

877. 7s & 6s.

1. As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.
2. As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life He gave.
3. Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware! lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

S. F. SMITH.

DOXOLOGY. 7s & 6s.

We'll praise Thy name for ever,—
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

OPAL. 8s & 7s.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my All shalt be.
D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

878. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
3. Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;

Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

MISS GRANT.

879. 8s & 7s.

1. CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.
2. The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here His burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.
3. Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises,
E'en in martyrdom and death.
4. Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

MORAVIAN.

880. 8s & 7s.

1. **TOSSED** upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou did'st press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.
2. And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly, though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.
3. Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

881. 8s & 7s.

1. **LIGHT** of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thyself revealing—
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
2. Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.
3. Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.
4. Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
5. By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

TOPLADY.

882. 8s & 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
5. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

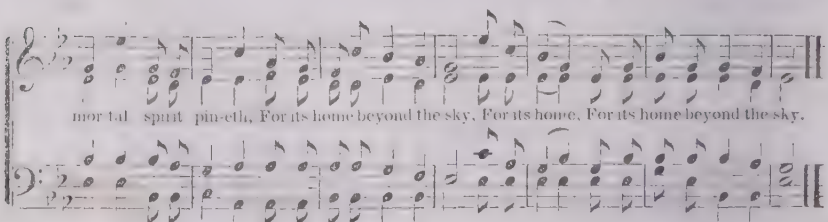
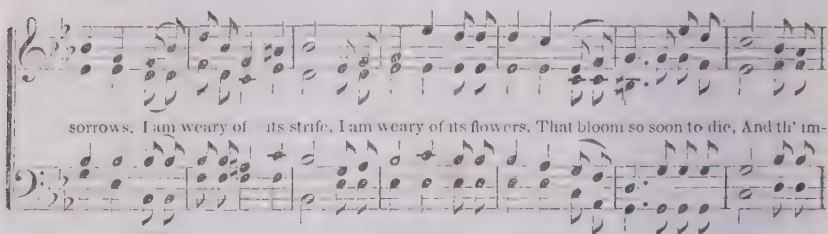
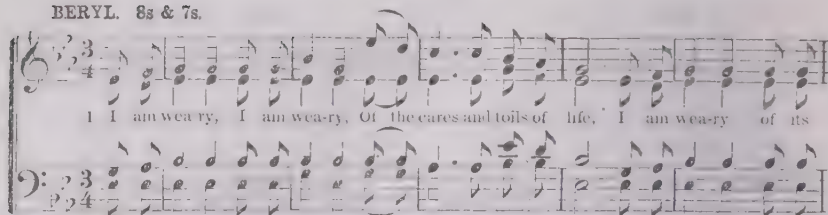
BOWRING.

883. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. **SAVIOUR**, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again;
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from Thee!
2. Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
3. Surely, once Thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourish'd—
Happy seasons we have seen!
4. But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed—
Help can only come from Thee.
5. Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again!
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
6. Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

NEWTON.

BERYL. 8s & 7s.



884. 8s & 7s.

1. I AM weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows;
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers,
That bloom so soon to die;
And the immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.
2. I am weary of the trifles
That occupy my days;
I am weary of the longing
For human love and praise;
I am weary of those passions
Turning constantly to earth;
And my spirit pants for freedom
From its idle joy and mirth.
3. I have seen the flowers wither;
I have seen the loved ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky;

I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

885. 8s & 7s.

1. O MY God, by Thee forsaken,
Prostrate in the dust I lie;
Faith by gloomy terrors shaken,
All my hopes within me die;
Yet, my soul, in Thee confiding,
Meditates Thy mercy still;
Though, on earth's dark coasts abiding,
Distant far from Zion's hill.
 2. Deep to deep responsive calling,
Thunders roar, the torrents roll;
Bursting clouds around me falling,
Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul:
Yet the Lord, His grace commanding,
Will with mercies crown my days;
He my guardian, near me standing,
Cheers my nights with prayer and praise.
- PRATT'S COLL.

WATERBROOK. 6s & 10s.

CH. BEFCHER.

1. Wilt Thou not visit me? The plant be-side me feels Thy gen-tle dew; Each

blade of grass I see. From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

886. 6s & 10s.

2. Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3. Come! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the
rain;

Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live
again.

4. Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye delights so
well,

As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to
dwell.

RAPHAEL. 6s & 5s.

1. My soul, go bold-ly forth. For-sake this sin-ful earth; What hath it been to

thee But pain and sorrow? And think'st thou it will be More kind to-mor-row?

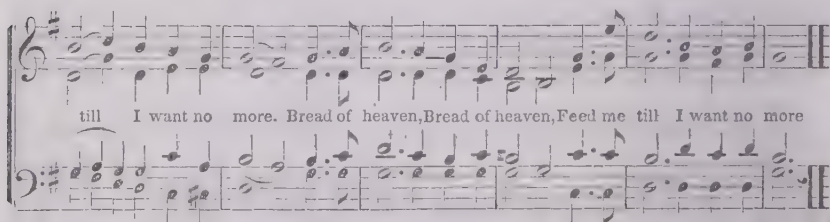
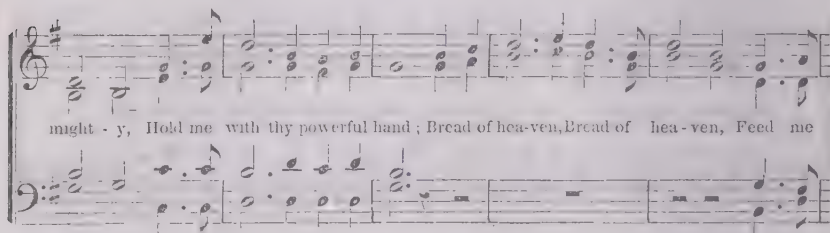
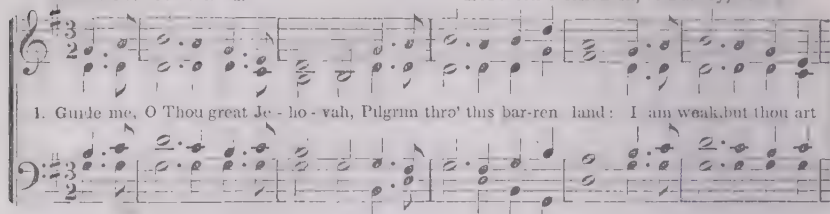
887. 6s & 5s.

2. Thy God, thy Head's above;
There is the world of love;
Mansions there purchased are
By Christ's own merit;
For these He doth prepare
Thee by His Spirit

3. Lord Jesus, take my spirit;
I trust Thy love and merit;
Take home Thy wandering sheep,
For Thou hast sought it;
My soul in safety keep,
For Thou hast bought it.

SARDIUS. 8s 7s & 4s.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON, of Paisley, Scotland.



888. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

P. WILLIAMS, OR OLIVER.

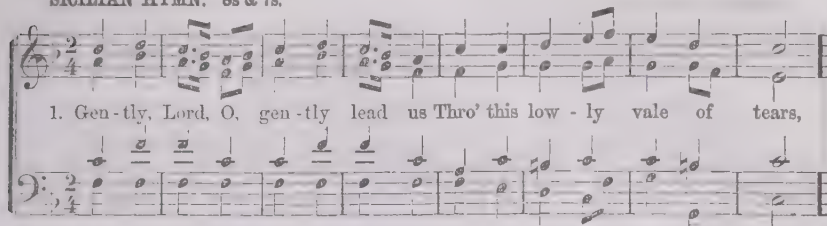
889. 8s & 7s.

1. HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.

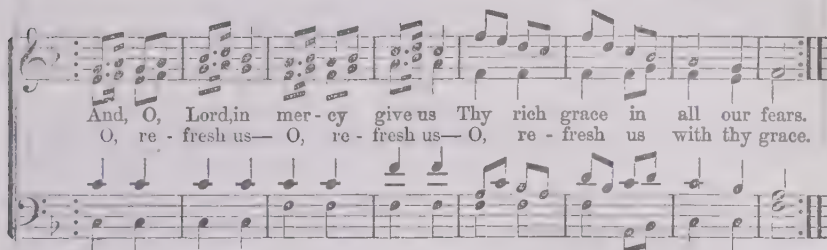
When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

2. In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
3. I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



1. Gen - tly, Lord, O, gen - tly lead us Thro' this low - ly vale of tears,



And, O, Lord, in mer - cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O, re - fresh us— O, re - fresh us— O, re - fresh us with thy grace.

890. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says He'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise Him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
3. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise Him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
4. O that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

891. 8s & 7s.*

1. JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear Thine humble suppliant's cry,
Let me know Thy great salvation—
See! I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!
2. Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

* Omit the repeat.

While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
Thou didst suffer thus for me.

3. In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished, suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love.

TURNER.

892. 8s & 7s.*

1. ONWARD, Christian, though the region,
Where thou art, be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!
2. Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—“God is Love.”
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
“Upward ever,—heaven's above.”
3. By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!
4. Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.
5. Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus.—“Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!”

GARNET. 5s & 7s.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Forgive my fol - ly, O Lord, most ho - ly; Cleanse me from ev - e - ry stain;

For Thee I languish; Pi - ty my anguish, Nor let my sighing be vain.

893. 10s & 4s.

2. Deeply repenting, sorely lamenting
All my departures from Thee
And now returning, Thine absence mourning,
Lord, show Thy mercy to me.
3. Sinful, unworthy, trembling before Thee,
Here at Thy cross will I kneel;

Thy Love once bleeding, now interceding,
Shall for my ransom avail.

4. Through Thy rich merit, by Thy free
Spirit,
Comfort my desolate soul:
Heavenly Physician, in kind compassion,
Now bid the wounded be whole.

LEAD THOU ME ON. 10s & 4s.

1. { Soul! lift thy light amid thine - circling gloom, And lead me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

891. 10s & 4s.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years!

3. So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely
still
'T will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and
sorrow, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

MAGDALEN. 7s & 5s.

Psalmodist.

1. Peace to thee, O fa-vored one, Weeping thus be-fore the throne, O'er the ills that

thou hast done, With re-lent-ing sighs: While thy heart with grief is riven, All thy fol-lies

are for-given: And be-neath a smiling heaven, Light will soon a - rise.

895. 7s & 5s.

1. PEACE to thee, O favored one,
Weeping thus before the throne,
O'er the ills that thou hast done,
With relenting sighs:
While thy heart with grief is riven,
All thy follies are forgiven;
And beneath a smiling heaven
Light will soon arise.
2. Earthly joys to Thee are dross,
Earthly gain is heavenly loss,
Look upon the bleeding cross,
View the Victim there:

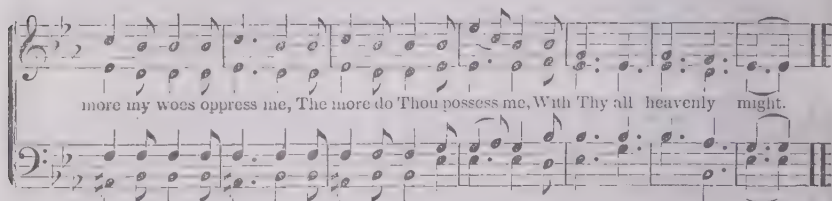
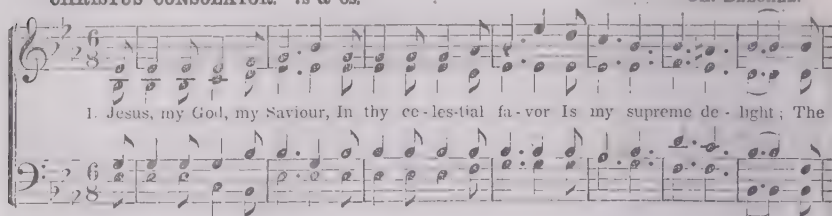
He that for thy sins hath died,
Bids thee in His love confide;
Trust in Him, and none beside,—
He will hear thy prayer.

3. From the Saviour's smiling face
Flows the plenitude of grace;
Pardon, life, and heavenly peace,
Like the ocean's wave:
He the righteous law obeyed,
He hath full atonement made,
Let Thy soul on him be stayed,
He is strong to save.

T. HASTINGS

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR. 7s & 6s.

CH. BEECHER.



896. 7s & 6s.

1. JESUS my God, my Saviour,
In Thy celestial favor
Is my supreme delight;
The more my woes oppress me,
The more do Thou possess me,
With Thy all heavenly might.
2. Whene'er my heart is broken,
Before my grief is spoken,
God pities my complaint:
And though He might reject me,
He kindly does protect me,
Lest all my courage faint.
3. By night Thine arm attends me,
And graciously defends me,
And soft is my repose;
Thine eyes, that watch my keeping,
Are never, never sleeping—
I can not fear my foes.
4. By day Thy hand shall lead me,
Thy heavenly manna feed me
Through all life's desert way;
Thy beam my path enlightens,
And more and more it brightens
Unto eternal day.
5. O Jesus, my sweet Saviour,
Soon Thy celestial favor
Shall be my sole delight;
With seraphs I'll adore Thee,
And cast my crown before Thee,
Around Thy throne of light.

897. 7s & 6s.

1. O THAT the Lord's salvation,
Jehovah's great salvation,
Were out of Zion come!
To heal His ancient nation,
His long forsaken nation—
To lead His outcasts home!
2. How long the holy city,
Zion, the holy city,
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O God, in pity,
In everlasting pity,
Rebuild her walls again.
3. Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thine iron rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart!
Remove the vail of error,
The midnight vail of error,
Release the fettered heart.
4. Let Israel home returning,
With ransom home returning,
Their lost Messiah see!
Give oil of joy for mourning,
For ages long of mourning,
And build Thy church to Thee!

DOXOLOGY. 7s & 6s.

GLORY be Thine for ever,
O Lord, of life the Giver,
Immortal Kings of kings,
To Thee thrice-named be praises,
Loud as all Heaven raises,
While earth responsive sings.

NEARER TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

1. { Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! }
E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me; { Still all my
song shall be,— Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

898. 6s & 4s.

1. NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
5. Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

899. 6s & 4s. *

1. I'm but a stranger here:
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear:
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Father land—
Heaven is my home.
2. What though the tempests rage:
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage:
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.
3. Therefore I murmur not:
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my Father land—
Heaven is my home.

* In singing this Hymn repeat the middle strain.

LANSINGBURGH. 6s & 5s. Or 6s.

Psalmodist.

1. Yea, I will ex-tol Thee, Lord of life and light! For Thine arm up -

- held me, Turned my foes to flight. 2. I im-plored Thy sue-cor,

Thou wast swift to save, To heal my wounded spi-rit, And bring me from the grave.

900. 6s & 5s.

1. YEA, I will extol Thee,
Lord of Life and Light;
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight.
2. I implored Thy succor,
Thou wast swift to save,
To heal my wounded spirit,
And bring me from the grave.
3. Grief may, like the pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.
4. Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy;
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thralldom free.
5. Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore;
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore!

MONTGOMERY.

901. 6s & 5s.

1. God of our salvation!
Unto Thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.
2. Wretched and unworthy,
Poor, and sick, and blind,
Prostrate we adore Thee,
Call Thy grace to mind.
3. He that dwelleth near Thee,
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear Thee,
In Thy strength confide.
4. Sure is Thy protection,
Safe is Thy defence,
While in deep affliction,
Woe, or pestilence.
5. God of our Salvation!
Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Boundless Thy compassion,
Infinite Thy grace.
6. While with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore;
Grant us Thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

EMILIE. 6s & 5s. Or 6s.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart; Lest the gift en-
- snare thee From thy God to part. 2. If dis-tress be-fall thee,
Pain-ful though it be, Let not grief ap-pal thee. To thy Saviour flee.

902. 6s & 5s.

3. When earth's prospects fail thee,
Let it not distress;
Better comforts wait thee,
Christ will freely bless.
4. Let not death alarm thee,
Shrink not from his blow;
For the conflict arm thee,
Triumph o'er the foe.

903. 6s.*

1. I FEEL within a want
For ever burning there,
What I so thirst for, grant,
O Thou who hearest prayer!
2. This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to Thy Son;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.
3. Like Him, now in my youth,
I long, O God, to be,
In tenderness and truth,
In sweet humility.

4. 'Tis my most fervent prayer,
Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will. FURNESS.

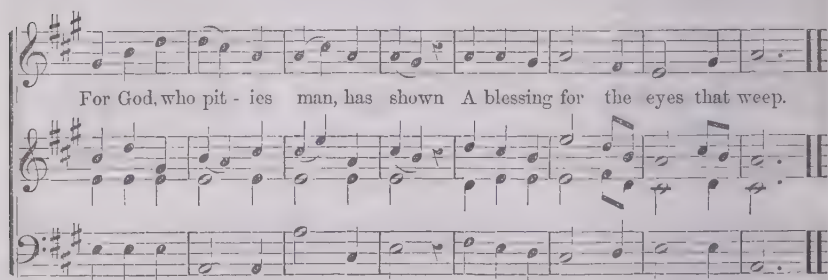
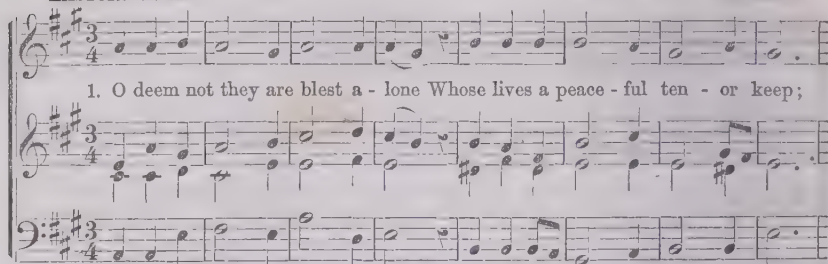
904. 6s.*

1. My spirit longeth for Thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although I am unworthy
Of so divine a Guest!
2. Of so divine a Guest—
Unworthy though I be;
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to Thee!
3. Until it come to Thee;
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found!
4. No rest is to be found
But in Thy bleeding love:
Oh! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

* May be sung to either tune, by using the small notes.

EASTON. L. M.

MOZART.



905. L. M.

1. O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
2. The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
3. There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
4. Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
5. For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

BRYANT.

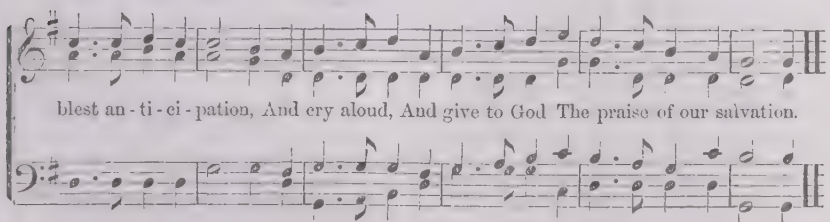
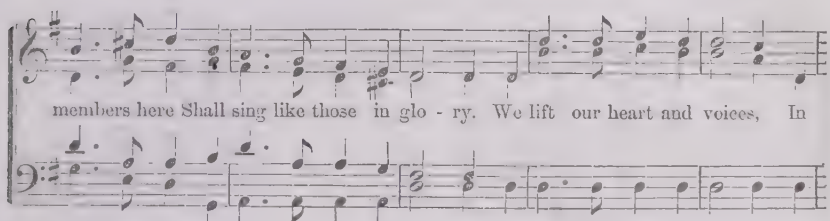
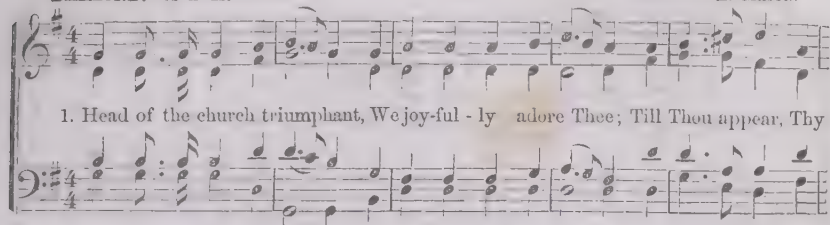
906. L. M.

1. O ZION! 'when I think on Thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
2. A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
3. While here I walk on hostile ground;
The few, that I can call my friends,
Are like myself with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
4. But we shall yet behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we again shall never mourn.
5. The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

KELLY.

DIAMOND. 7s & 4s.

L. MASON.



907. 7s, 4s & 7s.

1. Head of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2. While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
That knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We lift our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love divine,
That made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3. Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we will
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4. Faith now beholds the glory
To which Thou wilt restore us;
And earth despise,
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, like dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

CLIFFORD. C. M.

Arranged from GREATORREX's Coll.

1. Daughter of Zi - on, from the dust Ex - alt thy fall - en head; A -

- gain in thy Re - deem - er trust: He calls thee from the dead.

988. C. M.

2. Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
3. Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"
4. They come, they come;—Thine exiled
Where'er they rest or roam, [bands,
Have heard Thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
5. Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs Thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

MONTGOMERY.

909. C. M.

1. Jesus, immortal King! arise;
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.
2. Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all Thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.
3. Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4. From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

BURDER.

910. C. M.

1. ALAS, the utter emptiness!
What life has it to give?
O, shall it God's own fire oppress?
Soul, wilt thou slightly live?
2. Thyself amid the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright One near,
Thyself alone with Him.
3. The silence thronged gloriously
With business how divine!
God's glory passing unto thee—
All heaven becoming thine.
4. The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing—
The mingling with Almightiness—
The dwelling by Life's Spring!
5. Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch—
Soul, be but inly bright!
All outer things must smile, must catch
Thy strong, transcendent light.
6. Near Thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified,
Is not all glory thine?

GILL.

911. C. M.

1. BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
2. To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to His house we 'll go."
3. The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
4. No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
5. Come, then—oh come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

LOGAN.

912. C. M.

1. THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
2. One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!
3. There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
4. When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
5. Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

WATTS.

913. C. M.

1. BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
4. What though the gates of hell withstood;
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

WATTS.

914. C. M.

1. THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock One Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.
2. By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.
3. For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.
4. Oh, gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to Thy fold,
That trembling turns to Thee.

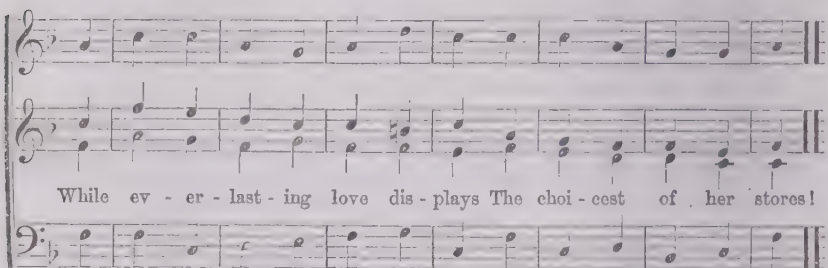
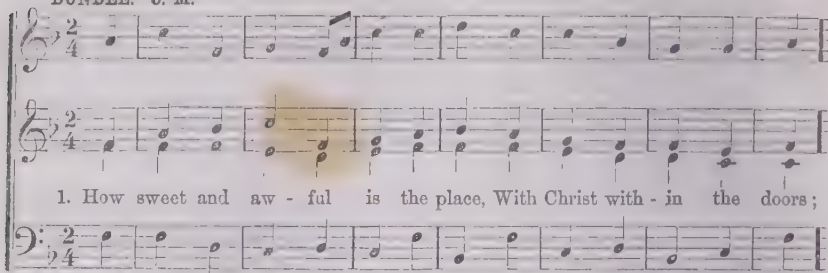
LITCHFIELD'S COLL.

915. C. M.

1. A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But Thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion! can not fail.
2. No! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.
3. Before His ever watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.
4. O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

MRS. STEELE.

DUNDEE. C. M.



916. C. M.

2. While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,—
“Lord, why was I a guest?”
3. “Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there’s room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”
4. ’Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
5. Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

WATTS.

917. C. M.

1. If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—
2. O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!
3. While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,—
“Meet and remember me!”

4. Remember Thee—Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

NOEL.

918. C. M.

1. LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of Thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.
2. The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim’s race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires.
3. Still may their light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet’s face,
When from the mount he came.
4. But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer;—
5. Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste.
6. Forget not,—Thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary’s fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered Thee.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DAVID. 8s & 7s. Or 7s.

1. { Ma - ny cen - tu - ries have fled Since our Saviour broke the bread, }
And this sa - cred feast or - dained, Ev - er by His church re - tained: }

Those His bo - dy who dis - cern. Thus shall meet till His re - turn.

919. 7s.

1. MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordain'd,
Ever by His church retain'd:
Those His body who discern,
Thus shall meet till His return.
2. Through the church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To His love who died to save.
3. All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common head.
4. Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For His flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are Thine.

CONDER.

920. 8s & 7s.*

1. On the night of that last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
Christ, as food to all His brethren,
Gives Himself with His own hand.
2. He, as man with man conversing,
Staid the seeds of truth to sow;

* Omit repeat.

Then He closed, in solemn order,
Wondrously, His life of woe.

3. Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.
4. To the everlasting Father,
Through the Son who reigns on high,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.

BREVIAKY.

921. C. M.*

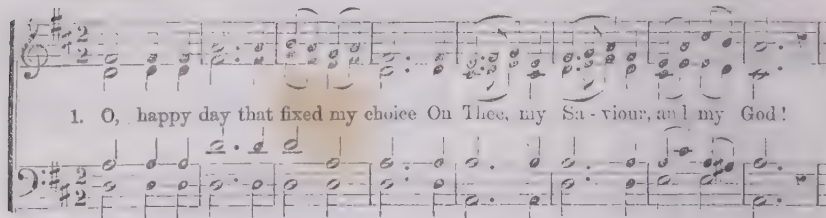
1. How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
2. He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.
3. This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
4. Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.
5. Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

WATTS.

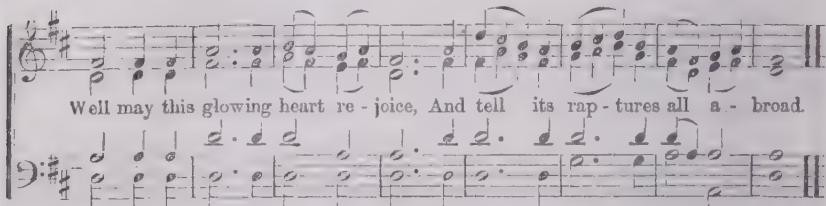
* Sung to Dundee.

EUCCHARIST. L. M.

From the Dulcimer.



1. O, happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour, and my God!



Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

922. L. M.

2. O, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to His altar now I move.
3. 'T is done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
5. High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

923. L. M.

1. JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.
2. Pity and save my sin-sick soul,
'T is Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am till Thou art mine.
3. At length I own it can not be,
That I should fit myself for Thee,
Here now to Thee I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died.

924. L. M.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.
2. We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
3. We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in Thy cleansing blood,
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.
4. And as we rise, with Thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

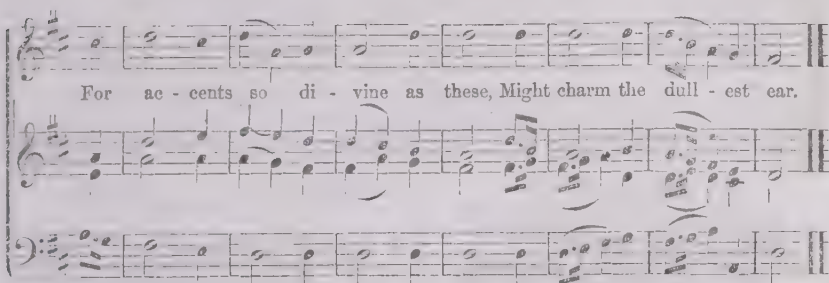
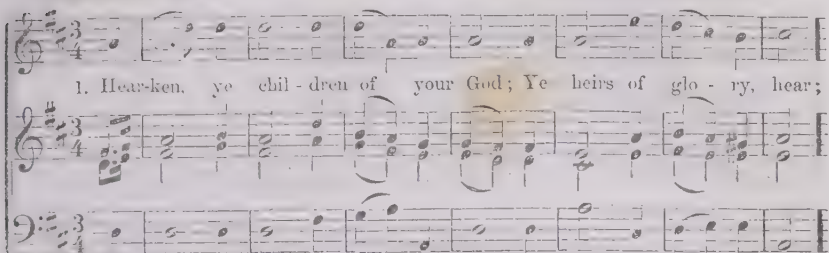
JUDSON.

925. L. M.

1. COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race e'er time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.
2. To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path His saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.
3. Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left His watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.
4. Come, all who love His precious name,
Come, tread His steps, and learn of Him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

BALDWIN.

HOWARD. C. M.



926. C. M.

1. HEARKEN, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.
2. Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
3. There by His Father's hand He sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns Himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
4. Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise,
On wings of faith and love;
Jesus your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.
5. But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send Thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

DODDRIDGE.

927. C. M.

1. HERE at Thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2. Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.
3. Deep was the suffering He endured
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."
4. Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to Thine.

S. STENNETT.

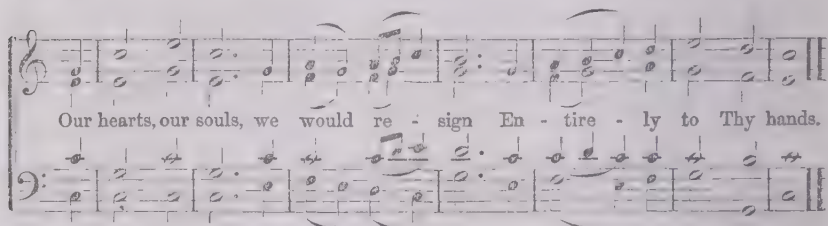
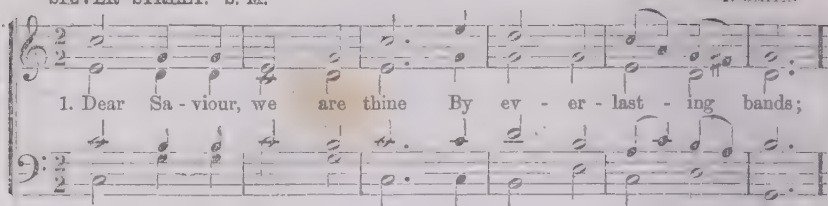
928. C. M.

1. LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
2. With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
3. Lord, plant us all into Thy death,
That we Thy life may prove—
Partakers of Thy cross beneath,
And of Thy crown above.

JAS. NEWTON.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



929. S. M.

1. DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.
2. To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.
3. Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.
4. Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
5. Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

DODDRIDGE.

930. S. M.

1. JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
2. Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
3. I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,

That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4. A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross;
5. I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
6. A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

C. WESLEY.

931. S. M.

1. MY Father bids me come,
O, why do I delay?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from Him I stay!
2. Father, the hind'rance show,
Which I have failed to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me far from Thee.
3. Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying powers display;
Into its darkest corners shine—
Take every veil away.
4. In me the hind'rance lies;
The fatal bar remove,
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

WESLEY.

PARSONS. L. M.

Arranged from NAGELI.

1. Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave, And meekly sought a watery grave:

Come, see the sa - cred path He trod, A path well pleasing to our God.

932. L. M.

2. His voice we hear, His footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do His will, to feel His love,
And join our songs with songs above.
3. Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round Him shine;
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

JUDSON.

933. L. M.

1. Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into His death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
2. Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
3. No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

WATTS.

934. L. M.

Single verses on Baptism.

WHATE'ER to Thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs;
And all Thy works, and all Thy ways
Demand our wonder and our praise.

BEDDOME.

BEHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,
Before He shed His precious blood;

How plain He mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

BEDDOME.

WITH Thee into Thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend:
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interred by such a friend.

STENNETT.

WE to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path He trod before.

BEDDOME.

ETERNAL Spirit! heavenly Dove!
On these baptismal waters move!
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

ALL ye that love Immanuel's name
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F.

YE who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
"Ye blessed of the Lord, come in."

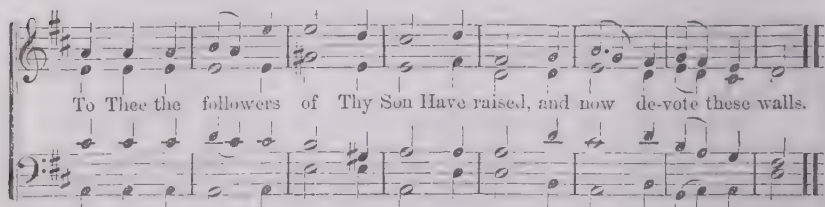
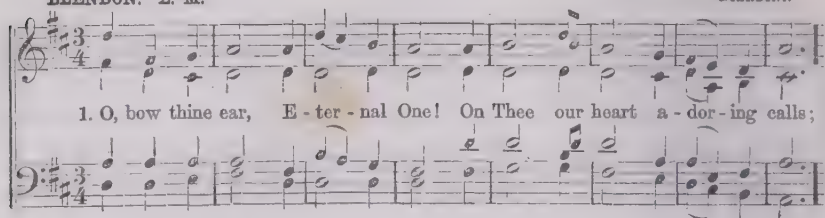
H. F.

APOSTLES trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it, too.

J. STENNETT.

BLENDON. L. M.

GIARDINI.



935. L. M.

1. O, bow Thine ear, Eternal One!
On Thee our heart adoring calls;
To Thee the followers of Thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.
2. Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
3. Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
4. Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
5. And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

936. L. M.

1. GREAT God, we in Thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!
2. Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us Thy grace hath done;
Constrain'd by Thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet Thee move.
3. In Thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to Thy great command;

The sacred flood is full in view,
And Thy sweet voice invites us through.

4. The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave.
5. Thus we, dear Saviour, own Thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to Thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

FELLOWS.

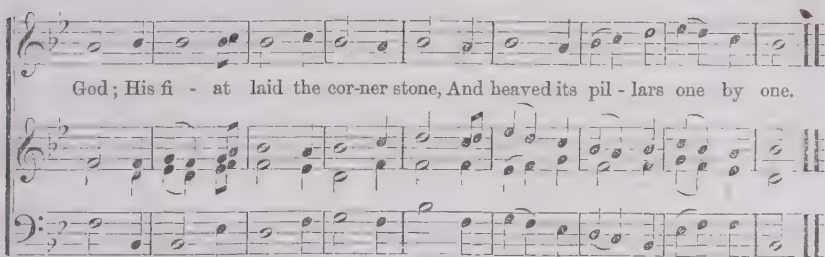
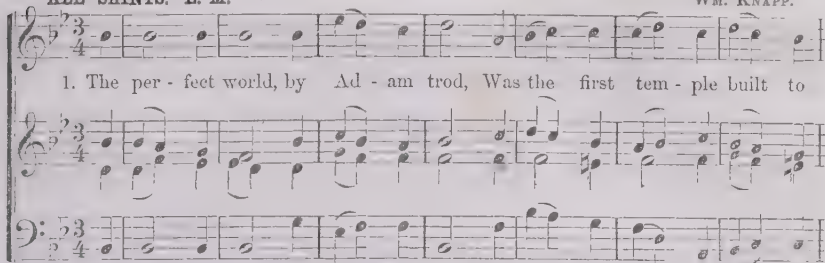
937. L. M.

1. WHEN here, O Lord, we seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
2. When here Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
3. When children's voices raise the song—
Hosanna! to their heavenly King—
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let their angels sing.
4. But will, indeed, Jehovah deign,
Here to abide, no transient Guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
5. Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

MONTGOMERY.

ALL SAINTS, L. M.

WM. KNAPP.



938. L. M.

1. THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.
2. He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
3. The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and “all was good;”
And when its first pure praises rang,
The “morning stars together sang.”
4. Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;
But in Thy sight our off'ring stands—
An humbler temple, “made with hands.”
5. We can not bid the morning star
To sing how bright Thy glories are;
But, Lord, if Thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

N. P. WILLIS.

939. L. M.

1. WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head—
Come as a servant, so He came,
And we receive thee in His stead.

2. Come as a Shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
3. Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
4. Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.
5. Come as a Teacher, sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
6. Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

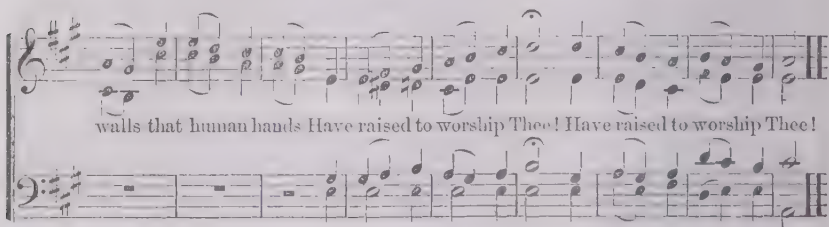
MONTGOMERY.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

- O SAVING Victim! opening wide
The gates of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side—
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow
- To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
Oh, grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land, with Thee!

SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.



910. C. M.

2. Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side!
3. May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

BRYANT.

941. C. M.

1. THE Saviour said, "Yet one thing more,
If thou would'st perfect be,
Give all thou hast unto the poor,
And come and follow me."
2. Within this temple, Christ again
Those sacred words hath said;
Unseen His hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.
3. Henceforth, beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean on Him and say,
"Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?"
4. Near at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Near, in the dark Gethsemane,
Of pain and midnight prayer.

5. O holy trust! O endless rest!

Like the beloved John,
To lean upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

ALTERED FROM LONGFELLOW.

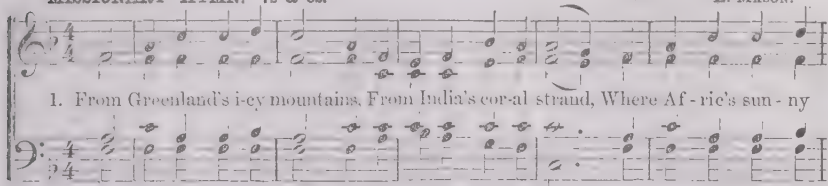
942. C. M.

1. ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.
2. Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.
3. Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.
4. Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.
5. But thronging round, with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.
6. And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

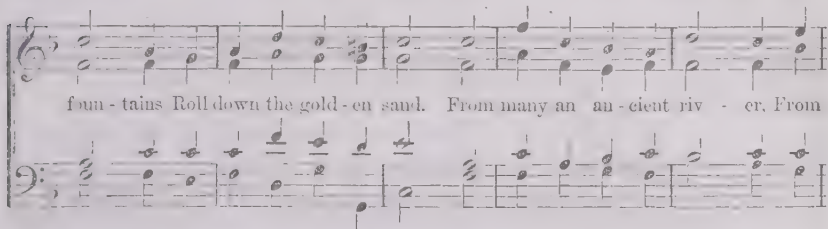
C. WESLEY.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

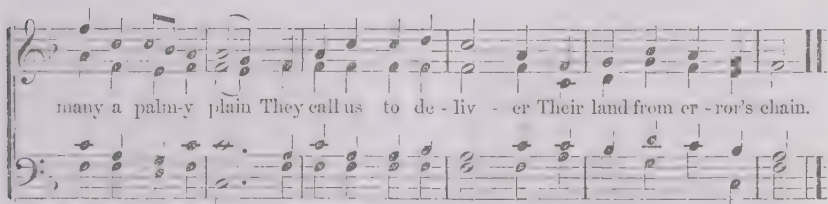
L. MASON.



1. From Greenland's i-ey mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny



foun-tains Roll down the gold-en sand. From many an an-cient riv-er, From



many a palm-y plain They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.

943. 7s & 6s.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

944. 7s & 6s.

1. Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echoed through the world:
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
2. Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

HASTINGS.

SAFALA, L. M.

GREATORIX.

1. Ye Chris-tian he-roes, go pro-claim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-u-el's name;

To dis-tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.

945. L. M.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
3. And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall—
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

PRATT'S COLL.

946. L. M.

1. TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

DODDRIDGE.

947. L. M.

1. O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2. Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3. Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
4. Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him, Lord.
5. O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

MONTGOMERY.

948. L. M.

1. ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
2. Say to the heathen, from Thy throne—
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
3. Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name;
Let Zion's time of favor come;
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home.
4. Arm of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!
Let hostile powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

BURDER'S COLL.

URMUND. 8s & 4s. Or L. M.*

L. MASON.

1. Hark! how the ges - pel trum-pet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech-o

bounds! And Je - sus, by re - deem-ing blood, Is bringing sin - ners

back to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word To end - less day.

* By repeating half the last line.

949. L. M. Peculiar.

2. Hail, Jesus! all victorious Lord!
Be Thou by all mankind adored!
For us didst Thou the fight maintain,
And o'er our foes the victory gain,
That we, with Thee, might ever reign
In endless day.
3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in His kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.
4. There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels, all combine
To sing of His redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

MEDLEY.

950. L. M.*

1. HARK, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds!
Thro' earth and heaven the echo bounds!
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood,
Sinners are reconciled to God
By grace divine.
2. Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;

Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T'invite you near.

3. Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

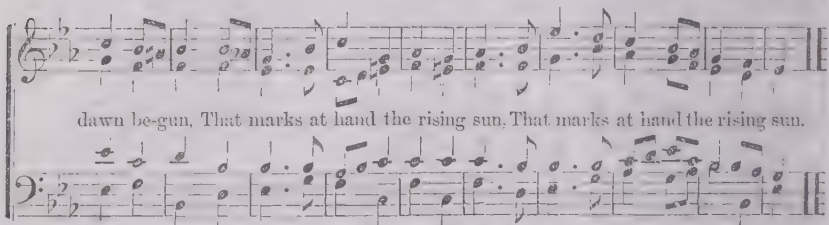
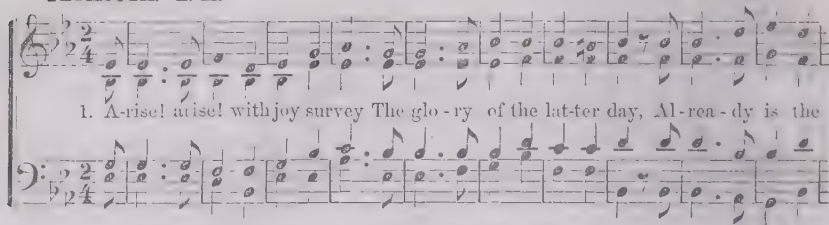
951. L. M.

1. FROM day to day, before our eyes,
Grows and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
O'er every land beneath the sun?
2. When, in the sabbath of His love,
Shall God from all His labors rest;
And bending from His throne above,
Again pronounce His creatures blest?
3. As sang the morning stars of old,
Shouted the sons of God for joy;
His widening reign while we behold,
Let praise and prayer our tongues em-
ploy.
4. Till the redeemed in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live
To Christ, through every age of time,
The kingdom, power, and glory give.

MONTGOMERY.

* Repeat the fourth line.

PLYMOUTH. L. M.*

* From a Latin Air of the ninth century in *Chants Chrétiens*.

952. L. M.

2. The friends of truth assembled stand,
A chosen, consecrated band,
The emblem of the cross display,
And cry aloud—"Behold the way!"
3. Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;
He fixes there His lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place His own.
4. "Behold the way!" ye heralds! cry,
Spare not, but lift your voices high,
Convey the sound from shore to shore;
And bid the captive sigh no more.
5. Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray,
With joy we view, and hail the day;
Thou Sun! arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

KELLY.

953. L. M.

1. Go—messenger of peace and love!
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be Thine to shed celestial light.
2. Go—to the hungry food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living waters glide.
3. Go—bid the bright and morning-star,
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent
shine,

And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

4. To India's various castes proclaim
The Gospel's soft, but powerful voice:
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.
5. From north to south, from east to west
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name by every tongue confess'd—
His praise—the universal theme.

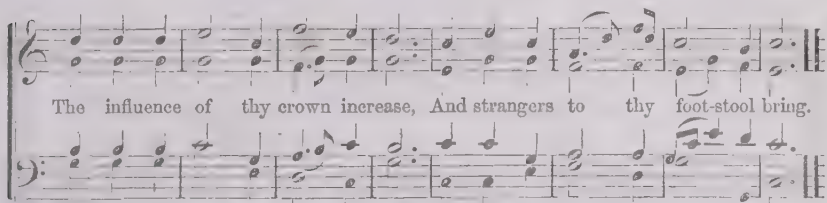
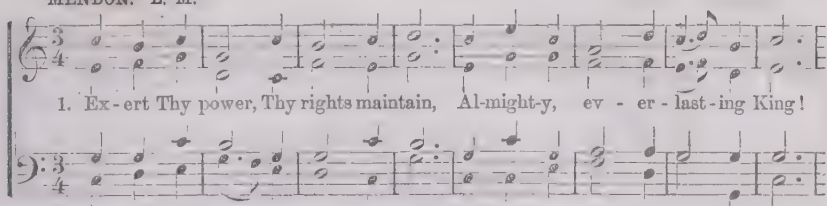
BALFOUR.

954. L. M.

1. MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.
2. E'en now the hallowed scenes appear:
E'en now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores Thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of Thy grace.
3. 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
4. When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

B. NOEL.

MENDON. L. M.



955. L. M.

2. In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
And unbelief no longer reign,
But sink in shades of endless night.
3. Then Afric's liberated sons
Shall chant to Asia's rapturous song,
Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
And western climes the notes prolong.
4. To every land beneath the sun
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And every man in every clime
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

VOKE.

956. L. M.

1. THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
2. That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, Thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.
3. O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

L. BACON.

957. L. M.

1. GREAT God, whom heaven, and earth, and
With all their countless hosts obey, [sea,
Upheld by Thee the nations stand;
And empires fall at Thy command.

2. O show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Command the din of war to cease;
With sacred love the world inspire,
And burn its chariots in the fire.
3. In sunder break each warlike spear,
Let all the Saviour's ensigns wear;
The universal Sabbath prove
The perfect rest of Christian love!

PRATT'S COLL.

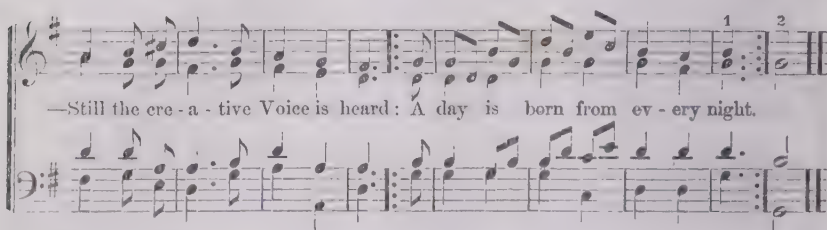
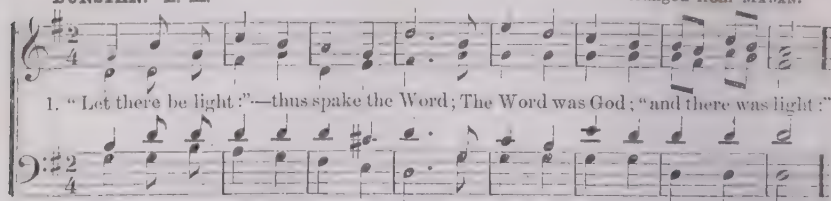
958. L. M.

1. O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped
Thee.
2. Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
3. What changel through pathless wilds no
more
The fierce and naked savage roams;
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.
4. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their
graves.
5. And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

L. BACON.

DUNSTAN. L. M.

Arranged from MADAM.



959. L. M.

1. "LET there be light," thus spake the Word,
The Word was God, "and there was light:"

Still the creative Voice is heard:
A day is born from every night.

2. And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll;
But we have run a brighter ray,
Down on the chaos of the soul.
3. Nor we alone; its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of pagan sleep;
The Word hath reached the utmost isles,—
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
4. Already, from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands,
Once more inhales immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

MONTGOMERY.

960. L. M. Double.

1. DEPART awhile, each thought of care,
Be earthly things forgotten all,
And speak, my soul, thy grateful prayer,
Obedient to the sacred call.
For hark! the pealing chorus swells;
Devotion chants the hymn of praise,
And now of joy and hope it tells,
Till, fainting on the ear, it says,—
Glory to Thee, to Thee, O Lord!
2. Thine, wondrous Babe of Galilee!
Fond theme of David's harp and song,
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy,
To Thee its ransomed chords belong.

And hark! again the chorus swells,
The song is wafted on the breeze,
And to the listening earth it tells,
In accents soft and sweet as these,—
Glory to Thee, to Thee, O Lord!

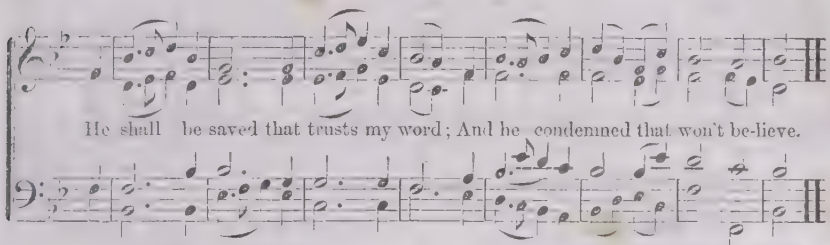
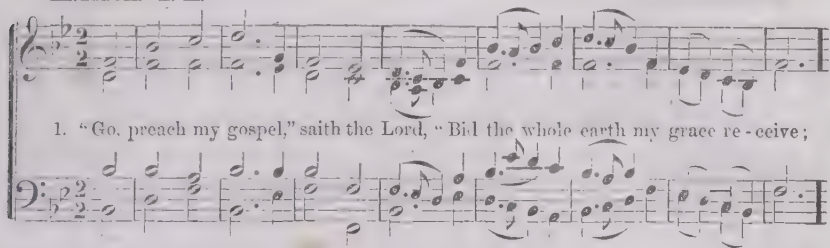
3. My heart doth feel that still He's near,
To meet the soul in hours like this;
Else, why, O why, that falling tear,
When all is peace, and love, and bliss?
But hark! that Bethlehem chorus swells
Anew its thrilling vesper strain;
And still of joy and hope it tells,
And bids creation sing again,—
Glory to Thee, to Thee, O Lord!

LYRA CATH.

961. L. M.

1. GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.
2. Thy scepter well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
3. With power He vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and His fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
4. The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
5. The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

ANTIGUA. L. M.



962. L. M.

2. "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
3. "Teach all the nations My commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in My hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."
4. He spake, and light shone round His head,
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the furthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

WATTS.

963. L. M.

1. GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of Thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, Thy frown is death.
2. When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign;
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;
3. Thy Sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

20

4. Then peace returns with balmy wing,
Sweet peace! with her what blessings
fed!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
5. Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to Thy will;
And peace and war await Thy word,
And Thy sublime decrees fulfill.

MRS. STEELE.

964. L. M.

1. O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of Heaven!
Rebels He deigns to call His sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.
2. Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.
3. Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.
4. Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.
5. When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

RIPPON.

MEDINA. C. M.*

Psalmist.

1, O, Ci - ty of the Lord! begin The u - ni - ver - sal song And let the scattered vil - lages The

joyful notes pro - long. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

* The Hallelujah can be sung or omitted at pleasure.

965. C. M.

2. Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
In accent rude rejoice.
3. Oh! from the streams of distant lands
To our Jehovah sing;
And joyful, from the mountain-tops,
Shout to the Lord, the King.
4. Let all combined, with one accord,
The Saviour's glories raise,
Till in the earth's remotest bounds
The nations sound His praise.

LOGAN.

966. C. M.

1. SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
2. Give Thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Produce the tree of life.
3. If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When Thou shalt all renew!
4. And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5. Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To Sovereign love alone.

MONTGOMERY.

967. C. M.

1. THE mighty angel, to whose hand
The word of life is given,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring, cleaves the heaven.
2. And say—shall aught oppose his flight?—
Or cloud his flaming scroll?
No!—not till truth with holy light
Shall visit every soul;
3. Not till blest Peace shall spring to birth;
And hatred sheath his sword;
Not till the nations of the earth
Are subject to the Lord.

SIGOURNEY.

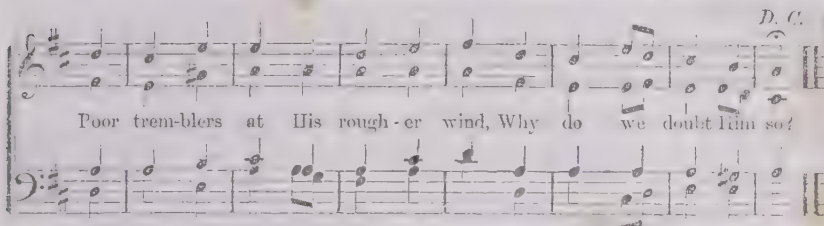
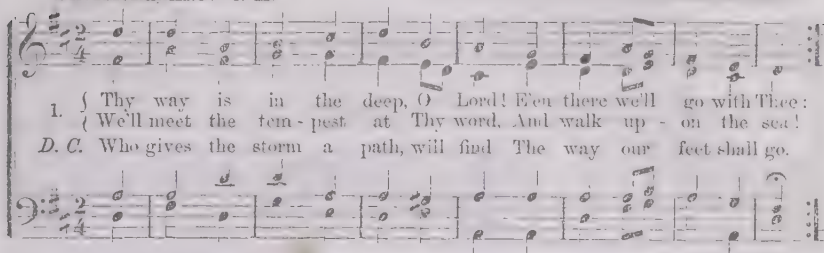
968. C. M.

1. LORD! send Thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.
2. Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.
3. An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.
4. With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet;
And show the mystery fulfill'd,—
Thy family complete.

C. WESLEY.

WESTMORELAND. C. M.

Moravian Tune



969. C. M.

1. THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with Thee;
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea!
2. Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
3. A moment may His hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay!—
We cry, "Lord help the tempest-tost,"—
And safe we're borne away.
4. The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

970. C. M.

1. God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
2. Oblessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible!
3. Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
4. And blessed is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,

And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

5. O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

LYRA CATH.

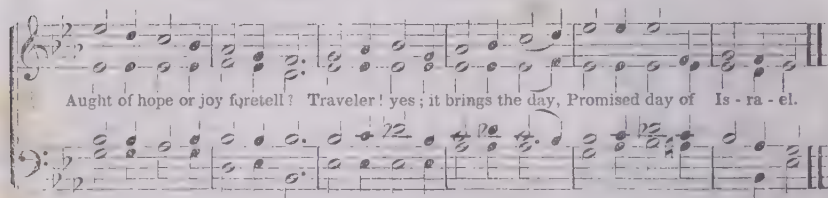
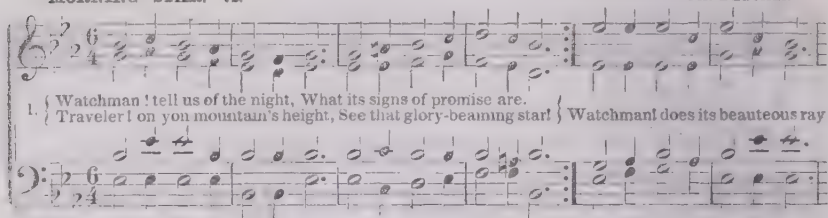
971. C. M.

1. OPPRESSION shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant sway.
2. Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, full armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.
3. What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
4. What soul shall dare, tho' stout and strong,
Restore the ancient wrong;
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?
5. The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
6. Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
On high thy banner swell,
Let trump on trump the triumph swell,
Of Heaven's redeeming power

H. WARE

MORNING STAR. 7s.

CH. BEECHER.



972. 7s.

1. WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.
2. Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
3. Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

BOWRING.

973. 7s.

1. SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
2. To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some heart it is:

O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

3. When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way.
4. More and more it spreads and grows
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
5. Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
6. Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love.

C. WESLEY.

974. 7s.

1. WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now hath come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
2. All ye nations! join and sing—
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,—
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"
3. Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

PRATT'S COLL.

975. 7s.

1. HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
2. See, Jehovah's banner's furled;
Sheath'd His sword:—He speaks—'t is
Now the kingdoms of this world [done!
Are the kingdom of His Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
4. Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
5. Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

MONTGOMERY.

976. 7s.

1. SEE the ransomed millions stand—
Palms of conquest in their hands!
This before the throne their strain—
"Hell is vanquished—death is slain!"
2. "Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall—
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"
3. Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued—
Nature sighs to be renewed.
4. Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things with the bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come—and reign for evermore.

CONDER.

977. 7s.

1. Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.
2. Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3. Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep.
4. O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
5. Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.
6. Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Christ, whose love is full and free.

MARSDEN.

978. 7s.

1. LORD! Thou didst arise and say,
To the troubled waters, "Peace!"
And the tempest died away,
Down they sank, the foaming seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen!
2. Lord! Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud;
Quell the tyrant's martial heat;
Quell the fierce and clam'ring crowd:
Then the earth shall find repose
From oppressions and from woes;
And an imaged heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

MILMAN.

979. 7s.

1. SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.
2. Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.
3. Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!
4. There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11 & 10s.

Spiritual Songs.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the

lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of

sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.

980. 11s & 10s.

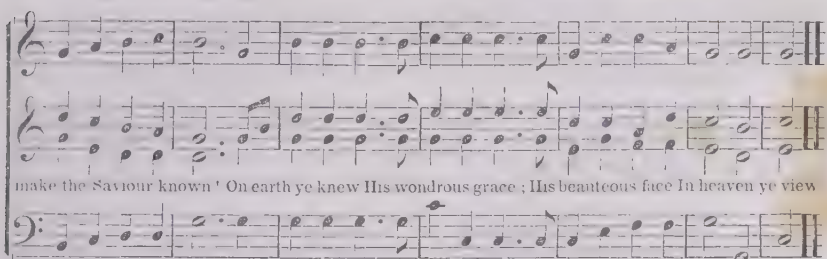
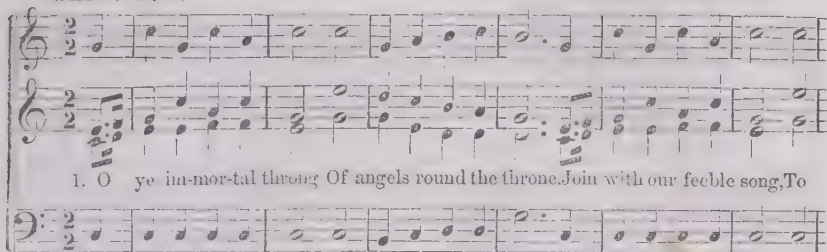
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
3. Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. HASTINGS.

WATTS. H. M.



981. H. M.

1. O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known!
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2. Ye saw the heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

3. Ye in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled;
And joined to crown
The Victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before His frown.

4. Around His sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse Him from His sleep;

Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

5. When, all arrayed in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

6. The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise;
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

DODDRIDGE.

DOXOLOGY. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.

1. We are liv-ing, we are dwell-ing, In a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on a-ges tell-ing, To be liv-ing is subline. Hark! the waking up of na-tions, Gog and Ma-gog to the fray. Hark! what soundeth? is crea-tion Groaning for its lat-ter da-?

982. 8s & 7s.

2. Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.
3. Worlds are charging—heaven beholding:
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

A. C. COXE.

983. 8s & 7s.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;

On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

2. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near—
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry—
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

NEWTON.

984. 8s & 7s.

1. Yes—my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, 'connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
2. Home!—thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home!—'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
4. Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows! bear me;
Lovely native land!—farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
5. In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

S. F. SMITH.

985. 8s & 7s.

1. ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the Gospel's banner high;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim-stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's scorching ray;
Bid the red browed forest ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.
2. Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its ranciance flow.
India marks its luster stealing,
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
3. Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit tho' they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal—bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply,
Onward!—Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

SIGOURNEY.

986. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. CHRISTIAN! see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!
2. Heathens at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!
3. Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming—
Gilding now the radiant hills—
Rise and shine, till brighter gleamings
All the world Thy glory fills;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!
4. Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of Thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

LELAND'S HYMNS.

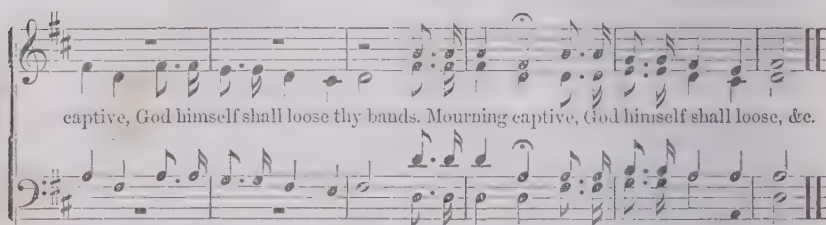
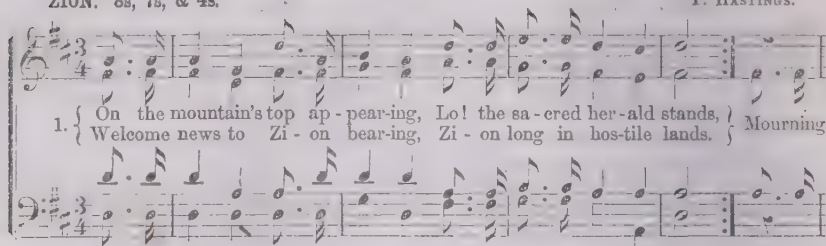
987. 8s & 7s.

1. HARK! the sounds of joy and gladness:
Whence the shout of rural mirth?
Man repents his murderous madness,
Man, the tiger of the earth!
Lo! the glittering sword descending.
Cleaves the soil it drenched before:
And the spear, the vintage tending,
Gives its work of carnage o'er.
2. Men, not now their hands imbruening,
Brother, in a brother's blood,
Sport with terror, death, and ruin,
Reckless borne on passion's flood;
Arts of peace, the nations blessing,
Clothe the hills, the valleys cheer;
While the world, its wrongs redressing,
Breathes a new, sabbatic year.
3. Lord of earth! its mournful story
Hasten, in Thy grace, to close;
Bring the days of brighter glory,
Calm its tumults, heal its woes;
All, around the cross uniting,
Blend in one harmonious throng;
Peace, the rolls of time inditing,
Love, the universal song.

MRS. GILBERT.

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

T. HASTINGS.



988. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

989. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!
2. Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;

Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

KELLY.

990. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.
2. Through ten thousand channels flowing
Streams of mercy find their way:
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay.
O, ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.
3. Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

KELLY.

991. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth—
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth—
Bear the tidings,
Tell the Saviour's matchless worth.

2. Go—and when exposed to dangers,
Jesus will your souls defend;
Go, and when 'mid foes and strangers,
He will still appear your Friend—
His kind presence
Shall be with you to the end.

KELLY.

992. 8s & 7s.*

1. CHEEK grow pale, but heart be vigorous;
Body fall, but soul have peace;
Welcome, pain! thou searcher rigorous,
Slay me, but my faith increase.
2. Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing;
Doubt, that would my strength impair;
Hence at once from life and feeling—
Now my cross I gladly bear.
3. Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven's law, writ bright and
Up! a sacrifice to greatness, [broad,
Truth, and goodness—up to God!
4. Up to labor! from thee shaking
Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!
Give thyself to prayer and waking;
Toil some fainting heart to save!

MISS BREMER.

993. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. YES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By His word in every land;
God is speaking—
Darkness flies at His command.
2. With the voice of joy and singing
Let us hail the dawning ray;
Lo! the blessed day-star, bringing
O'er the earth a glorious day;
At his rising,
Gloom and darkness flee away.

KELLY.

994. 8s & 7s.*

1. HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2. Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

CAWOOD.

995. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the thronging, wandering nations,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
2. Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in Thy wing;
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
3. May the millions now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before Him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.
4. Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at Thy command
Let the heralds of Thy mercy
Spread Thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Always, to the end of time.

COTTERELL.

996. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
3. Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy scepter,
Saviour! all the world around.

P. WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
tid - ings from a - far Of nations in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.

997. 7s & 6s.

1. THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home; —
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

998. 7s & 6s.

1. ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.
2. O Thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with Thee.

PRATT'S COLL.

999. 7s & 6s.

(This Hymn may be sung to Amsterdam, page 370.)

1. WRETCHED, helpless, and distress'd,
Ah! Whither shall I fly;
Ever gasping after rest,—
I can not find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,—
Fast in sin and misery,—
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in Thee.
2. Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,
With meek humility;
Put on me that glorious dress,—
Endue my soul with Thee:
Let Thine image be restored;
Let Thy nature in me move,
With Thy fullness fill me, Lord,
Oh, fill me with Thy love. C. WESLEY.

1000. 7s & 6s.

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?
2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

PRATT'S COLL.

1001. 7s & 6s.

1. HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
2. He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight
3. He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4. For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

MONTGOMERY.

1002. 7s & 6s.

1. Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win:
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant Sin;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmed cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is—"On."
2. Our fathers' God, our Keeper!
Be Thou our strength divine!
Thou sendest forth the reaper,—
The harvest all is Thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more!

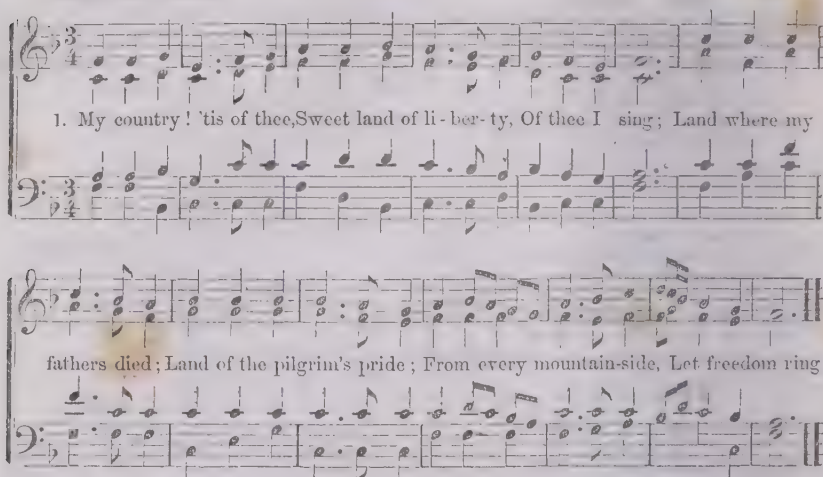
E. H. CHAPIN.

1003. 7s & 6s.

1. On Thibet's snow-capped mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Along Hawai's strand:
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The Gospel trumpet sound.
2. In golden armor blazing,
They press their onward way,
And, high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display:
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banner folds of peace.
3. What though hell's fiery legions
Pour forth their dread array,
Look up—angelic legions
Attend you on your way:
March on, ye sons of heaven,
This precious promise sing—
The heathen shall be given
To Christ, our glorious King!

D. DUTTON, JR.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



1004. 6s & 4s.

2. My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
4. Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. SMITH.

1005. 6s & 4s.

1. BREAK forth in song, ye trees,
As, through your tops, the breeze
Sweeps from the sea;
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled, though free.
2. Ye sister hills lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due;—

These are the great of earth,
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

3. These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, to the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Towards Bethlehem's star.

PIERPONT.

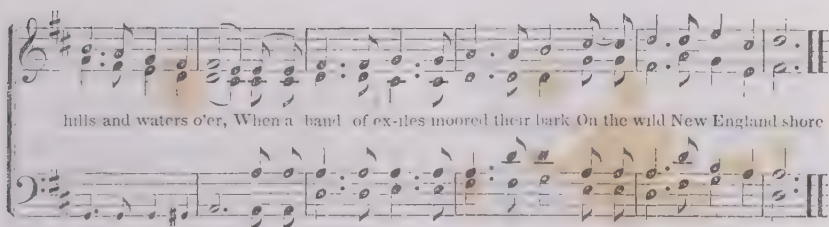
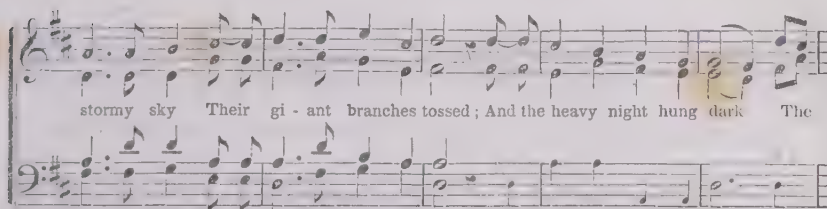
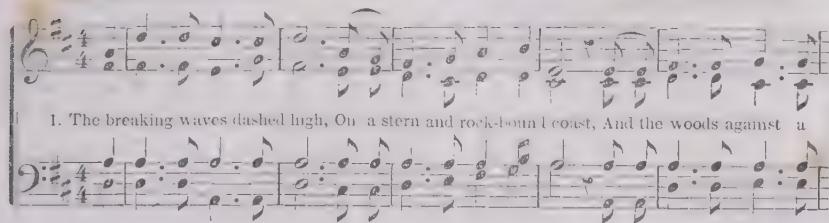
1006. 6s & 4s.

1. GONE are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.
2. Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth, that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.
3. Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills;
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let Thy light repose
On these our hills!

PIERPONT.

PLYMOUTH ROCK. S. M.

MRS. BROWN.



1007. S. M.

1. THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

2. Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

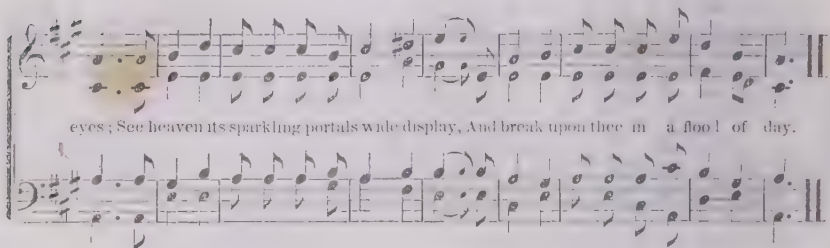
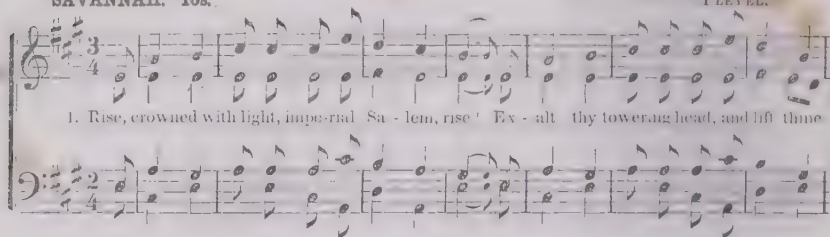
3. Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

4. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God.

MRS. HEMANS.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEVEL.



1008. 10s.

2. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
3. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in Thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke
decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power re-
mains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.
POPE.

1099. 10s.

1. POUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts
roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to
pole.
2. On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall
start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by
thee.

3. Spread, mighty Gospel, spread thy soaring
wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every
land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of
kings;
Proclaim them all thine own;—'t is Christ's
command! ASHWORTH.

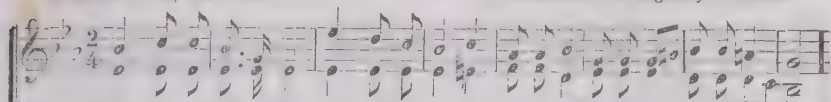
1010. 10s.

1. RESTORE, O Father! to our times restore
The peace which filled Thine infant church
of yore:
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of
strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.
2. O, never more may different judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart!
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they
feel.
3. From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's
ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to Thee,
Parent of peace, and Fount of harmony!

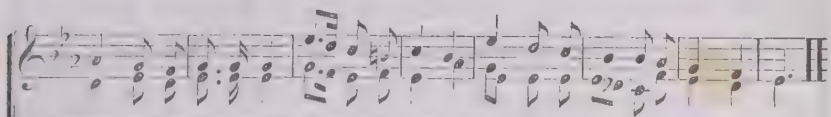
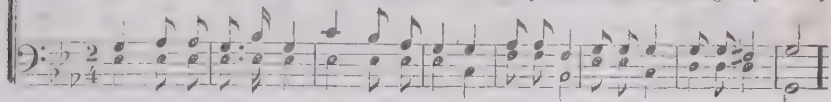
BEARD'S COLL.

MOSCOW. 11s, 10s & 9s.

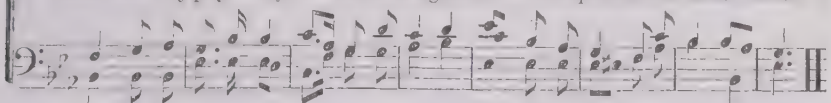
Russian Air. Arranged by J. ZUNDEL.



1. God, the all-terrible. Thou who ordainest, Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword;



Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!



1011. 11s, 10s & 9s.

1. God, the all terrible! Thou who ordainest
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy
sword;

Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou
reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2. God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3. God, the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word;
But not Thy wrath in its terror awaken.
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4. So will Thy people with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril
and sword;
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the
Lord.

1012. 11s & 10s.*

1. Down the dark future, through long genera-
tions,
The sounds of war grow fainter, and then
cease;

* Sing to Savannah, on opposite page.

And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

2. Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the
skies:

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

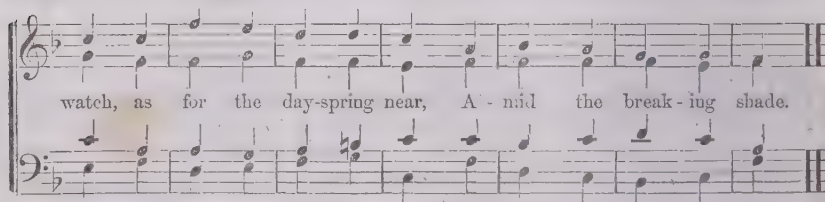
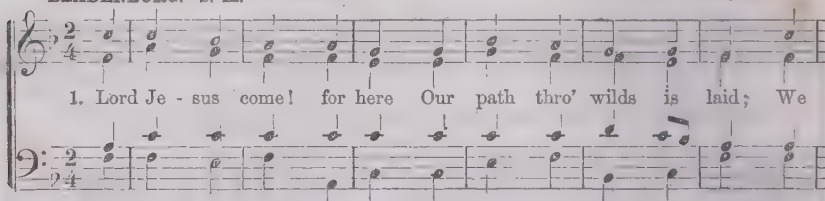
1013. 10s.*

1. FATHER divine! this deadening power con-
trol,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;
O, break this bondage, Lord! I would be
free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in
Thee.

2. My heaven in Thee! O God, no other heaven
To the immortal soul can e'er be given;
O, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, Thy will be done!

3. My heaven in Thee, O Father, let me find,
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned;
No more, of heaven and bliss, my soul, de-
spair;
For where my God is found, my heaven is
there.

BLADENBURG. S. M.



1014. S. M.

2. Lord Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
3. Lord Jesus, come! the slave
Still bears his heavy chains;
Their daily bread the hungry crave,
While teem the fruitful plains.
4. Hark! herald voices near
Lead on Thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew Thy way.

MISS MARTINEAU.

1015. S. M.

1. HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with
Are we not brothers all? [gore?
2. Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart—
Sufferers are brothers all.
3. Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown—
Christians are brothers all.
4. Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That Heaven its work at length may own
And men be brothers all.

JOHNS.

1016. S. M.

1. "Is this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God;

"A day for man to vex his soul
And feel affliction's rod?"

2. "No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?"
3. "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?"
4. "Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!" DRUMMOND.

1017. 12s.*

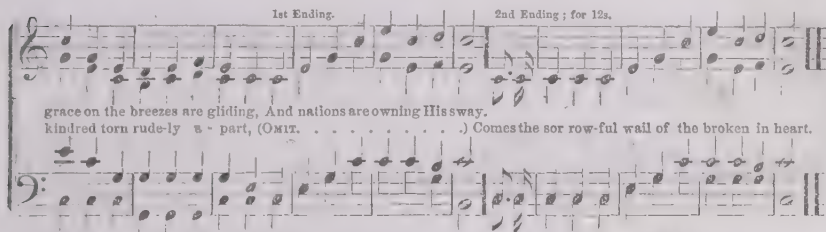
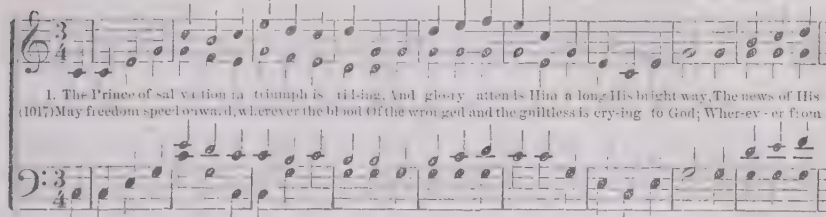
1. MAY freedom speed onward, wherever the
blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying
to God;
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken
of heart.
2. Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind
In silence and darkness the God-given
mind,
There, Lord, speed it onward! the truth
shall be felt,
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron will
melt.
3. Help us turn from the cavil of words, to
unite
Once again for the poor in defense of the
right,
Unappalled by the danger, the shame of
the pain,
And counting each trial for truth as our
gain.

WHITTIER.

* Sing to Burlington, page 323.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s & 8s.

Arranged from the German by L. MASON.



1018. 12s, 11s, & 8s.

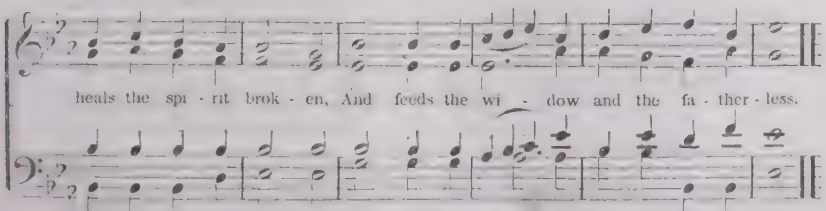
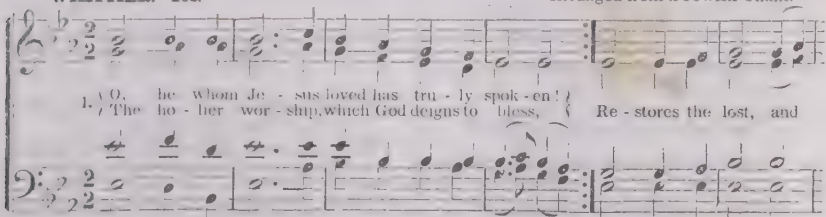
2. Ride on in Thy greatness, Thou conquering
Savior,
Let thou - sand [sof thousands submit to Thy reign,
Acknowledge Thy goodness, entreat for Thy
favor,
And follow Thy glorious train.

3. Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified
nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall re-echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

S. F. SMITH

WHITTIER. 10s.

Arranged from a Jewish Chant.



1019. 11s & 10s.

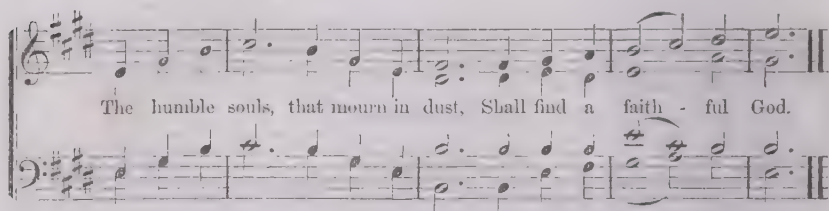
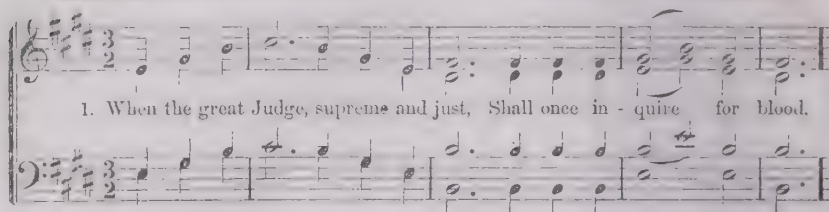
2. Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is
there.
To worship rightly is to love each other:
Each sing a hymn, each kindly deed a
prayer.

3. Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude
4. Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the talet of fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

WHITTIER

KALKBRENNER. C. M.

Modern Harp.



1020. C. M.

1. WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.
2. He from the dreadful gates of death
Doth His own children raise;
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.
3. His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.
4. Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
5. Rise, great Redeemer, from Thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at Thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

WATTS.

1021. C. M.

1. LORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,—
2. Is not Thy chariot hastening on?
Hast Thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

3. "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I will appear to their surprise,
And set My servants free."
4. Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men, that in Thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

WATTS.

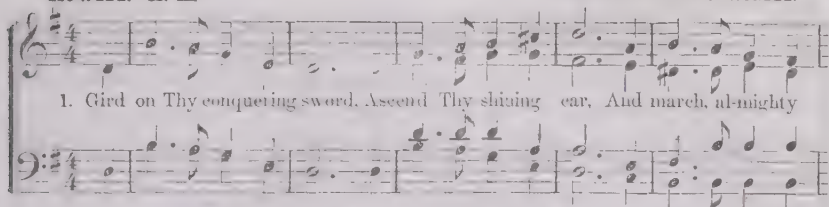
1022. C. M.

1. WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.
2. I'll sing Thy majesty and grace:
My God prepares His throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make His vengeance known.
3. Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd;
To save the people of His love,
And give the weary rest.
4. The men that know Thy name will trust
In Thine abundant grace;
For Thou dost ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek Thy face.
5. Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfill.

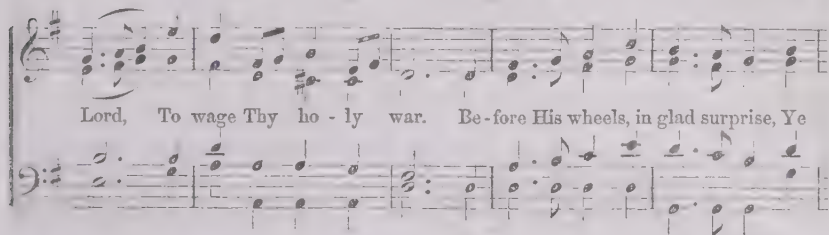
WATTS.

HOWITT. H. M.

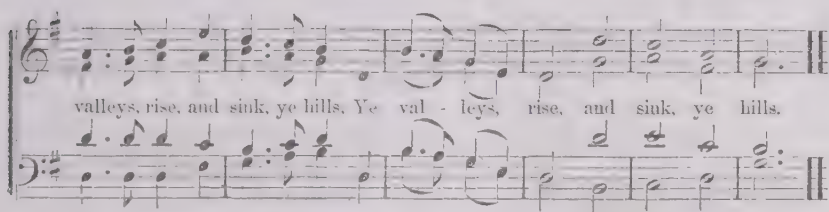
J. ZUNDEL.



1. Gird on Thy conquering sword, Ascend Thy shining car, And march, almighty



Lord, To wage Thy ho - ly war. Be - fore His wheels, in glad surprise, Ye



valleys, rise, and sink, ye hills, Ye val - leys, rise, and sink, ye hills.

1023. H. M.

1. GIRD on Thy conquering sword,
Ascend Thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord!
To wage Thy holy war.
Before His wheels, in glad surprise,
Ye valleys, rise, and sink, ye hills.
2. Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
Under Thy banners move,
And seek from Thee redress;
Thou in their cause shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide dispense Thy laws.
3. Before Thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of Thy grace—
The grace that captures all.
The world shall know, great King of kings,
What wondrous things Thine arm can do.
4. Here to my willing soul
Bend Thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all Thy power display:
My heart, Thy throne, blest Jesus! see,
Bows low to Thee, to Thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

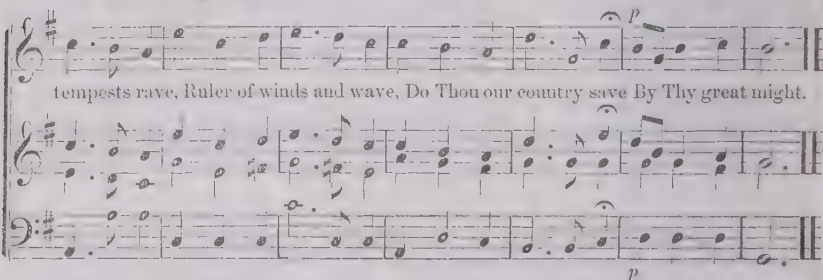
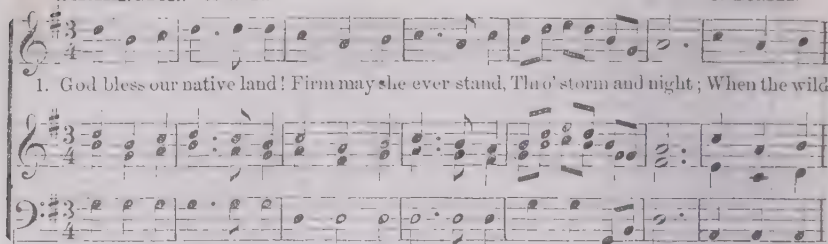
1024. H. M.

1. We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love—
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.
2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory, too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
4. Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

WATTS.

WASHINGTON. 6s & 4s.

J. ZUNDEL.



1025. 6s & 4s.

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou for ever nigh;—
God save the State!

1026. 6s & 4s.

1. LORD, from Thy blessed throne
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!
2. The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain,—
God save the poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness,
Succor Thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!
3. Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!

Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

NICOLL.

1027. 6s & 4s.

1. ROLL on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurl'd,
And freedom's flag, unfurl'd,
Shall wave throughout the world
O'er every slave.
2. Trump of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all;
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.
3. Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night;
The Saviour's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

DUNCAN.

SUFFOLK. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. { Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour: Make the word of truth Thy ear; }
 { Pros-per in Thy course tri-umphant: All suc-cess at-tend Thy war: }

Gra-cious Vic-tor, Gra-cious Vic-tor, Bring Thy tro-phies from a-far.

1028. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
 Make the word of truth Thy care;
 Prosper in Thy course triumphant;
 All success attend Thy war:
 Gracious Victor,
 Bring Thy trophies from afar.
2. Majesty combines with meekness,
 Righteousness and peace unite
 To insure Thy blessed conquests;
 Take possession of Thy right:
 Ride triumphant,
 Dressed in robes of purest light.
3. Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre;
 Blest are all that own Thy reign;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from its galling chain:
 Saints and angels,
 All who know Thee, bless Thy reign.

J. RYLAND.

1029. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. EVERLASTING! changing never!
 Of one strength, no more, no less:
 Thine Almightyness for ever,—

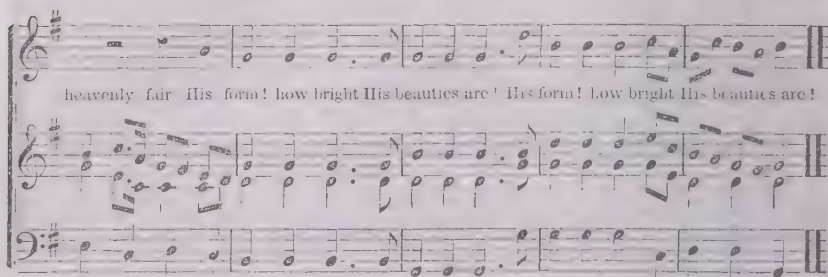
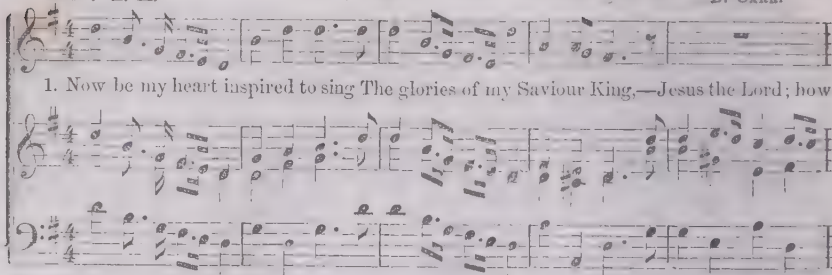
All the same Thy holiness:
 Thee Eternal,
 Thee All-glorious we possess.

2. But we weak ones, but we sinners,
 Would not in our poorness stay;
 We, the low ones, would be winners
 Of what holy height we may,
 Ever nearer
 To Thy pure and perfect day.
3. Shall things withered, fashions olden,
 Keep us from life's flowing spring?
 Waits for us the promise golden,
 Waits each new, diviner thing?
 Onward! Onward!
 Why this faithless tarrying?
4. Nearer to Thee would we venture,
 Of Thy truth more largely take,
 Upon life divine enter,
 Into day more glorious break;
 To the ages
 Fair bequests and costly make.
5. By each saving word unspoken,
 By Thy truth, as yet half-won,
 By each idol still unbroken,
 By Thy will, yet poorly done,
 Hear us! hear us!
 Our Almighty, help us on!

GILL.

MAY. L. M.

B. CARR.



1030. L. M.

1. Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King—
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright His beauties are!
2. O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from His lips divinely flows,
And blessings all His state compose.
3. Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of Thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at Thy side.
4. Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at Thy feet.
5. Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Grace is the scepter in Thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are Thy delight.
6. God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with His sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.

WATTS.

1031. L. M.

1. My refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a timorous, trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?"
2. If government be all destroyed—
That firm foundation of our peace—
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
3. The Lord in heaven hath fixed His throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To Him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.
4. If He afflicts His saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What must the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.
5. On impious wretches He shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as He kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with His angry breath.
6. The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that His own image bear.

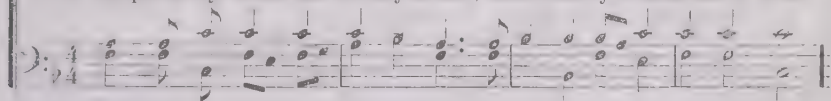
WATTS.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

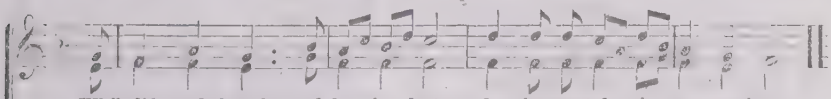
H. BOND.



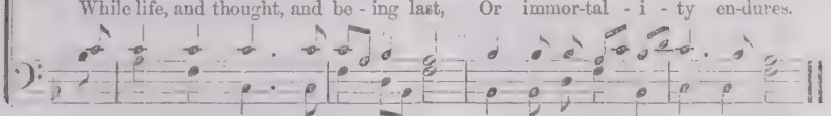
1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death,



Praise shall en - play my no - bler powers, My days of praise shall ne'er be past,



While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or immor - tal - i - ty en - dures.



1032. L. M. 6 lines.

2. Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.
3. The Lord hath eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends to the laborer conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
4. He loves His saints: He knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

WATTS.

1033. L. P. M.

1. Judges, who rule the world by laws,
We'll no despise the righteous cause,
When the oppressed before you stands?

Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners go secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your
hands?

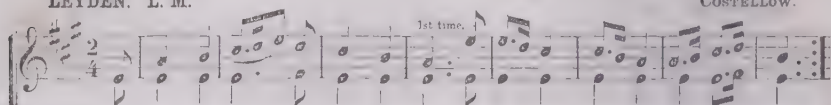
2. Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges, too?
High in the heavens His justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains!
3. Th' Almighty thunders from the sky—
Their grandeur melts, their titles die—
They perish like dissolving frost:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest dies,
So shall their hopes and names be lost.

4. Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say—
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears His children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

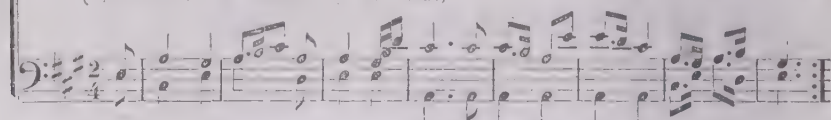
WATTS.

LEYDEN. L. M.

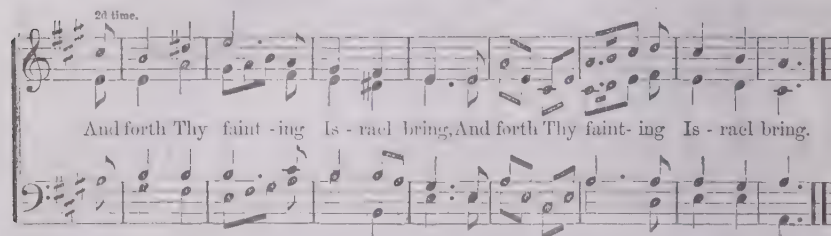
COSTELLO.



1. { Lord, when Thine ancient peo - ple cried, Op-pressed and bound by E-gypt's king,
 { Thou didst A - rabin's sea di - vide,



- And forth Thy faint - ing Is - rael bring, And forth Thy faint - ing Is - rael bring.



1034. L. M.

2. Lo, in these latter days, our land
 Groans with the anguish of the slave;
 Lord God of hosts! stretch forth Thy hand,
 Not shortened that it can not save.
3. Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
 The lust of gain, the lust of power;
 The day of freedom usher in;
 How long delays the appointed hour?
4. As Thou of old to Miriam's hand
 The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
 And to the joyful song her hand
 Echoed from desert to the shore;—
5. O let Thy smitten ones again
 Take up the chorus of the free—
 "Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,
 For He hath conquered gloriously!"

CAROLINE SEWARD.

1035. L. M.

1. O HOLY Father! just and true
 Are all Thy works and words and ways,
 And unto Thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
2. As children of Thy gracious care,
 We veil the eye—we bend the knee—
 With broken words of praise and prayer,
 Father and God, we come to Thee.
3. For Thou hast heard, O God of right!
 The sighing of the hapless slave;
 And stretched for him the arm of might,
 Not shortened that it could not save.

4. Speed on Thy work, Lord God of hosts!
 And when the bondsman's chain is riven,
 And swells from all our country's coasts
 The anthem of the free to heaven,
5. O, not to those whom Thou hast led,
 As with Thy cloud and fire before,
 But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

WHITTIER.

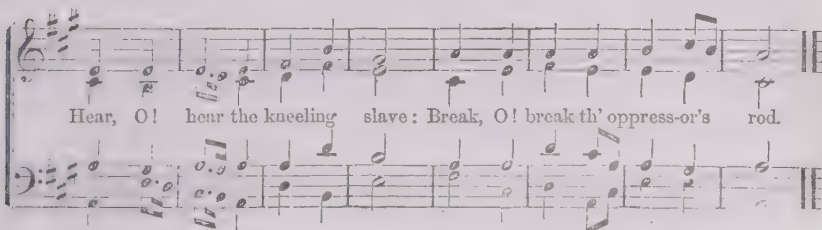
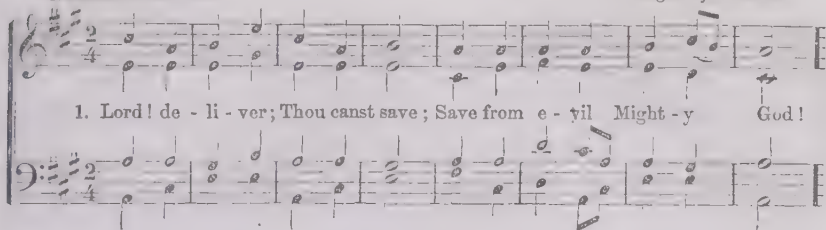
1036. L. M.

1. O LORD! our eyes have waited long,
 But now a little cloud appears,
 Spreading and swelling as it glides
 Onward into the coming years.
2. Bright cloud of Liberty! full soon,
 Far stretching from the ocean strand,
 Thy glorious folds shall spread abroad,
 Encircling our beloved land.
3. Like that sweet rain on Judah's hills,
 The glorious boon of love shall fall,
 And our bound millions shall arise
 As at an angel's trumpet call.
4. Then shall a shout of joy go up,
 The wild glad cry of freedom, come
 From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,
 And songs from lips long sealed and dumb.
5. And every bondsman's chain be broke,
 And every soul that moves abroad
 In this wide realm, shall know and feel
 The blessed liberty of God.

J. H. BRYANT.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

Arranged by L. Mason.



1037. 7s.

2. May the captive's pleading fill
All the earth, and all the sky;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads with God on high.
3. He, whose ear is every where,
Who doth silent sorrow see,
Will regard the captive's prayer,
Will from bondage set him free.
4. From the tyranny within,
Save thy children, Lord! we pray;
Chains of iron, chains of sin,
Cast, for ever cast away.
5. Love to man, and love to God,
Are the weapons of our war;
These can break th' oppressor's rod—
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

MRS. FOLLEN.

1038. 7s.

The Universal Doxology.

1. EUROPE, speak the mighty name,
Loud th' eternal Three proclaim;
Let thy deep, seraphic lays
Thunder forth the echoing praise.
Asia, bring thy raptured songs;
Let innumerable tongues
Swell the chord, from shore to shore,
Where thy thousand billows roar.
2. Sable Afric, aid the strain;
Triumph o'er thy broken chain;
Bid thy wildest music raise
All its fervor in His praise.

Shout, America, thy joys,
While His love thy song employs;
Let thy lonely wilderness
High exalt His righteousness.

3. All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word;
Hail, Thou glorious Three in One
Worthy Thou to reign alone.
Praise Him, all ye nations, praise;
Saints in heaven, your anthems raise;
Angels, join the solemn chord—
Reign for ever, holy Lord.

LAWSON.

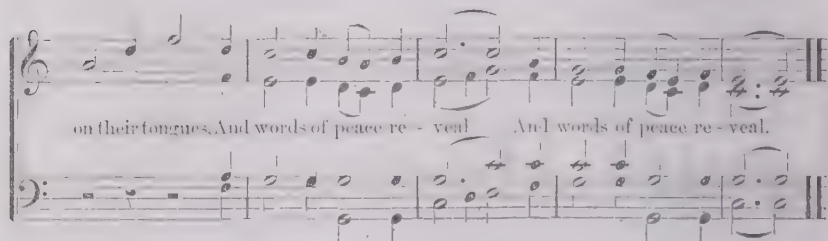
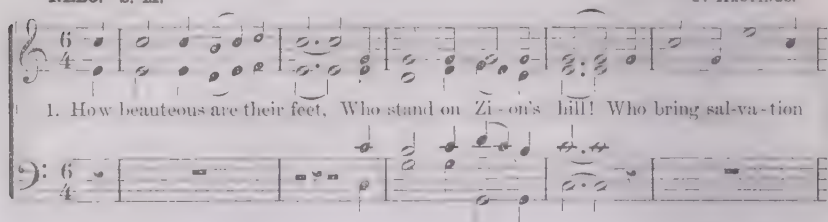
1039. 7s.

1. God made all His creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.
2. Sin the primal charter broke—
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.
3. But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands,
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.
4. So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

MONTGOMERY.

NEBO. S. M.

T. HASTINGS.



1040. S. M.

2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets wanted for,
And sought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. O God, make bare Thine arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their Lord.

WATTS.

1041. S. M.

1. MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3. Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
4. Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
5. Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

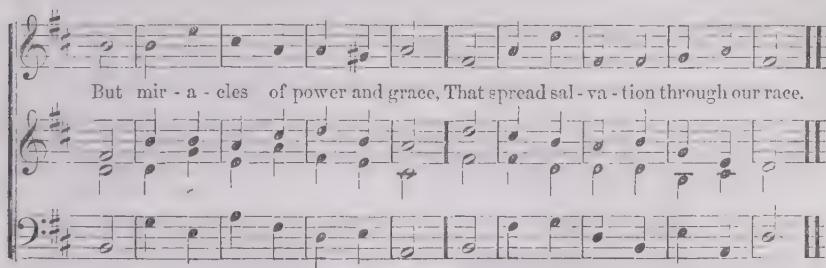
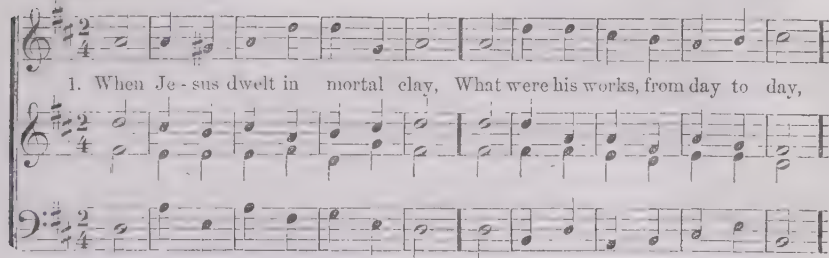
* 1042. C. M.

1. LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.
2. Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children, too: how should we love
Another land so well?
3. O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
4. Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
5. Lord of the nations! thus to Thee
Our country we commend:
Be Thou our R-
Her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

* May be sung to Whitfield, p. 334.

ERFUTH. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.



1043. L. M.

2. Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
3. That man may last, but never lives,
Whom much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can
thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!
4. But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

GIBBONS.

1044. L. M.

1. We praise Thee, Lord! if but one soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shudd'ring from the poisonous
bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.
2. We praise Thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Ereft, and in his perfect mind.
3. No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end—

No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4. Still give us grace, Almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at Thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

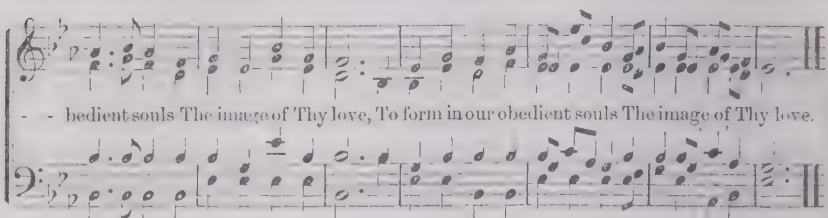
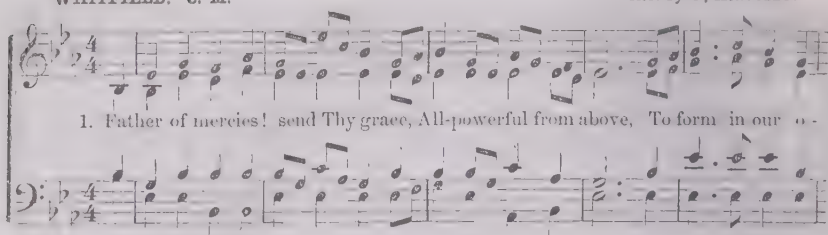
1045. L. M.

1. SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.
2. Hosannas, Lord! to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys:
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!
3. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a Father found!
4. Spare, Lord! the thoughtless; guide the
blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

SARGENT.

WHITFIELD, C. M.

Arr. by G. KINGSLEY.



1046. C. M.

1. FATHER of mercies! send Thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of Thy love.
2. O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
3. When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
4. So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.
5. On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of His blood,
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

1047. C. M.

1. BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—
2. Whose breast expands with generous
A stranger's woes to feel; [warmth,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
3. He spreads His kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief:

His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4. To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
5. Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1048. C. M.

1. SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
2. Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
3. Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
4. Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!
5. Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

BATES.

1049. C. M.

1. FRIENDS of the poor, the young, the weak !
 Regard our humble train,
 Compassion at your hands we seek;
 Shall children plead in vain?
2. Were you not children once? Renew
 The time when young as we:
 Think of the friends that nourished you,
 And hearken to our plea.
3. Are there not feelings from above,
 In every heart that reigns?
 The pulse, the voice, the look of love;
 Shall nature plead in vain?
4. Have you no dear ones round your hearth
 As weak and young as we?
 Think, if like ours had been *their* birth
 Could you resist their plea?
5. Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
 For man's redemption slain?
 Behold that Saviour in our place;
 Shall Jesus plead in vain?
6. No! by His early griefs and tears,
 When poor and young as we;
 By all His woes in after years,
 Accept your Saviour's plea.

MONTGOMERY.

1050. C. M.

1. Go to the pillow of disease,
 Where night gives no repose,
 And on the cheek where sickness preys,
 Bid health to plant the rose.
2. Go where the friendless stranger lies;
 To perish is his doom;
 Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
 And bring his blessing home.
3. Thus what our Heavenly Father gave
 Shall we as freely give;
 Thus copy Him who lived to save,
 And died that we might live.

LUTHERAN COLL.

1051. C. M.

1. Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.
2. Thy neighbor? 't is the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim;
 O enter thou his humble door,
 With aid and peace for him.
3. Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim;
 With words of high sustaining hope,
 Go thou and comfort him.

4. Thy neighbor? 't is the weary slave,
 Fettered in mind and limb;
 He hath no hope this side the grave,
 Go thou and ransom him.
5. Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery;
 Go, share thy lot with him.

PEABODY

1052. L. M.

1. COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
 Sweet Charity—the child of God!
 Hers, on whose kind maternal breast,
 The sheltered babes of misery rest;
2. Who—when she sees the sufferer bleed—
 Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
 Comes with prompt hand and look benign
 To bathe his wounds in oil and wine;
3. Who in her robe the sinner hides,
 And soothes and pities while she chides;
 Who lends an ear to every cry,
 And asks no plea but misery.
4. Her tender mercies freely fall,
 Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all;
 Encircling in their wide embrace
 Her friends, her foes—the human race.
5. Nor bounded to the earth alone,
 Her love expands to worlds unknown;
 Wherever faith's rapt thought has soared,
 Or hope her upward flight explored!

DRUMMOND.

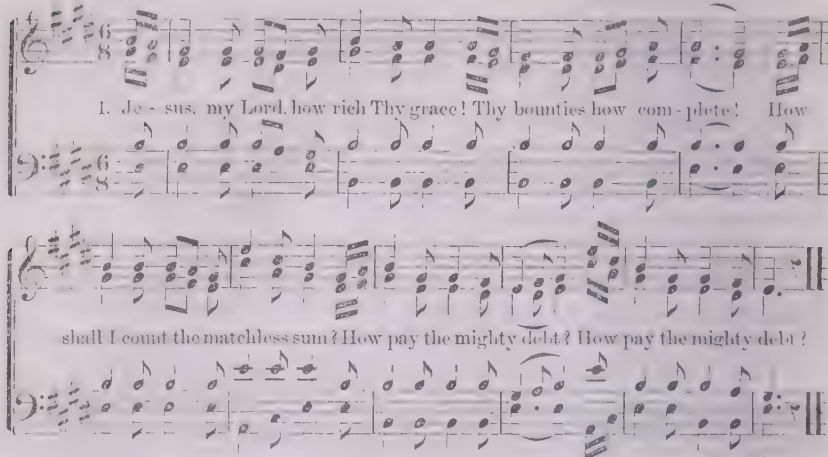
1053. C. M.

1. THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
 His footsteps cannot err;
 Before Him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.
2. Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
 Now joyfully are met;
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have
 And hand in hand are set. [kissed,
3. The nations all whom Thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before Thee, Lord!
 And glorify Thy name.
4. Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then,
 And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.
5. Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
 Thee honor and adore
 With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore!

MILTON.

CHARITY. C. M.

H. E. MATHEWS.



1054. C. M.

1. JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt?
2. High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?
3. But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before Thy Father's face.
4. In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
5. Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in Thy poor would see;
O let me rather beg my bread,
Than keep it back from Thee.

DOINDRIDGE.

1055. C. M.

1. SHE loved her Saviour, and to Him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown His head, or grace His name,
No gift too rare she thought.
2. So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised,
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.
3. Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distress'd;—

4. But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for His sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to Him.

CH. MIRROR.

1056. C. M.

1. O PURE reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
2. The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.
3. The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love—your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.
4. Press on! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

WHITTIER.

1057. C. M.

1. O, SEE how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove!
2. His sacred name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

3. The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

4. Let us be simple with Him, then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

1058. C. M.

1. MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2. But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3. For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

FRENCH.

1059. C. M.

1. ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2. God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3. O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

4. Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

1060. C. M.

1. DEFEND the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

2. Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

3. Rise, God! judge Thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

MILTON.

1061. C. M.

1. SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2. A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3. No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.

4. Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be,
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

1062. C. M.

1. THINK gently of the erring one!
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

2. Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3. Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4. Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

MISS FLETCHER.

1063. C. M.

1. LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.

2. Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

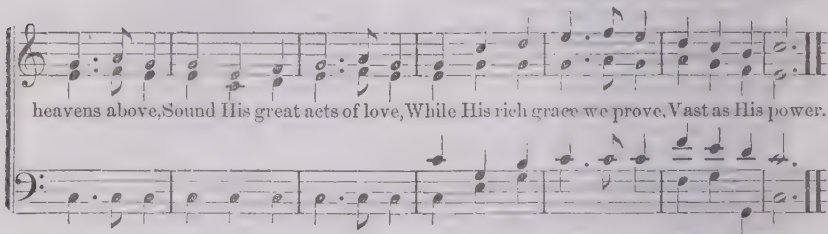
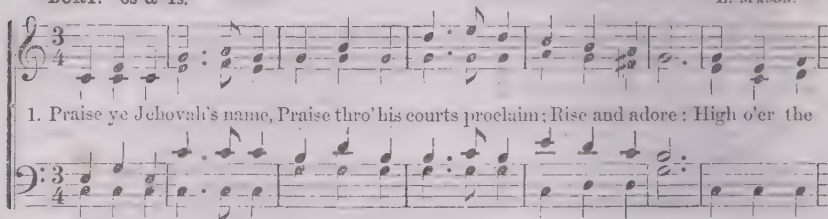
3. For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4. Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

CROSWELL.

DORT. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON.



1064. 6s & 4s.

1. PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through His courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound His great acts of love,
While His rich acts we prove,
Vast as His power.

2. Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as His fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with His name.

3. While His high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

W. GOODE.

1065. 6s & 4s.

A Temperance Hymn for Children.

1. Let the still air rejoice—
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain

To Him, with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.

2. His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;
Springs! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains! our lips to greet—
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

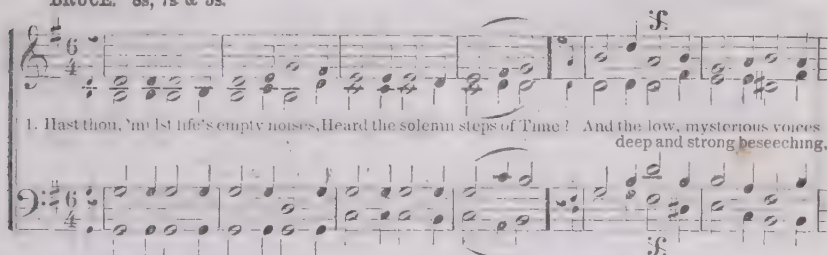
3. Each summer bird that sings
Drinks, from dear Nature's springs,
Her early dew;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

4. So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth;
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days—
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

5. Now let each heart and hand,
Of all this youthful band,
United, move!
Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

PIERPONT.

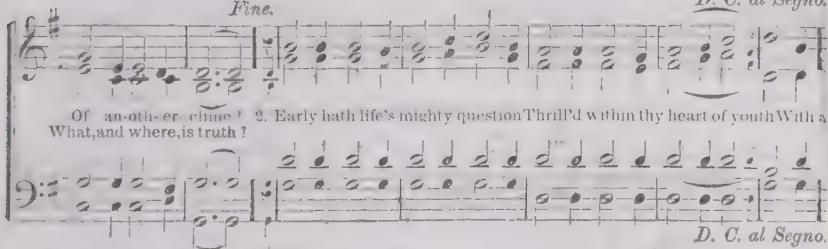
BRUCE. 8s, 7s & 5s.



1. Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises, Heard the solemn steps of Time? And the low, mysterious voices
deep and strong beseeching.

Fine.

D. C. al Segno.



Of an-oth-er clime? 2. Early hath life's mighty question Thrill'd within thy heart of youth With a
What, and where, is truth?

D. C. al Segno.

1066. 8s, 7s & 5s.

1. HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time?
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?
2. Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching—
What, and where is truth?
3. Not to ease and aimless quiet
Both the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end
4. Earnest toil, and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil;
And besetting sin;
5. And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

WHITTIER.

1067. 8s & 5s.

1. EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care;
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

2. Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that can not sever,
To humanity.
Labor, wait! thy Master perished
Ere His task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
Life hath but begun.
3. Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

BAILEY.

1068. 8s & 6s.

1. I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.
2. But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to Thine own.
3. In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.
4. And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child would come,
O Father, unto Thee. WHITTIER.

BRISTOL. L. M.

Modern Harp.

1. { No bit-ter tears for thee be shed, Bloss-om of be-ing! seen and gone!
With flowers a-lone we strew thy bed, O, ev-er dear, de-part-ed one!

Whose all of life—a ro-sy ray, Blushed in-to dawn, and passed a-way.

1069. L. M.

2. O! hadst thou still on earth remain'd,
Vision of beauty! fair as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stain'd
With passion or with grief!
Now, not a sullyng breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

1070. L. M.

1. On! if there be an hour that brings
The breath of Heaven upon its wings,
To light the heart, and glad the eye,
With glimpses of eternity:
It is the hour of mild decay,
The sunset of the holy day.
2. For then to earth a light is given,
Fresh flowing from the gates of heaven;
And then on every breeze we hear
Angelic voices whispering near;
Through vailing shades glance seraph eyes,
One step—and all were paradise!

1071. L. M.*

1. Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep,
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.
2. And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.
3. But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The prattle of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases
sweet;

4. And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye,
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.
5. But not his nobler part shall dwell
A prisoner in this narrow cell;
For he, whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again;
6. Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

BRYANT.

1072. L. M.

1. As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
2. It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
3. Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom—
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.
4. He died to sin: he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

CUNNINGHAM.

1073. (Part 1.) L. M.

1. Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"
2. His dew's drop mutely on the hill—
His cloud above it saileth still—
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
3. And friends, dear friends! when it shall be,
That this low breath is gone from me—
When round my bier ye come to weep;
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say—"Not a tear must o'er her fall,"
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

MRS. BROWNING.

1074. (Part 2.) L. M.

1. WHAT would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
2. "Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break their happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
3. O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voice!
O dived gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep!
4. Yea! men may wonder while they scan—
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep!
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween, their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

MRS. BROWNING.

1075. L. M.

1. THE mourners came, at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulcher,
With saddened hearts, to weep and pray
For him, the loved one, buried there.

What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

2. The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchered beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flowrets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.
3. Then mourn we not, beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

S. F. ADAMS.

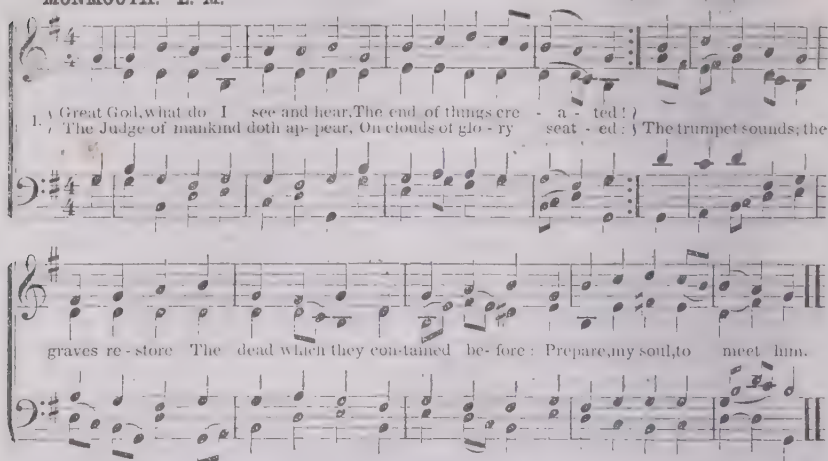
1076. L. M.

1. At evening time, let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time, let there be light.
2. At evening time, let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright—
Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheered the
way;
O, for one sweet, one parting ray—
At evening time, let there be light.
3. At evening time, there shall be light,
For God hath spoken—it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see;
'Tis evening time—and there is light.

1077. L. M.

1. OH! "strange infirmity! to think
That He will leave my soul to sink
In hopeless darkness and distress—
Who has appeared in times of old,
Who saved me while the billows rolled,
And cheered me with His loving grace
2. What sweeter pledge could God bestow,
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace and joy already given?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing
Of peace and confidence in heaven!

MONMOUTH. L. M.*



1078. L. M.

2. The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
3. But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
4. Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

1079. L. M.

1. THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
2. The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form He came:
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
3. The Lord will come—a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4. Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?
5. While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing—"The Lord is come!"

BISHOP HEBER.

1080. L. M.

1. SHALL man, O God of light and life!
For ever molder in the grave?
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power to save?
2. In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
3. Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder
rang.
4. Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
5. The trump shall sound—the dead shall
wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers
spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads
rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

DWIGHT.

* In simple Long Metres omit the repeat in the music, and repeat the last line of the stanza.

1081. L. M. 6 lines.*

1. O FOR those solitary hours,
When grace descends in silent showers;
When all the Visible withdraws
In solemn, fitful, awful pause;
And memory, like a glassy sea,
Looks up in calmness, Lord, to Thee!
2. Then, let Thine image on this heart
Be deeply felt in every part:
Each motion of the will subdue—
Inform, correct, instruct, renew;
The motives guide—the thoughts refine,
Thyself the type, from line to line!
3. Eternal, brooding, glorious Dove!
Breathe sweetly from Thy throne above:
The might of every wave control—
Be Thou the conscience of my soul;
Till self-absorbed, I sit and sing
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

1082. L. M.*

1. HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they 're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!
2. Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!
3. O ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath—
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

1083. L. M.

1. WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who've fled and left thee mourning
here!
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.
2. Weep not for them; beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.
3. Or round their Father's throne above,
With raptured voice, His praise they
sing,

Or on His messages of love
They journey with unwearied wing.

4. Space can not check, thought can not
bound,
The high exulting souls, whom He,
Who formed these million worlds around,
Takes to His own eternity.
5. Then weep no more—their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God,
And, wouldst thou join their song of
praise,
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

1084. L. M.

1. WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in
haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

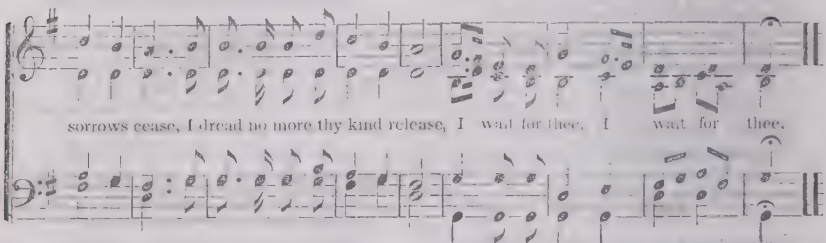
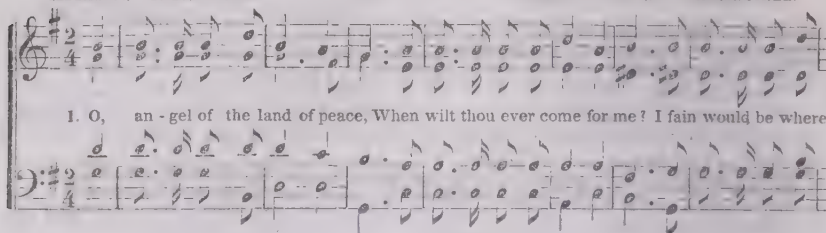
1085. L. M.

1. THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
2. The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
3. But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
4. We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amid them all,
And smile to see a burning world;
5. The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

* Repeat the last line.

AZRAEL. L. M.*

CH. BEECHER.



1086. L. M.

2. Sleep shuts mine eyes—mine inner sight
Is turning dimly heaven-ward,
To that far land of love and light,
Where angels all the silent night
Earth's children guard.
3. My yearning soul would fain demand,
O, holy angels, pure and blest,
Where, mid you happy, shining band,
In all the heavenly Father-land,
My lost ones rest!
4. Thou, who alone, when man forgot
His heavenly innocence, and fell!
Still pitying, lingered round the spot
To soothe the anguish of his lot—
Thou, Thou canst tell!
5. For Thou, with sweet and loving smile,
Didst gently lure them to Thy breast,
And bear them from this world of guile,
Thy pale, pure angel lips the while
Upon them prest.
6. Dark grew my soul—till down the air
Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!
And then I knew, from sin and care,
That thou my little ones didst bear
With God to dwell!
7. O, angel of the land of peace!
When wilt Thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease;
I dread no more Thy kind release;
I wait for Thee!

MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

1087. L. M.

1. UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed]:
Passed through the grave, and blest the
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
4. Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

WATTS.

1088. L. M.

1. THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
2. Princes and magistrates must fall,
And in the dust be equal made;
The high and mighty with the small,
Sceptre and crown with scythe and spade.
3. The laurel withers on our brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!

SHIRLEY.

* In simple Long Metres the third strain of the music may be omitted.

1089. L. M.

1. FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inheritor of bliss
To heaven directs his upward way.
2. Ye fields! that witnessed once his tears,
Ye winds! that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains! where he breathed his
prayers
When sorrow's shadows veiled his eyes—
3. No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfettered soul to God returns—
For ever he and anguish part!
4. Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;
Safe let it rest from every storm—
Soon must it rise, no more to die.

1090. L. M.

1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
2. Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be Thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die.
3. Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

MRS. STEELE.

1091. L. M.

1. RETREN, my roving heart! return.
And chase those shadowy forms no more;
Now seek, in solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
2. O Thou great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;—
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.
3. Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleansed and purified.
4. Oh! with the visits of Thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed His dwelling here.

DODDRIDGE.

1092. L. M.

1. EARTH'S transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.
2. As, 'midst the ever rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:—
3. As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age:—
4. So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

BOWRING.

1093. L. M.

1. WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirits greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die.
2. When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties press; and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful, then, it is to die.
3. When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die.
4. When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon, to die.
5. When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then, to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

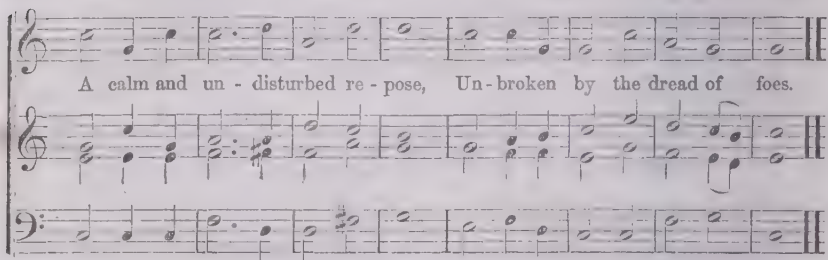
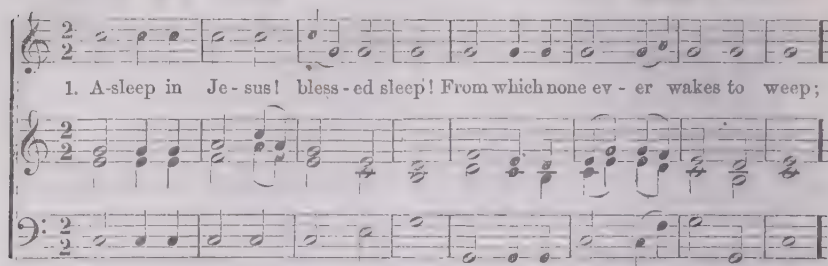
1094. L. M.

1. How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears:
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.
2. O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.
3. O, stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

NORTON.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1095. L. M.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
3. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
4. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
5. Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

MRS. MACKAY.

Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2. How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.
3. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

1097. L. M.

1. Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.
2. If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!
3. Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

1096. L. M.

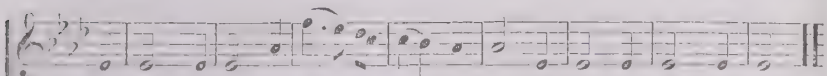
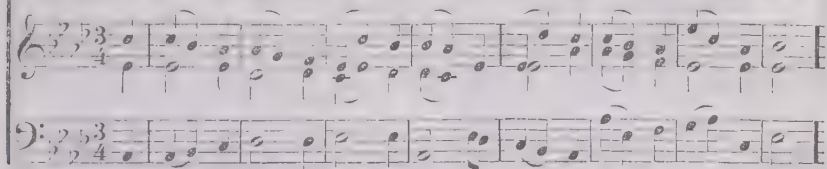
1. SAY, why should friendship grieve for
those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shores?

MONTGOMERY. L. M.

T. B. MASON.



1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest!



How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gently heaves th'expir-ing breast!



1098. L. M.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
2. So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave-along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
5. Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

MRS. BARBAULD.

1099. 8s & 4s.*

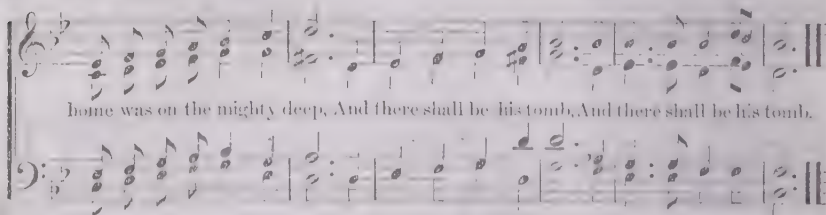
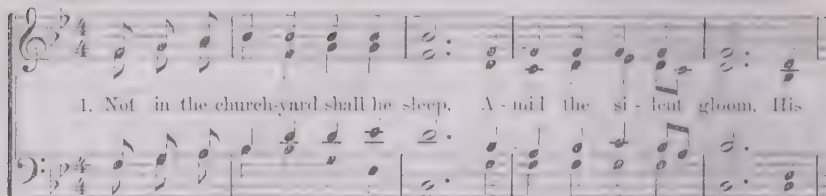
1. THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
2. The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.
3. Thou traveler in this vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.
4. Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.
5. Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

MONTGOMERY.

* L. M. by repeating the last line.

OCEAN GRAVE. C. M.

CH. BEECHER.



1100. C. M.

2. He loved his own bright, deep blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding-sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.
3. No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.
4. For him, break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

1101. C. M.

1. THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.
2. There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
3. Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.
4. Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5. These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6. Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

H. K. WHITE.

1102. C. M.

1. BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
2. How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
3. And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

PEABODY.

1103. C. M.

1. CHAMPION of Jesus!—man of God,
 Servant of Christ, well done!
 Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
 Thy red-cross crown is won!
 No gloom of fear hath glazed thine eye,
 For though loud billows roll—
 The Aurora of eternity
 Is rising on thy soul!
2. Champion of Jesus! on that breast
 From whence Thy fervor flow'd,
 Thou hast obtained eternal rest,
 The bosom of Thy God!
 Oh! to be one, through life and death,
 In Christ, with such as thee!
 And when I yield my latest breath,
 Dear Lord, remember me!

1104. C. M.

1. IN vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround a saint,
 When he resigns his breath.
2. One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
 One effort—and he's gone!
 And lo! the willing spirit takes
 Its mansion near the throne.
3. We strive, but all our efforts fail
 To trace that upward flight;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides the world of light.
4. Yet though we see them not—we know
 Saints are supremely blest;
 Are freed from sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
5. On harps of gold His name they praise,
 His face they always view;
 And if we here their footsteps trace,
 There we shall praise Him too.

NEWTON.

1105. C. M.

1. SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way
 Through the soft yielding air;
 Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
 Or lightning's sudden glare;
2. Or as an eagle to the prey,
 Or shuttle through the loom,
 So haste our fleeting lives away,
 So pass we to the tomb!
3. Like airy bubbles, lo! we rise,
 And dance upon life's stream;
 Till soon the air that caused, destroys
 Th' attenuated frame.

4. Down the swift stream we glide apace,
 And carry death within;
 Then break, and scarcely leave a trace,
 To show that we have been.
5. The man, the wisest of our kind,
 Who length of days had seen,
 To birth and death a time assigned,
 But none to life between—
6. Yet O! what consequences close
 This transient state below!
 Eternal joys: or, losing those,
 Interminable woe!

1106. C. M.

1. HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 claims
 For all the pious dead;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
2. They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from sin released,
 And freed from every snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

WATTS.

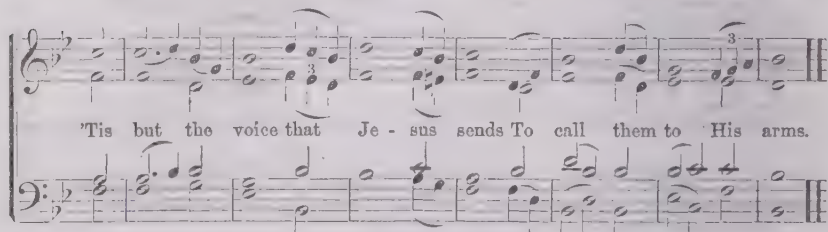
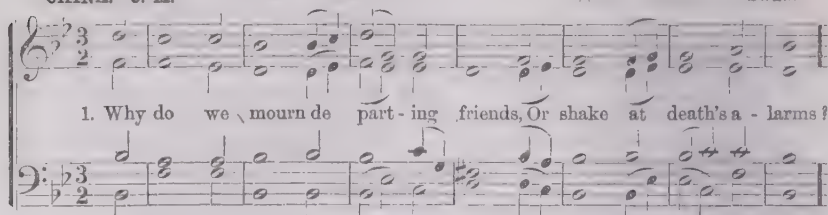
1107. C. M.

1. WHILE through this changing world we
 roam
 From infancy to age,
 Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
 His rest at every stage.
2. Thither, his raptured thought ascends
 Eternal joys to share;
 There, his adoring spirit bends,
 While here, he kneels in prayer.
3. From earth his freed affections rise,
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies—
 Where all is perfect love.
4. There, too, may we our treasure place—
 There let our hearts be found;
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.
5. Henceforth, our conversation be,
 With Christ before the throne;
 Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
 And know as we are known.

MONTGOMERY.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.



1108. C. M.

2. Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.
4. The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

WATTS.

1109. C. M.

1. THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
2. Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;

The graves shall yield their ancient charge;
While earth's foundations shake.

3. The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
4. A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

1110. C. M.

1. MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
2. Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead;—
3. Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
4. We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

WATTS.

1111. C. M.

1. WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise;—
2. Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.
3. I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,
And shake the sullen sky;
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try.
4. "Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm!"
5. Come quickly, blessed Lord, appear—
Bid the swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell Thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.
6. Around Thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue—
All rapture in my heart.

BYLES.

1112. C. M.

1. AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise the sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
2. On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!
3. Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

1113. C. M.

1. ALL nature dies, and lives again;
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield—

2. Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast;
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.
3. Yet, soon, reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
4. So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
5. O, may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

LOGAN.

1114. C. M.

1. BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
2. Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!
3. Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
4. Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
5. Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
6. Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

HEBER.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

- Praise to the Father and the Son;
Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

WALNUT HILLS. C. M.

Arranged from *Chants Chrétiens*.

1. { The bro - ken ties of happier days, How often do they seem
To come be - fore the men - tal gaze, Like a remembered dream; }

D. C. And earthly hand can ne'er a - gain U - nite these broken . . . ties.

A - round us each dis - sev - ered chain In spark - ling ru - in lies,

D. C.

1115. C. M.

2. O, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Uncloaked yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;—
Hope, that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.
3. Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

MONTGOMERY.

1116. C. M.

1. I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.
2. Just such a pilgrimage is life;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.
3. The world is seldom what it seems
To man, who dimly sees—
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams, realities.

4. The Christian's years, tho' slow their flight,
When he is called away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.

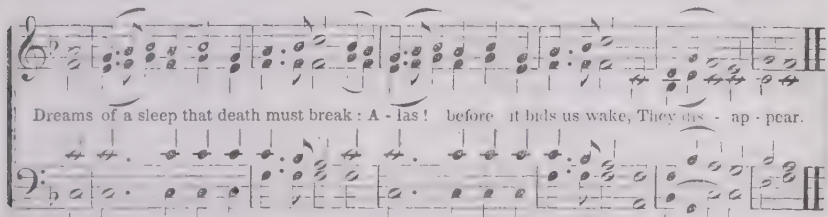
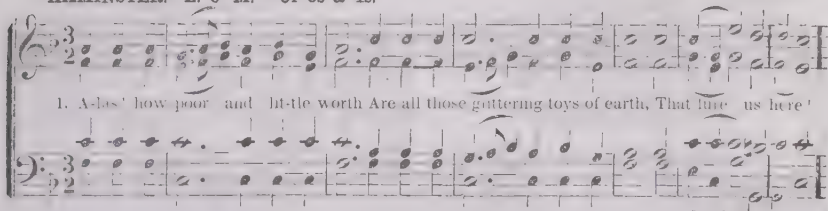
MONTGOMERY.

1117. C. M.

1. FEW, few, and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways.
Forth, like a flower at morn.
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt er - night;
Man, like a shadow, flees.
2. And dost thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?—
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer-brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
His life is vanity.
3. Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
O hide me till Thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst slay or save!
Hide me where hope may anchor fast
In my Redeemer's grave.

MONTGOMERY.

AXMINSTER. L. C. M.* Or 8s & 4s.



* By removing the slurs in the sixth and twelfth measures.

1118. 8s & 4s.

2. Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

3. Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

4. O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on. LONGFELLOW.
FROM THE SPANISH.

1119. L. C. M.

1. O! SWEET as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither—
So sweet, so heavenly 't is, to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together!
2. The children, like the lily flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending;
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

3. But leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;†
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping!

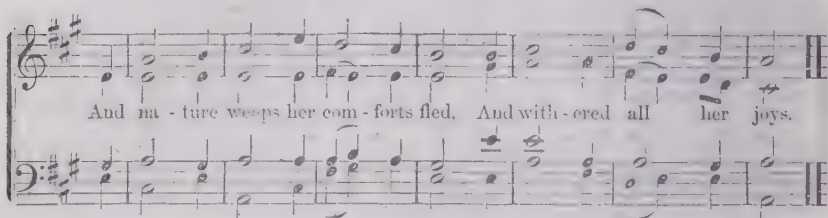
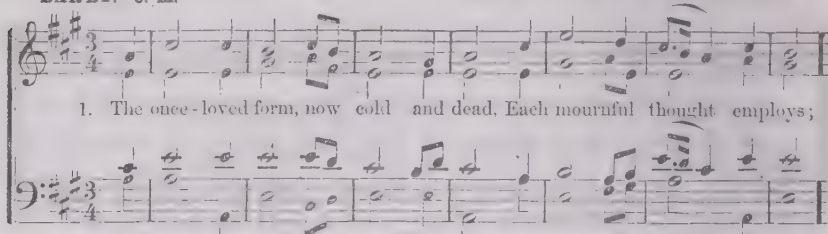
4. Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither:
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together!

1120. L. C. M.

1. THE songs of Zion oft impart,
To each poor, lab'ring careworn heart,
The balm of heavenly peace;
They chase away each boding fear,
And turn to joy each sorrowing tear,
And bid the tumult cease.
2. O Thou, that fill'st the heavenly throne,
'Tis not in melody alone
To set the spirit free;
Without the breathings of Thy love,
The sweetest strains will powerless prove,
Nor comfort bring to me.
3. But if Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Thy hallowed influence afford,
My soul will upward rise;
The strain will swell with love divine,
The light of heaven around me shine,
Beneath the bending skies.

† The small notes are to be sung only to the double endings.

BARBY. C. M.



1121. C. M.

2. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
3. Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Look to the world on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

MRS. STEELE.

1122. C. M.

1. BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.
2. The parent finds the long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.
3. Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned;
All that was dead revives again;
All that was lost is found.
4. Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.
5. Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

LIVERPOOL COLL.

1123. C. M.

1. How happy they, who, safely housed,
To Jesus' bosom fly,
Before the storm of wrath is roused,
O happy they who die!
2. The fury of conflicting waves
Their sleep shall not surprise;
It ruffles not their quiet graves,
It reaches not their skies.
3. Care, pain, and grief, the wild array
Of sorrows felt below;
The dread of trials' fiery day,
Of persecutions' glow.
4. All, all is o'er, with those at rest,
For Jesus' sake forgiven!
No heaving of the anxious breast,
No sickening fear, in heaven!
5. Why linger, then, with strange desire,
Where reeks the deadly strife;
And shrink, unwilling to retire,
To everlasting life? MRS. GILBERT.

1124. C. M.

1. CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
2. Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.
3. Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

MRS. HEMANS.

1125. C. M.

1. O, most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his woe.
2. Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.
3. My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.
4. So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

COWPER.

1126. C. M.

1. THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.
2. By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.
3. For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;—
4. Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

BARTON.

1127. C. M.

1. ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
2. Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.
3. Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

4. Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

WHITTIER.

1128. C. M.

1. DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear—
It is—that thou art free.
2. And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?
3. Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

DALE.

1129. C. M.

1. THE world eludes my fond desire,
And memory mocks my pain;
But while the scenes of sense retire,
The joys of faith remain.
2. Jesus, my constant friend Thou art,
My constant Saviour Thou;
O, fill this lorn and lonely heart
With Thy pure presence now!
3. Thy steps have long enchanted earth,
And now from earth to die,
Were but the pang that marked my birth,
To Thine own home on high.
4. If bright the world where Thou canst deign,
Though veiled, to visit me:
If glows the temple with Thy train,
What must the Holiest be?

1130. C. M.

1. WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?
2. Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
3. Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
4. Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled His own;
And let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say—"Thy will be done!"

SILENT LAND. Chant.

CH. BEECHER.

1. { Into the silent land, } { Clouds in the evening sky more darkly }
 { Ah! who shall } { lead us thither? } { gather, And shattered wrecks lie thicker }

on the strand! { Who leads us with a gentle hand, }
 { Whither, O, whither, Into the } { si-lent land? } A - men.

1131. (Chant.)

2. Into the silent land!
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of | all per- | fection! | tender morning
 visions
 Of beauteous souls! eterni- | ty's own |
 band! |
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
 Into the | silent land! |
3. O land! O land!
 For all the | broken- | hearted; |
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
 Beckons, and with inverted | torch doth |
 stand, |
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed,
 Into the | silent | land! |

VAN SALIS. TR. BY LONGFELLOW.

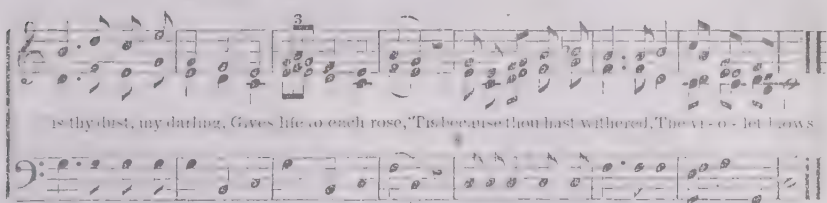
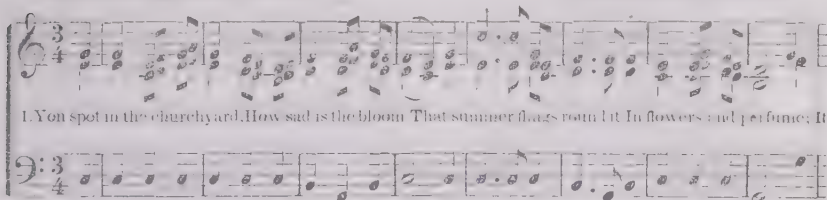
1132. (Chant.)

1. I am the man that hath seen affliction
 By the | rod of his | wrath; |
 He hath builded against me,
 And compassed me with | gall and |
 travail; |

He hath set me in dark places,
 As they that be | dead of | old. |

2. Also, when I cry and shout,
 He shutteth | out my | prayer;
 He hath turned aside my ways, and pulled
 me in pieces;
 He hath | made me | desolate; |
 He hath made me drunken with worm-
 wood;
 He hath | covered me with | ashes.
3. Remembering mine affliction and my
 misery,
 The | wormwood and the | gall,
 My soul hath them still in remembrance,
 And is | humbled | in me.
 This I recall to mind,
 Therefore | have I | hope.
4. For the Lord will not cast | off for | ever;
 But though He cause grief, yet will He
 have compassion,
 According to the | multitude of his |
 mercies;
 For he doth not afflict willingly,
 Nor grieve the | children of | men.

MOTHER'S LAMENT. 6s & 5s.

Arranged from *Chants Chrétiens*.

1133. 6s & 5s.

1. Yon spot in the churchyard,
How sad is the bloom
That summer flings round it,
In flowers and perfume:
It is thy dust, my darling,
Gives life to each rose,
'T is because thou hast withered,
The violet blows.
2. The lilies bend meekly
Thy bosom above,
But thou wilt not pluck them,
Sweet child of my love:
I see the green willow
Droop low o'er thy bed,
But I see not the ringlets
That decked thy fair head.
3. I hear the bee humming
Around thy bright grave:
Can he deem death is hidden.
Where sweet flow'rets wave?
From the white cloud above thee
The lark scatters song,
But I list for thy voice,
O, how long! O, how long!
4. Then come back, my darling,
And come back to-day,
For the soul of thy mother
Grows faint with delay;
The home of thy childhood
In order is set,
The couch and the chamber—
Why com'st thou not yet?

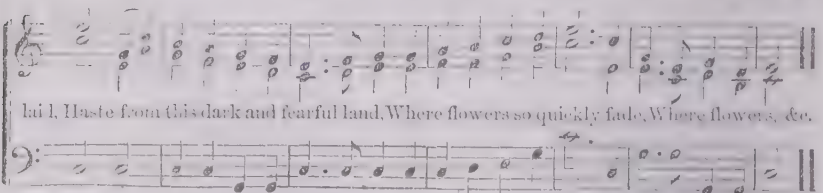
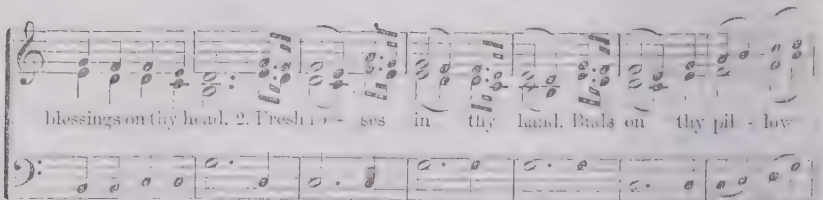
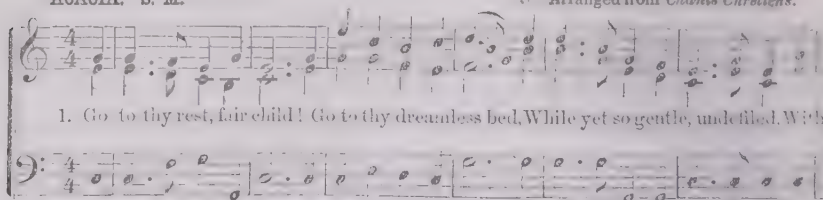
5. Dear child! thou wilt never
Return unto me,
But we part not forever—
I go unto thee.
My Saviour stands smiling
With thee on his breast,
And in his compassion
My heart shall find rest.

1134. (Chant).*

1. If a man die, shall he | live a- | gain?
All the days of my appointed | time will I | wait
Till | my change | come.
2. For there is hope of a tree, if it | be cut | down,
That it will | sprout a- | gain,
And that the tender branch thereof | will not |
cease.
3. Though the root thereof wax | old in the | earth,
Yet through the scent of | water it will | bud,
And bring forth | boughs like a | plant.
4. But man dieth and | wasteth a- | way;
Yea, man giveth | up the | ghost,
And | where is | he?
5. As the waters | fail from the | sea,
So man lieth down, and | riseth | not
Till the | heavens be no | more.
6. O that Thou would'st | hide me in the | grave,
That Thou would'st keep me in secret, till Thy |
wrath be | past,
That Thou would'st appoint me a set time, and
re- | member | me.
7. For I know that my Re- | deemer | liveth.
And that He shall stand in the latter day up- | on
the | earth,
And though worms destroy this body, yet in my
flesh shall I | see — | God.

* Sing to SILENT LAND, on p. 356.

ACACIA. S. M.

Arranged from *Chants Chrétiens*.

1135. S. M.

3. Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;
4. Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In you celestial sphere!
5. Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight;
6. Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

1136. S. M.

1. O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2. Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.
4. With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

1137. S. M.

1. O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!
2. Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win;
Now sorrow hath no part in Thee,
Thou sanctified within!

3. Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!

4. Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See, all heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly—
Thou who hast done with tears!

5. Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

MARY HOWITT.

1138. S. M.

1. SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare 's past;
The battle 's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

2. In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

3. With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry—
Salvation to the Lamb!

5. O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6. Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

C. WESLEY.

1139. S. M.

1. SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2. The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

3. Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4. At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare!"

He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5. His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

6. The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

MONTGOMERY.

1140. S. M.

1. In expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2. He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath His sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3. The trumpet sounds—Awake!
Ye dead to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4. Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

1141. S. M.

1. To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

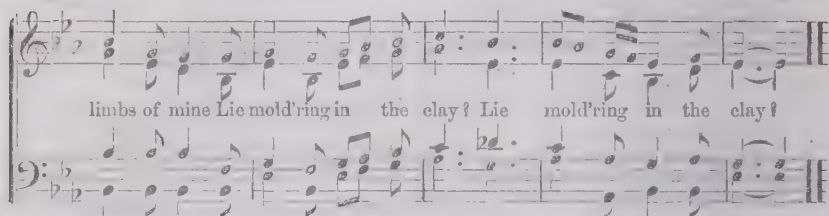
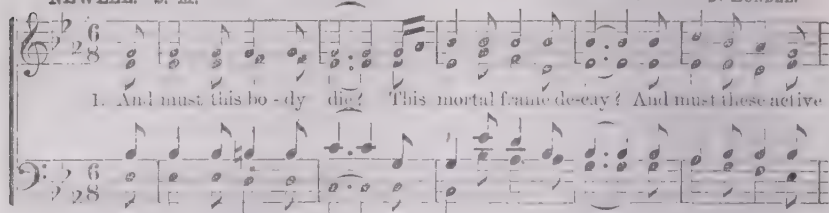
2. The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3. Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4. One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

NEWELL. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.



1142. S. M.

2. Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
3. God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.
4. Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
5. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.
6. Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

WATTS.

1143. S. M.

1. AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
2. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,

When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away?

3. But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4. Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

5. So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

DODDRIDGE.

1144. S. M.

1. BENEATH the star-lit arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
2. All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees as He hath ever seen,
And shall for ever see.
3. How can I meet His eyes!
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.
4. Then shall I upward fly;
That resurrection word
Shall be my shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord."

MONTGOMERY.

1145. S. M.

1. How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
2. Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone!
3. And where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell?
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell?
4. God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.
5. Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before Thy face.

DODDRIDGE.

1146. S. M.

1. My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
2. Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
3. Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
4. Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.
5. I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
6. Then, then I feel that He—
Remembered or forgot—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

MONTGOMERY.

1147. S. M.

1. LORD! what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
2. Alas! the brittle clay,
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis moldering back to dust.
3. Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
4. Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

WATTS.

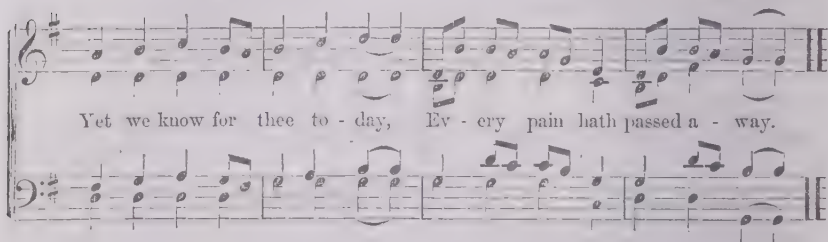
1148. S. M.

1. LORD! let me know mine end—
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.
2. My life is but a span,
Mine age is naught with Thee;
What is the highest boast of man
But dust and vanity?
3. Dumb at Thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low;
Remove Thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath Thy blow.
4. At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.
5. Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.
6. Oh! spare me yet, I pray,
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

MONTGOMERY.

FULTON. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1149. 7s.

2. Well we know thy living faith,
Had the power to conquer death,
As a living rose may bloom,
By the border of the tomb.
3. Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

1150. 7s.

1. Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God.
Lo! the pain of life is past,
And his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
2. Yes! the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the crown is won,
Death is swallowed up of life.
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth his spirit flies
To the Lord he loved, and sings,
Triumphing in paradise.
3. Join we, then, with one accord
In the new and joyful song;

Absent from our glorious Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
Better joys with Him to share;
We shall see the realms of day,
We shall meet our brethren there.

C. WESLEY.

1151. 7s.

1. HARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed.
2. Ready for their glorious crown—
Sorrows past, and sins forgiven—
Here they lay their burthen down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.
3. When from flesh the spirit, freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry—"A man is dead!"
Angels sing—"A child is born!"
4. Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet!
5. Jesus smiles, and says—"Well done!
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter and receive thy crown;
Reign with me triumphant now."

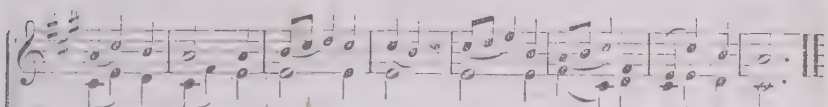
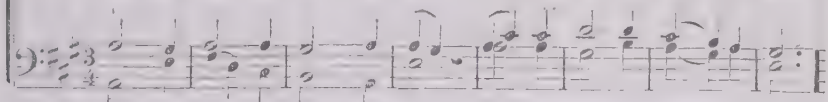
C. WESLEY.

LAFON. 7s.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. High in yon-der realms of light, Dwell the rap-tured saints a-bove;
Once they knew like us be-low, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,



Far be-yond our fee-ble sight, Hap-py in Im-manu-El's love;
Torturing pain and hea-vy woe, Gloom-y doubts, dis-tress-ing fears.



1152. 7s.

2. Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again. "

3. 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4. All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away.
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow—in eternal rest.

RAFFLES.

1153. 7s.

1. "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"—
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life He breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2. "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest!"—
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3. Grave! the guardian of our dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

MONTGOMERY.

DIES IRÆ. 8s. Or 7s.

1. Day of wrath, that day of burn - ing. All shall melt to ash - es turn - ing.
2. Trum-pet-scattered sound of won - der, Rend-ing se - pul-chres a - sun - der,

All fore - told by seers dis - cern - ing. O! what fear it shall en - gen - der
Shall re - sist - less summons thun - der. All a - gha - st then Death shall shi - ver,

When the Judge shall come in splendor Strict to mark and just to render,
And great Na - ture's frame shall quiver, When the graves their dead de - liver.

1154. 8s.

3. Think, O Jesus, for what reason,
Thou endured'st earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.
Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted,
Let such labor not be wasted.
4. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.
Culprit like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.
5. 'Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside Thee.
When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven.
6. I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

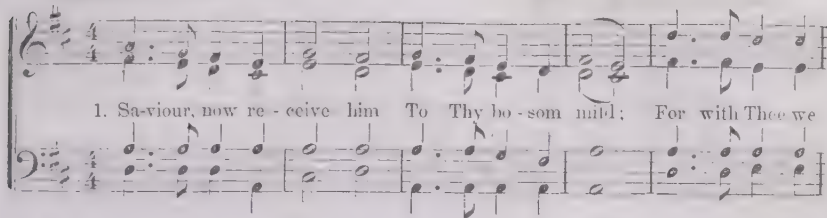
On that awful day of wailing,
When man rising, stands before Thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

1155. 7s.*

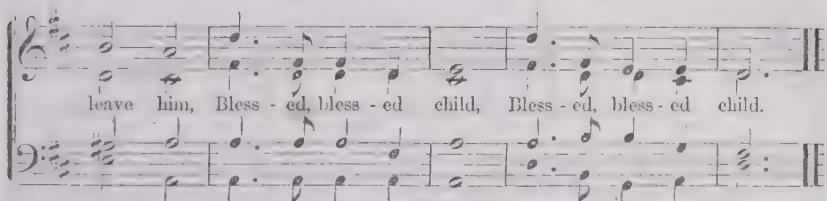
1. In the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
2. Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.
3. Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And amid the thunder cloud
Shall the Judge of man appear.
4. But, though from His awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly;
Fear not ye, His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

HEBER.

ANEMONE. 6s. & 5s.



1. Sa-viour, now re - ceive him To Thy bo - som mild; For with Thee we



leave him, Bless - ed, bless - ed child, Bless - ed, bless - ed child.

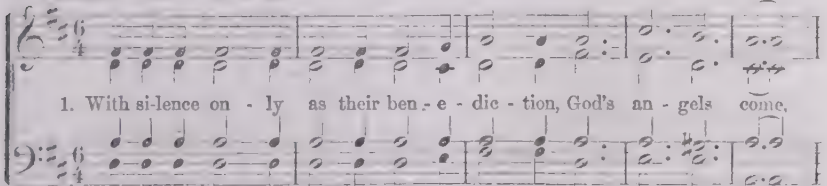
1156. 6s & 5s.

2. Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay;
3. Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To a Saviour's breast.

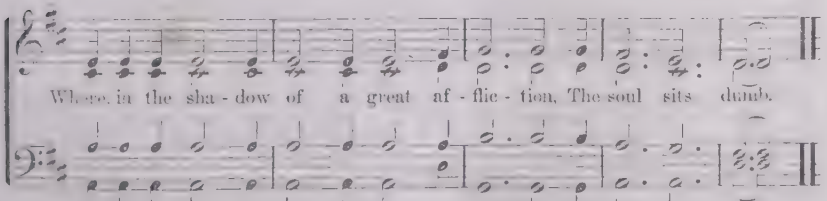
4. Yield we what was given,
At thy holy call;
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all!
5. Still 'mid heavy mourning,
Look thee now to God!
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod.

HEMANS.

ANGELS' VISITS. 11s & 4s.



1. With si-lence on - ly as their ben - e - dic - tion, God's an - gels come,



Where, in the sha - dow of a great af - flec - tion, The soul sits dumb.

1157. 11s & 4s.

2. Yet would we say what every heart ap -
Our Father's will, [proveth—
Calling to Him the dear ones whom he
Is mercy still. [loveth,
3. Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;

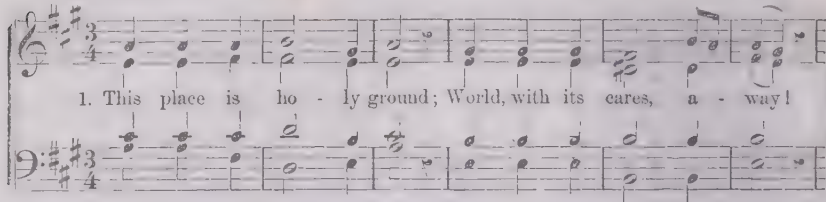
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!

4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not
What He has given: [wholly
They live on earth in thought and deed,
As in His heaven. [as truly

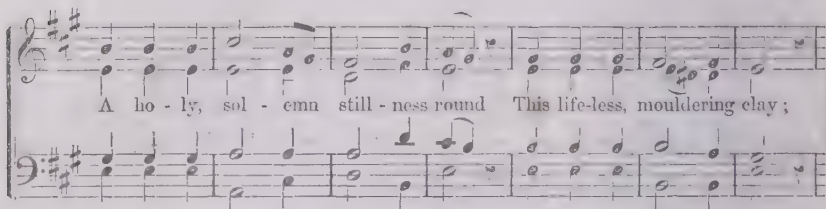
WHITTIER.

REQUIEM. S. H. M.

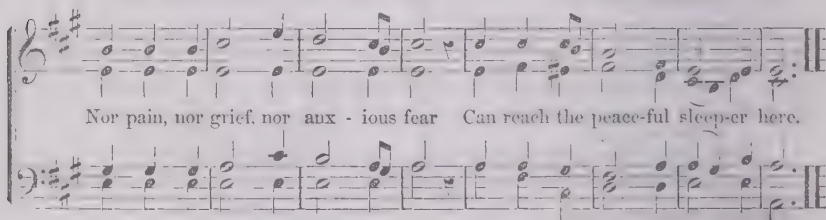
PSALMODIST.



1. This place is ho - ly ground; World, with its cares, a - way!



A ho - ly, sol - emn still - ness round This life-less, mouldering clay;



Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear Can reach the peace-ful sleep-er here.

1158. S. H. M.

1. This place is holy ground;
World, with its cares, away!
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.
2. Behold the bed of death—
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No: life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.
3. Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mein,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.
4. Bury the dead and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead! in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth His cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In His own image to the skies.

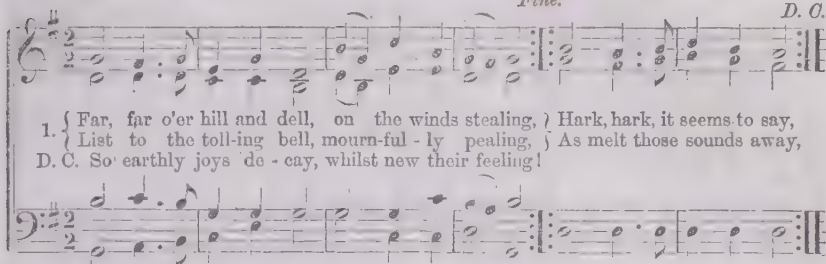
MONTGOMERY.

1159. S. H. M.

1. FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

SPANISH HYMN. 6s & 5s.

*Fine.**D. C.*

1. { Far, far o'er hill and dell, on the winds stealing, } Hark, hark, it seems to say,
 { List to the toll-ing bell, mourn-ful-ly pealing, } As melt those sounds away,
 D. C. So' earthly joys de-cay, whilst now their feeling!

1160. 11s & 6s.

2. Now thro' the charmed air, on the winds stealing,
 List to the mourner's prayer, solemnly bending;
 Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys
 away,
 To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending.
3. So when our mortal ties death shall dis sever,
 Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes
 never,
 And in eternal day, joining the angels' lay,
 To our Creator pay homage for ever.
4. When in their lonely bed loved ones are lying;
 When joyful wings are spread to heaven flying;
 Would we to sin and pain, call back their souls
 again,
 Weave round their hearts the chain severed in
 dying!

5. No, dearest Jesus, no; to Thee, their Saviour,
 Let their free spirits go, ransomed for ever;
 Heirs of unending joy, theirs is the victory;
 Thine let the glory be, now and for ever.

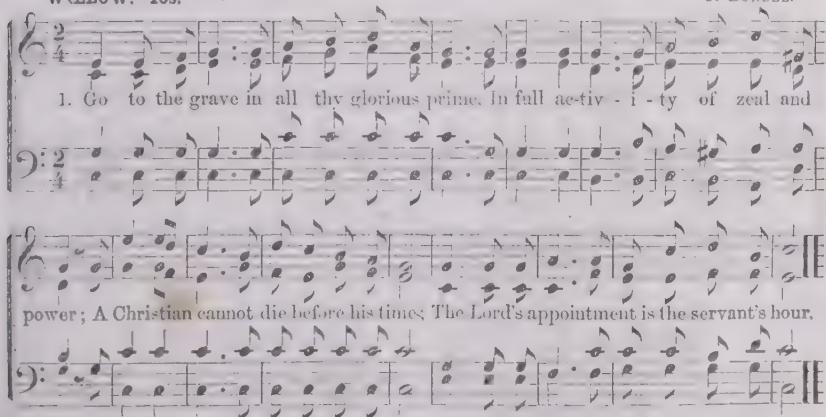
THE JUDGMENT.

1161. 6s & 5s.

1. Thro' Thy protecting care kept till the dawning,
 Taught to draw near in prayer, heed we the warn-
 ing!
 O Thou great One in Three, gladly our souls
 would be,
 Ever more praising Thee, 'God of the morning.
2. God of our sleeping hours! watch o'er us waking,
 All our imperfect powers in Thine hands taking;
 In us Thy work fulfill, be with Thy children still,
 Those who obey Thy will, never forsaking

WILLOW. 10s.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, in full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and

power; A Christian cannot die before his time; The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

1162. 10s. M.

2. Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
 Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest-task
 is done;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
3. Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embrace, ere He arose on high;

And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4. Go to the grave;—no; take thy seat above;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast per-
 fect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

MONTGOMERY.

LORO. 6s & 5s.

Scottish Melody.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain

Round us for ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er repose. Safe from each blast that blows,

In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er, no, no, nev-er!

1163. 6s & 5s.

2. When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where the joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And tears of parting chill
Never—no, never!
3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever;

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall Peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

BASIL. 8s.

1. { Let me not, thou King e - ter - nal, En - ter hell's do-mains in - fer - nal! }
 Where is sor - row, where is sad - ness. Where is sor - row, where is mad - ness, }
 d. c. Where despair is ev - er sigh - ing, Where the worm is nev - er dy - ing.

Where the shameless are as - tound-ed, Where the guilty are con - found-ed,
 D. C.

1161. 8s.

2. Me may Zion welcome, saved,
 Tranquil city, seat of David;
 God its builder, light immortal,
 Orient pearl each blazing portal,
 Crystal gold its streets; the nation
 Of the blest its population,
 Living rock the walls that bound it,
 Christ the guard that dwells around it.

3. O, with what congratulations
 Through thy gates the festive nations!
 What the warmth of their embracing,
 What the gems thy walls encasing!
 Through that city's streets are wending
 Holy throngs their anthems blending;
 There may I, with myriads glorious,
 Chant Thy praise in psalms victorious!

FAR, FAR AT SEA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Psalmist.

1. Star of peace, to wan-d'ers drear-y, Bright the beams that smile on me,

Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.

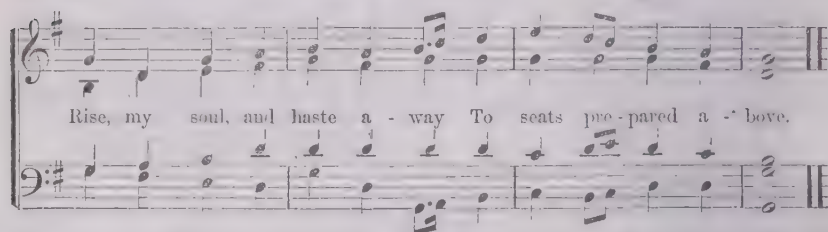
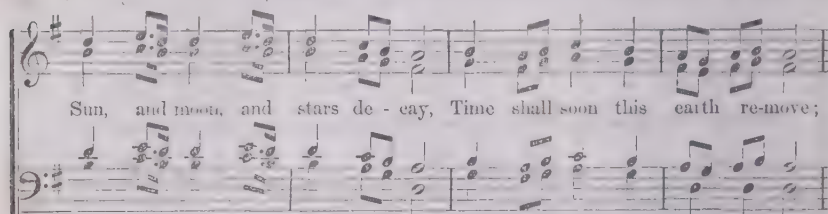
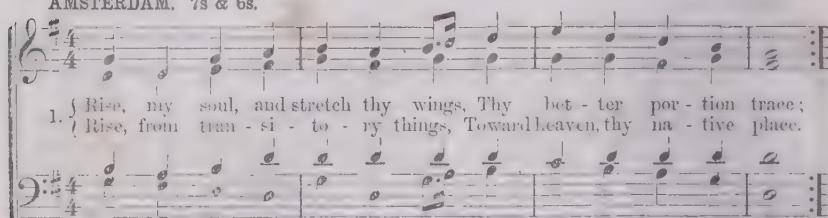
1165. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith! when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to thee;

Save him, on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.

4. Star Divine! O safely guide him,
 Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



1166. 7s & 6s.

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;

There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

CENNICK.

1167. 7s & 6s.

1. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blossoming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.
2. Time is bearing us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the saints shall soon enjoy,
Life—immortal life above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Where Jesus reigns in love.

BURTON.

KENAZ. 7s & 8s.

Fine.

1. { Lift not thou the wail - ing voice; Weep not—'tis a Chris - tian di - eth;
 { Up, where blessed saints re - joice, Ransomed now, the spi - rit fly - eth;
D. C. Freed from earth and earthly full - ing, Lift for her no voice of wail - ing.

D. C.

High in heaven's own light she dwelleth; Full the song of tri-umph swelleth:

1168. 7s & 8s.

2. Pour not thou the bitter tear;
 Heaven its book of comfort opeth;
 Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
 But as one who always hopeth;
 Humbly here in-faith relying,
 Peacefully in Jesus dying,
 Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,
 Why should time with tears be gushing?
3. They who die in Christ are blest;
 Ours then be no thought of grieving;
 Sweetly with their God they rest.
 All their toils and troubles leaving;
 So be ours the faith that saveth,
 Hope, that every trial braveth,
 Love, that to the end endureth,
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

DOANE.

1169. 7s & 8s.*

1. Jesus lives! thy terrors now
 Can no longer, Death, appall me;
 Jesus lives! and well I know,
 From the dead he will recall me;

* Omit the repeat.

Better life will then commence—
 This shall be my confidence.

2. Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given:
 I shall go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven;
 God is pledged, weak doubtings, hence!
 This shall be my confidence.
3. Jesus lives! I know full well,
 Nought from Him my heart can sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Joy, nor grief, henceforth, for ever.
 God will power and grace dispense—
 This shall be my confidence.
4. Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 Entrance into life immortal;
 Calmly I can yield my breath;
 Fearless tread the frowning portal;
 Thou, when faileth flesh and sense,
 Lord, wilt be my confidence!

GERMAN TR. COX

VISION. 7s & 6s. Or 8s & 6s.

1. { Stand th'omni - po-tent de - creet Je - ho - vah's will be done! }
 { Na-ture's end we wait to see, And hear her fin - al groan. }

D. C. Let those pond'rous orbs descend, And grind us in - to dust.

(1171) 1. O how cheat-ing. O how fleet-ing Is our earth-ly be-ing.
D. C. And as soon dispersed for-ev - er, And as soon dis - - - persed for-ev - er.

(1170) Let this earth dis - solve and blend In death the wick-ed and the just;
 (1171) 'Tis a mist in win - try weather, Gathered in an hour to-gether, *D. C.*

1170. 7s, 6s & 8s.

2. Rests secure the righteous man;
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to' emerge and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck;
 Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire.
3. Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroyed;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void;
 Sees this universe renewed—
 The grand millennial reign begun;
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne.
4. Resting in this glorious hope,
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword;
 List'ning for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven.
 Soon our soul and form shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

1171. 8s & 6s.*

2. O how cheating, O how fleeting
 Are our days departing!
 Like a deep and headlong river,
 Flowing onward, flowing ever,
 Tarrying not, and stopping never.
3. O how cheating, O how fleeting
 Are the world's enjoyments;
 All the hues of change they borrow,
 Bright to-day and dark to-morrow,
 Mingled lot of joy and sorrow.
4. O how cheating, O how fleeting
 Is all earthly beauty!
 Like a summer flow'ret flowing,
 Scattered by the breezes, blowing
 O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.
5. O how cheating, O how fleeting,
 All, yes! all that's earthly!
 Every thing is fading, flying,
 Man is mortal, earth is dying,
 Christian! live, on Heaven relying.

* Omit the repeat, and sing the *D. C.* with 2d ending, giving the last line of each stanza twice.

ALL'S WELL. 8s & 3s.

Western Melody.

1. { What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame? Is it death? Is it death? }
 { That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame? Is it death? Is it death? }

If this be death, I soon shall be from ev-ery pain and sorrow free; I

shall the King of glo - ry see, All is well, All is well.

1172. 8s & 3s.

1. WHAT's this that steals upon my frame?
 Is it death?

That soon will quench this vital flame?

Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free,
 I shall my Lord in glory see—
 All is well!

2. Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,

All is well;

My sins are pardoned, I am free;

All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes;

I soon shall mount the upper skies—
 All is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps ye saintly throng,

All is well;

I will the joyful notes prolong,

All is well.

Bright angels have from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my
 room,

They wait to waft my spirit home—
 All is well.

4. Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls,
 All is well;

His radiant light around me falls,

All is well.

Farewell dear friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you—

My glit'ring crown appears in view;
 All is well.

5. Hail, hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,

Saved by grace;

I've come to join your rapturous song,
 Saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,

All heaven and glory now are mine;

Oh, Hallelujah to the Lamb!

All is well!

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

1st time. 2nd & 3d times.

1. See the leaves a-round us fall-ing, Dry and withered, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals call-ing, In a sad and
 D. C. Hear the les-son we are read-ing, 'Tis a - las' the

Fine. *D. C.*

sol-emn sound. Sons of A - dam, once in Eden, When like him, ye bligh-tered fell,
 truth we tell.

1173. 8s & 7s.

2. Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.
3. Though as yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace,
 Let no cloudless skies deceive you:
 Summer gives to autumn place.
4. Yearly in our course appearing,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
 Ye, like us, shall pass away.
5. On the tree of life eternal,
 O let all our hopes be laid!
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HORNE.

1174. 8s & 7s.

1. CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain, and death, and night and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.
2. While our silent steps are straying
 Lonely through night's deepening shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.
3. Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In His glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.
4. Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickiness, there, no more can come;
 There, no fear of woe intruding,
 Shed'st o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

COLLYER.

1175. 8s & 7s.

1. CEASE here longer to detain me,
 Fondest mother, drowned in woe,
 Now thy kind caresses pain me,
 Morn advances, let me go.
2. See you orient streak appearing,
 Harbinger of endless day;
 Hark! a voice beyond thy hearing,
 Calls my new-born soul away.
3. Yet to leave thee sorrowing pains me—
 Hark! that voice again I hear;
 Now thine arms no more detain me—
 Follow me, my mother dear.

1176. 7s & 4s.*

1. WHEN the vale of death appears,
 Faint and cold this mortal clay—
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way;
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.
2. Upward from this dying state,
 Bid my waiting soul aspire;
 Open Thou the crystal gate,
 To Thy praise attune my lyre;
 Then, triumphant,
 I will join the immortal choir.
3. When the mighty trumpet blown,
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
 From the central, burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame,
 With the ransomed,
 Thou wilt own my worthless name!

* Repeat the last two lines, and sing the half note in the fourth measure, except in the *Da Capo*.

DAWN. 9s & 8s.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee, Tinged are the distant

skies with glo-ry, A beacon light hung out for thee: Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy

name is graven on the throne, Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Redeemer reigns alone

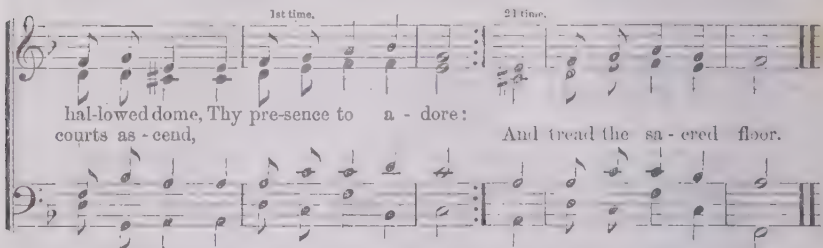
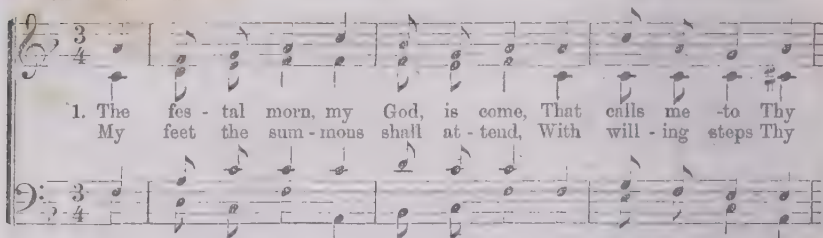
1177. 9s & 8s.

1. CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hung out for thee;
Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee;
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
2. Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Gaily, composed, and dauntless, stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The lights that bound the promised land.

Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering.
See in what throngs they range the shore!

3. Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star gem'd crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

CASPIAN. C. P. M.



1178. C. P. M.

2. With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest!
3. E'en now, to my expecting eyes.
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day,
4. Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

MERRICK.

1179. C. P. M.

1. In death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see:
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress
For those that rest in Thee.
2. I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain load:
Redeemed from death, and grief and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

3. Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore,
Which death hath snatched away;
For me Thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day. C. WESLEY.

1180. C. P. M.

1. THE Lord into His garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus, flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.
2. Come, brethren, you who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of His word,
In Jesus' word go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
3. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
4. There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

CARMEL. C. P. M.

J. ZUNDELL.

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot! How free from every anxious thought, From worldly
hope and fear! Confined to neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to
dwell—He on - ly so - journs here. He on - ly so - journs here.

1181. C. P. M.

2. This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
3. There is my house and portion fair:
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
4. I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast!

J. WESLEY.

1182. C. P. M.

1. We suffer with our Master here—
But shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;

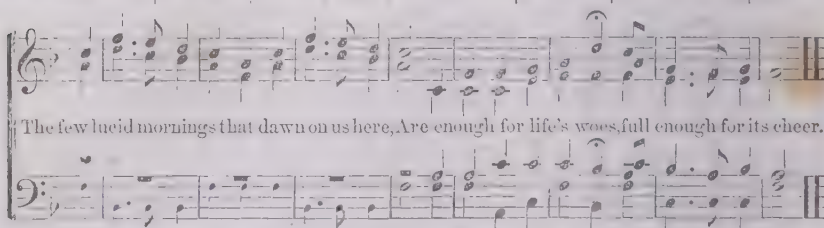
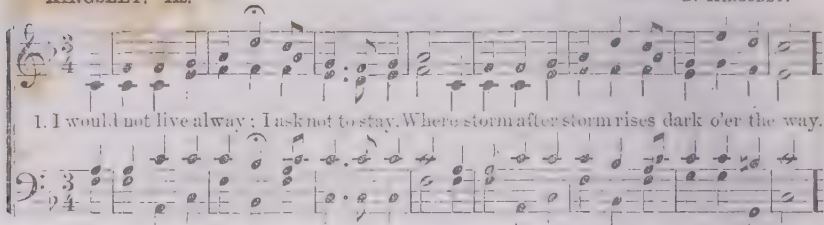
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

2. The great, mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.
3. The Father, shining on His throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before His feet,
And silence heightens heaven.
4. In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at Thy footstool fall;
Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God be all in all!

G. WESLEY.

KINGSLEY. 11s.

G. KINGSLEY.



1183. 11s.

2. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:—
4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MUHLENBERG.

1184. 11s.

1. On Saviour, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Hath chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power that hath pitied my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that failed to betray.
2. Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the maid low—I caught at the toy;
And still in displeasure Thy goodness was there. [joy.]
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the

3. The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;—
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft, flowing stream.
4. So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise, that bloomed but to fade:
5. I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path, it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.
6. I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown,
I asked, and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave!
7. Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will,
My hopes, and my wishes, my all I resign;
O give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.
8. There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod.
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below,
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

GRANT.

SCOTLAND. 12s.

DR. CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath
 opened a fountain; { For sin and uncleanness, and ev-ery transgression, His
 Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll
 blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams &c.
 praise him again, when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

1185. 12s.

2. Ye saints that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour;
 He calls you in mercy,—'t is infinite favor;
 Your sins are increasing,—escape to the moun-
 tain,—
 His blood can remove them,—it flows from the
 fountain.
3. O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell, 'Thou art more than vic-
 torious;
 Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
 While angels and men raise the shout of salva-
 tion.
4. With joy small we stand, when escaped to the
 shore;
 With trump in our hands, we'll praise Him the
 more;
 We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the
 river,
 And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

THORNBY.

1186. 12s.

1. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb;

The Saviour hath passed through its portals be-
 fore thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
 the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
 side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.
3. Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion for-
 saking,
 What though thy weak spirit in fear lingered
 long:
 The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardest, was the
 seraphim's song.
4. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 For God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and
 Guide:
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
 thee;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath
 died.

HEBER.

VESPER. 8s, 7s, & 4s. Or 8s & 7s.*

BORTNIANSKY.

1. Lo! He cometh—countless trumpets Wake to life the slumbering dead;
 Then ten thousand saints and angels See their great exalted Head. (Halle - lujah, Hal-le -

lujah, Welcome, welcome Son of God! Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Halle - lujah, A - men.

* When sung to 8s & 7s single, omit the repeat, and sing the last three hallelujahs, or repeat the last two lines of the stanza. To 8s & 7s double, repeat, and omit the hallelujahs.

1187. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear;
 Truth and justice go before Him—
 Now the joyful sentence hear;
 Hallelujah!—
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!
3. "Come, ye blessed of my Father!
 Enter into life and joy;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows;
 Endless praise be your employ;"
 Hallelujah!—
 Welcome, welcome to the skies.

1188. 8s & 7s.

1. BROTHER! rest from sin and sorrow;
 Death is o'er and life is won;
 On thy slumber dawns no morrow;
 Rest; thine earthly race is run.
2. Brother, wake! the night is waning;
 Endless day is round thee poured;
 Enter thou the rest remaining
 For the people of the Lord.
3. Brother, wake! for He who loved thee,
 He who died that thou mightst live,
 He who graciously approved thee,
 Waits thy crown of joy to give.
4. Fare thee well! though woe is blinding
 With the tones of earthly love,
 Triumph high and joy unending
 Wait thee in the realms above.

BAP. MEMORIAL.

1189. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lo! the mighty God appearing—
 From on high Jehovah speaks!
 Eastern lands the summons hearing,
 O'er the west His thunder breaks;
 Earth beholds Him;
 Universal nature shakes.
2. Zion, all its light unfolding,
 God in glory shall display;
 Lo! He comes—nor silence holding,
 Fire and clouds prepare His way,
 Tempests round Him
 Hasten on the dreadful day.
3. To the heavens His voice ascending,
 To the earth beneath He cries;
 "Souls immortal now descending,
 Let the sleeping dust arise!
 Rise to judgment;
 Let My throne adorn the skies.
4. "Gather first My saints around Me,
 Those who to My covenant stood;
 Those who humbly sought and found Me,
 Through the dying Saviour's blood;
 Blest Redeemer!
 Dearest sacrifice to God!"
5. Now the heavens on high adore Him,
 And His righteousness declare;
 Sinners perish from before Him,
 But His saints His mercies share;
 Just His judgment!
 God, Himself the Judge, is there.

W. GOODE.

1190. 8s & 7s.

1. GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Thou hast wondrous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave.
2. May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar;
And, until the sun arises,
Lead me by the Morning Star.
3. See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
4. Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings;
Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
Heavenly sounds around me ring.
5. Worlds of light! and crowns of glory!
Far above yon azure sky;
Though by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

1191. 8s & 7s.

1. HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
2. Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest;
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

1192. 8s & 7s.

1. LET me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.
2. Let me go; I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;

Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.

3. We have traveled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;
While I sigh "Farewell!" to you,
Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"
4. 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight,
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.
5. Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—come and see!

MONTGOMERY.

1193. 8s & 7s.

1. PARTING soul! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet look on—the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore!
There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just, in shining raiment,
Wander by Immanuel's side.
2. Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee,
Guides the path to yonder skies;
Hark! the sound of angels, hymning,
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear;
See the walls and golden portals
Through the mist of death appear!
3. Soul, adieu! this gloomy sojourn
Holds thy captive feet no more;
Flesh is dropped, and sin forsaken,
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
Through the tears thy friends are shed-
ding
Smiles of hope serenely shine;
Not a friend remains behind thee,
But would change his lot for thine.

EDMESTON.

SIGOURNEY. 8s & 7s.

Western Melody.

1. { "Whith-er goest thou, pil-grim stran-ger, Wandering thro' this lone-ly vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of dan-ger, And will not thy cou-rage fail?"
D. C. But no ill shall e'er be-fall me, While I'm blest with such a Guide."

2. "Pil-grim thou dost just-ly call me, Wandering thro' this lone-ly void—
D. C.

1194. 8s & 7s.

3. "Such a Guide? No guide attends thee—
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes."
4. "Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end."
5. "Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boist'rous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?"
6. "No, that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge will be delightful,—
Here my pilgrimage shall end."
7. While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the vale she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light.

1195. 8s & 7s.

1. HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus!
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
O, what mercy flows from Heaven!
O, what joy and happiness!

Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

2. Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!
3. Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.

1196. 8s & 7s.*

1. SEE the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us! hide us!
Rocks and mountains, from His eye!
2. Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for His espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

* Omit the repeat.

GOLDEN SHORE. 8s & 7s.

Jewish Air.

1. { Lo! the seal of death is break-ing; }
Those who slept its sleep are wak-ing; } Hea-ven opes its port-als fair!

Hark! the harps of God are ring-ing, }
Hark! the se-raph's hymn is fling-ing } Music on im-mortal air.

1197. 8s & 7s.

2. There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing
In that radiant scene above.
3. There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welletth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
Over all the golden shore.

MISS. MAG.

1198. (Part 1.) 8s & 7s.*

1. Through life's vapors dimly seeing
Who but longs for light to break!
O the feverish dream of being!
When, oh when shall we awake?
O the hour when this material
Shall have vanished as a cloud,—
When amid the wide ethereal
All th' invisible shall crowd,—
2. And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone!
In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?

3. Angels, guard the new immortal,
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.
Till the trump, which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul. CONDER.

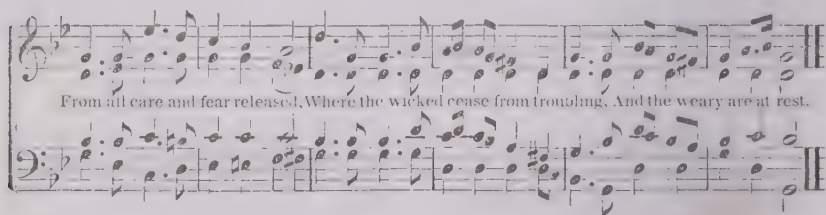
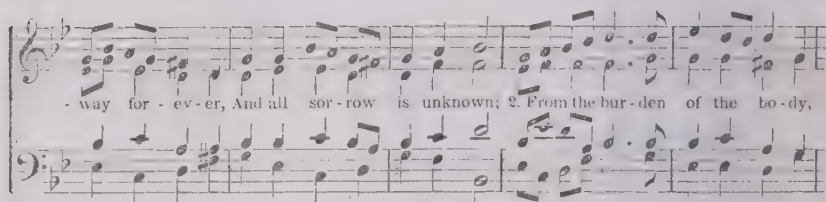
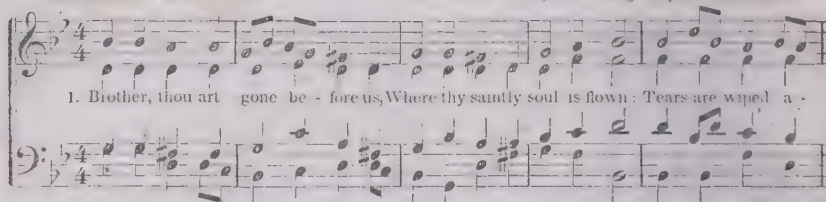
1198. (Part 2.) 8s & 7s.*

1. JESUS, blessed Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;
Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!
Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O Thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.
2. Blessed fold! no foe can enter;
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their center,
And their shield, Omnipotence.
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.
3. Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise.
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
O! th' ineffable Forever!
And th' eternal All in All! CONDER.

* Sing the tune twice through to each 8 line stanza.

MOYLE. 8s & 7s.

Ancient Irish Dirge. Arranged by CH. BEECHER.



1199. 8s & 7s.

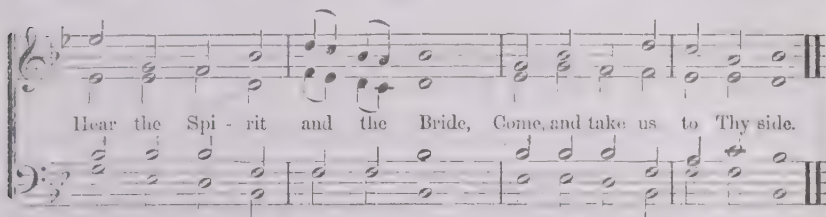
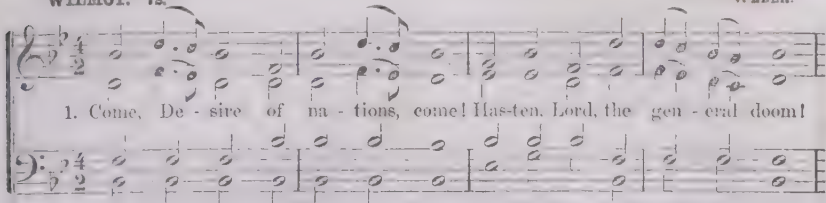
1. BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
Where thy saintly soul is flown,
Tears are wiped away for ever,
And all sorrow is unknown;
2. From the burden of the body,
From all care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
3. O'er the toilsome way thou'st traveled,
And endured the heavy load;
Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid
Safely to His blest abode.
4. Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus,
On thy heavenly Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
5. Sin no more can taint thy spirit
Nor can doubt thy faith assail;
Thou thy welcome hast received,
Now thy strength shall never fail;

6. And thou'rt sure to meet the holy,
Whom on earth thou loved'st best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
7. To thy grave we sadly bear thee,
There in dust we place thy head;
O'er thee now the turf is pressing,
And grows green thy narrow bed.
8. But thy spirit soars to glory,
Free, among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
9. When the Lord shall send His summons
Unto us who're left behind,
May we, by the world untainted,
Gracious welcome with thee find;
10. Each like thee, in peace departing,
To the kingdom of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

ALTERED FROM MILMAN.

WILMOT. 7s.

WEBER.



1200. 7s.

1. COME, Desire of nations come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to Thy side.
2. Thou, who hast our plans prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all Thy saints descend:
Then our earthly trials end.
3. Mindful of Thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan;
Hear us now, and save Thine own.
4. Now destroy the man of sin,
Now Thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for Thine.
5. Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in Thy saints appear:
Speak the sacred number sealed;
Speak the mystery revealed.
6. Take to Thee Thy royal power;
Reign! when sin shall be no more;
Reign! when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity!

1201. 7s.

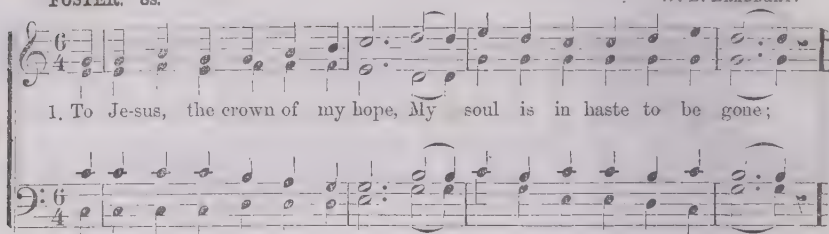
1. LORD of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power.

2. All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price—
Love—a flower from paradise.
3. Yet amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?
4. Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall clasp again.
5. O! that world is passing fair,
Yet if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
6. Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost—Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
7. I was blind—Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe!
8. O, if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

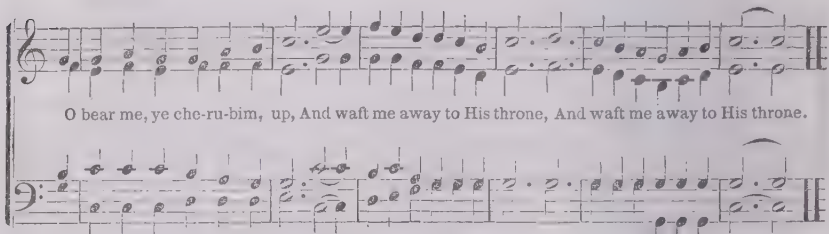
GRANT.

FOSTER. 8s.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;



O bear me, ye che-ru-bim, up, And waft me away to His throne, And waft me away to His throne.

1202. 8s.

1. To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne.
My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
2. Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.
3. O then shall the vail be removed!
And round me Thy brightness be
poured;
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

COWPER.

1203. 8s.

1. THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide, us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

COWPER.

1204. 8s.

1. O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,—
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distressed;
The city of God, the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?
2. But angels themselves can not tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of His heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of His love.
3. Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long Thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with Thee:
'T is good at Thy word to be here;
'T is better in Thee to be gone,
And see Thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in Thy throne.

C. WESLEY.

MADISON. 8s.

S. B. POND.

1. Ye an - gels, who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man - u - el's face,

He formed you the spi - rits you are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good;

In rap - tu-rous songs make Him known, Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise.

When oth - ers sunk down in despair, Confirmed by His pow - er, ye stood

1265. 8s.

2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His
feet,

His grace and His glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

4. I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the
Lamb;
I want to be one of Your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name;
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with You!
DE FLEURY.

1266. 8s.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there!

2. We speak of its pathways of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels most
rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4. We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

5. Then let us, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

BIRMINGHAM. 8s.

English.

1. { I long to be-hold Him arrayed With glo-ry and light from a-love: }
The King in His beauty displayed—His beauty of ho-li-est love: }

2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed His a-bode; O,

when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the moun-tain of God.

1207. 8s.

3. With Him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.
4. But when, on Thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find—
My heaven of heavens in Thee!
5. How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
6. Physician of souls! unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And when from the body set free,
O then to the city receive!
2. From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above—
The palace of angels and God.
3. Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
4. The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.
5. By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear.

C. WESLEY.

1208. 8s.

1. AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
6. Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

C. WESLEY.

1209. 8s & 9s.

Death of a Missionary.

1. WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high.
2. Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given,
O weep not for him; he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.
3. But weep for their sorrows, who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave—
Who sigh when they muse on the laud
Of their home, far away o'er the wave.
4. And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.
5. Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high;—
6. But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother in tears,
And weep for the people whose land
Still must wait till the day-spring ap-
pears.

L. BACON.

1210. 8s.

1. REJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain.
2. With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
3. Our brother the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he has sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind;
4. Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blessed shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
5. There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shoutings each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.

6. The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

C. WESLEY.

1211. 8s.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
2. The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him
December's as pleasant as May.
3. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence dispenses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
4. I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.
5. Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
6. O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

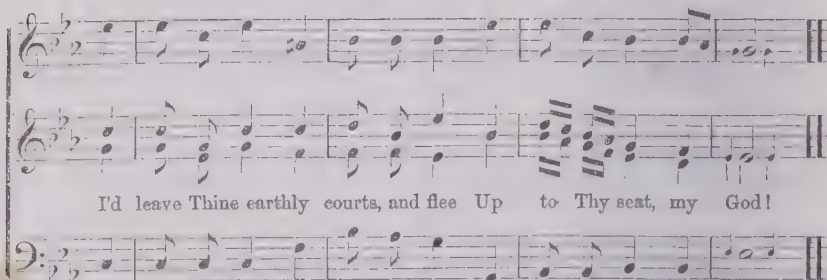
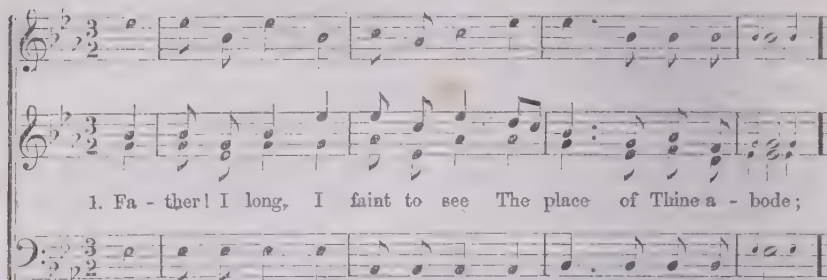
1212. 8s.

1. O THOU, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
'Twixt heavens and ocean shall rise
Thy incense of praises to Thee.
2. We know that Thy presence is near,
While heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride o'er the deep without fear—
The waters are held in Thy hand.
3. Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep!
There's Deity circling us round—
Omnipotence walks o'er the deep!
4. O Father! our eye is to Thee,
As on for the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

H. F. GOULD.

FLORENCE. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1213. C. M.

1. FATHER! I long, I faint, to see
The place of Thine abode;
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God!
2. Here I behold Thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But, to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
3. There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
4. Then at Thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.
5. The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

WATTS.

1214. C. M. Peculiar.

1. WHEN forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a painful anguish prove—
We feel a pang of sorrow.
2. But who can e'er describe the tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If doomed to part for months, for years—
To part, perhaps, for ever?
3. Yet, if our aims are fixed aright,
A sacred hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.
4. Then let us form those bonds above
Which time can ne'er dis sever,
Since, parting in a Saviour's love,
We part to meet for ever.

1215. C. M. Peculiar.

1. O, LAY not up on this vain earth
Your hope, your joy, your treasure;
Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path,
And blights each opening pleasure.

2. Earth's joys, like dew-drops, fade away;
Like clouds in visions vanish;
Above, no night can chase the day;
Those joys no change can banish.

3. All, all below must fade and die;
The dearest hopes we cherish;
Scenes touched with brightest radiancy
Are all decreed to perish.

4. Then, man, be wise; thy constant care
To purer joys be given,
Nor let delusive objects share
The place of bliss and heaven.

1216. C. M.

1. THERE'S nothing round these painted
skies,
Or round this dusty clod,
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

2. 'Tis heaven on earth to taste His love,
To feel His quickening grace;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to see His face.

3. Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

WATTS.

1217. C. M.

1. JESUS, to Thy dear wounds we flee,
We seek Thy bleeding side,
Assured that all who trust in Thee
Shall evermore abide.

2. Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;

3. The huge, celestial bodies roll
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

4. Sublime upon His azure throne,
He speaks—th' Almighty Word;
His fiat is obeyed! 't is done;
And paradise restored.

5. So be it! let this system end,
This ruined earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

6. Thy power Omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when Thou dost in glory come,
My Lord! remember me.

WESLEY'S COLL.

1218. C. M.

1. BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.

2. But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3. O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4. O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

1219. C. M. Peculiar.

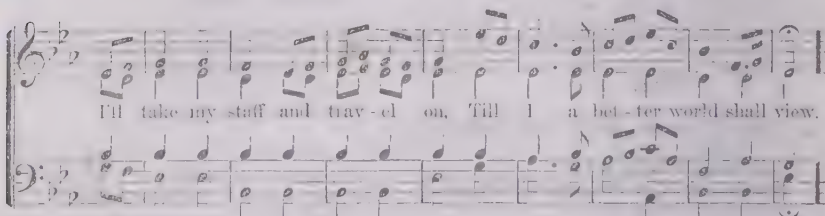
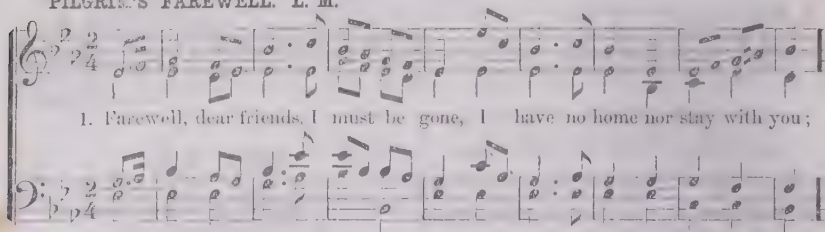
1. THE silver cord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mold in darkness wrapped,
The words funeral spoken.
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or dived is the grassy clod,
And what for mourning man is left?
O what is left—but God!

2. The tears are shed that mourned the
dead,
The flowers they wore are faded;
The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded;
The thoughts of joy that were planted
deep,
From our heart of hearts are riven;
And what is left us when we weep?
O what is left—but Heaven!

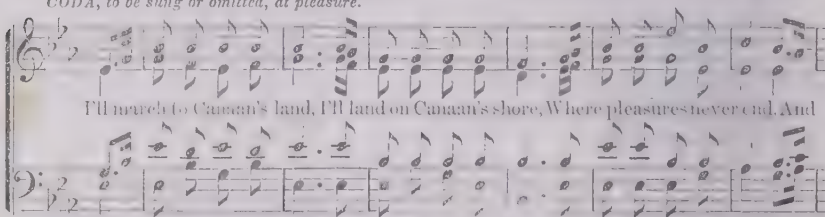
DOXOLOGY. C. M.

FATHER of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, coequal Son!
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,
While ceaseless ages run.

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.



CODA, to be sung or omitted, at pleasure.



1220. L. M.

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;

Yet we believe His gracious word,
We all shall meet Him soon above.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

1221. L. M.

1. FAREWELL, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above;
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
2. There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye;
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.
3. O'er all the names of Christ, our King,
Shall our harmonious voices rove;
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of His bleeding love.
4. Come sovereign Lord! dear Saviour, come!
Remove these separating days;
Send Thy bright wheels to fetch us home,
That golden hour, how long it stays?
5. How long must we lie lingering here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.
6. Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay released,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

WATTS.

1222. L. M.

1. THERE is a harp whose thrilling sound
Swell through the choir of heaven
above;
'Mid the blue arch the notes resound,
While angels catch the song of love.
2. 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears,
A sainted spirit wings its way;
And pure before the throne appears
In robes of bright, ethereal day.
3. Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy,
In choral numbers, loud and long;
Th' angel host their harps employ;
And hallelujahs swell the song.

1223. L. M.

1. THE ransomed spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies;
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If Thou art absent, holy Love!
2. The cherub, near the viewless throne,
Sweeth the harp with trembling hand;
And one, with inverse-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;

But tuneless is the quivering string;
No melody can Gabriel bring;
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to love!

3. Earth, sea, and sky, one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll;
That voice is heard, and tumults cease:
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

TAPPAN.

1224. L. M.

1. COME, O Thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!
2. Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength, and health, and shield, and
sun,
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown!

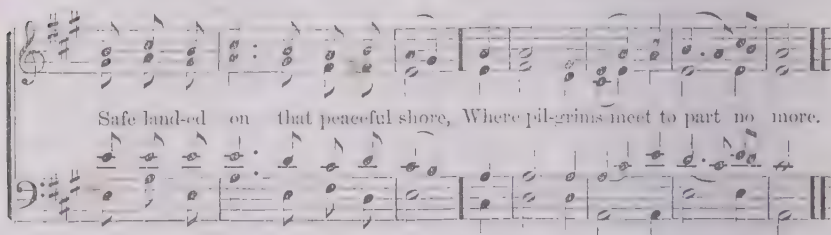
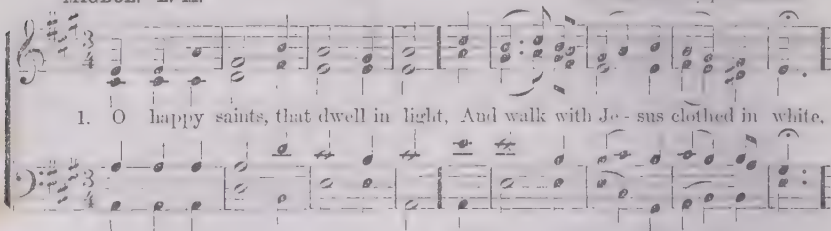
1225. L. M.

1. DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove;
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;
2. Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
3. O, for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
4. Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
5. O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King!
6. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount, to dwell above;
And stand, and bow, among them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love!

WATTS.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON. By permission.



1226. L. M.

2. Released from sorrow, sin and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life,
And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing His love in melting strains.
3. They gaze upon His beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of His grace;
Or, overwhelmed with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring at His feet.
4. Ah, Lord! with faltering steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
When shall I wake in heaven to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

1227. L. M.

1. O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
2. There, low before His glorious throne,
A throng of saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own [all,
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their
3. Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
4. He smiles—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.
5. There all the followers of the Lamb,
Shall join at last the heavenly choir,

O, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

STEELE.

1228. L. M.

1. As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still.
2. So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
Tho' sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
3. 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my caros farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

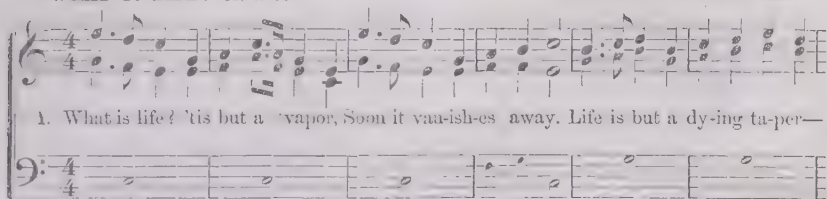
NEWTON.

1229. L. M.

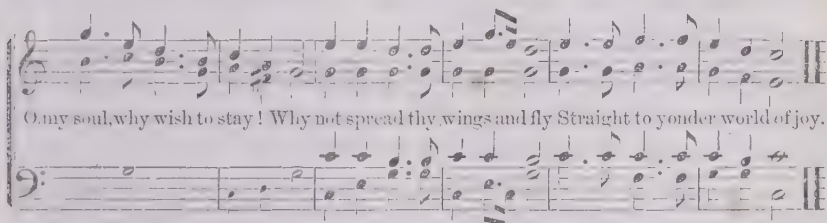
1. THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.
2. A land, upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.
4. There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

WHAT IS LIFE? 8s. & 7s.

T. HASTINGS.



1. What is life? 'Tis but a vapor, Soon it van-ish-es away. Life is but a dy-ing ta-per—



Only soul, why wish to stay! Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

1230. 8s & 7s.

2. See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints.
Why not spread, &c.
3. Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love;
Through the heavens His praise resound-
Filling all the courts above. [ing,
Why not spread, &c.
4. Go, and share His people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread, &c.

1231. 8s & 7s.*

1. SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH.

1232. 8s, 7s & 4s.

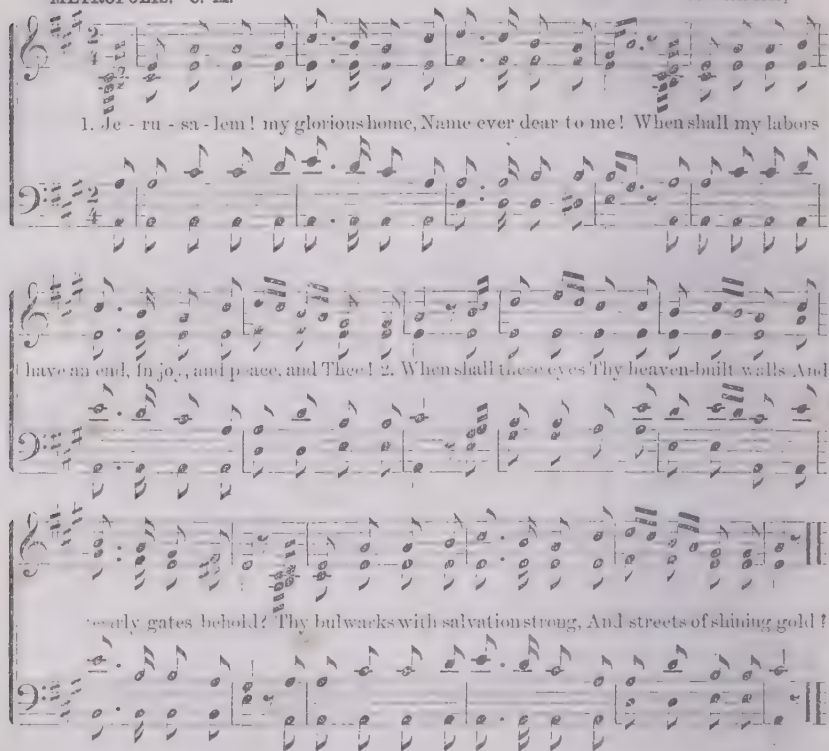
1. HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.
2. Hallelujah! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.
3. Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offenses
We with bitter tears must mourn.
4. But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy peace to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

BREVIAIRY.

* May be adapted, by a very slight and natural change, to Wilmot, p. 385.

METROPOLIS. C. M.

Modern Harp.



1233. C. M.

3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
6. Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for Thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I Thy joys shall see.

1234. C. M.

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2. From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
4. "The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.
5. "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself, shall die." [fears,
6. How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. WATTS.

1235. C. M.

1. AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.
2. In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.
3. O what hath Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
4. O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

C. WESLEY.

1236. C. M.

1. THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
3. We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
4. 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

WATTS.

1237. C. M.

1. YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travelers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold!
2. For Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on.
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land;
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.
3. O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes;
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies;
Bright angels whispering me away—
"O come, my brother, come!"
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

1238. C. M.

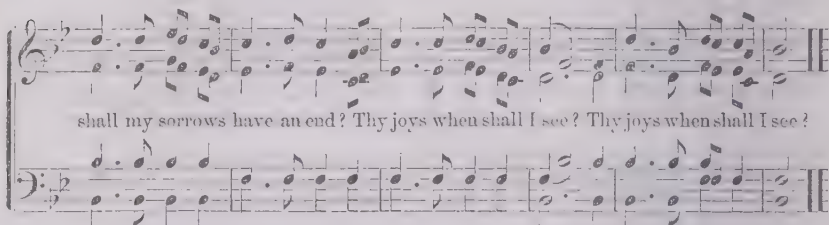
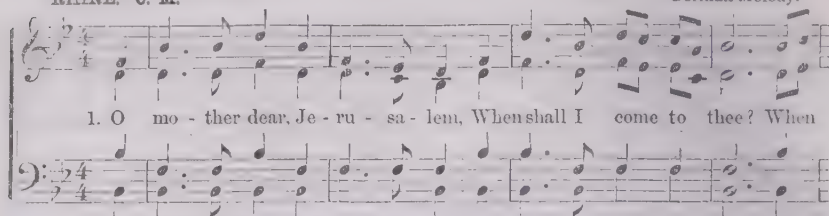
1. SOON in the grave my flesh shall rest,
My soul from earth remove,
And, in the Saviour's glory dressed,
Shall reach the home I love.
2. My friends—the whole celestial choir;
My every feeling—joy;
To honor God—my one desire;
His praise—my one employ.
3. Nor would I wait till angel-host
Shall teach their song to raise:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I'll here begin my praise.
4. Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring!

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

In hope to join th' angelic host,
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

RHINE. C. M.

German Melody.



1239. C. M.

2. O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
3. No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
4. Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!
5. O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?—
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?
6. Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As no where else are seen. [flowers]
7. Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
8. Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

9. O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

QUARLES.

1240. C. M.

1. Lo! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
2. I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!
3. I hear the voice—"Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
4. They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore Him there.
5. O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at His right hand
Is infinite delight.
6. How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

WATTS.

1241. C. M.

1. THESE glorious minds, how bright they
Whence all their white array? [shine,
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
2. From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And' strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.
3. Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before His throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy One.
4. The unvailed glories of His face
Among His saints reside;
While the rich treasure of His grace
Sees all their wants supplied.
5. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
6. The Lamb shall lead His heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

WATTS.

1242. C. M.

1. THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies.
2. When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide—
3. Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
4. The vision of that heavenly home,
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.
5. For there, adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine
Untroubled and serene.

1243. C. M.

1. ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That, past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze hath flown?
2. O many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me, if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
3. Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
4. O speak, thou voice of God within!
Thou of the deep, low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?
5. And the voice answers, "Be thou still;
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their part fulfill;
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

HEMANS.

1244. C. M.

1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!
2. Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

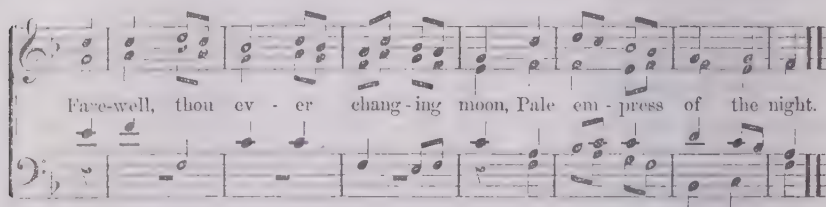
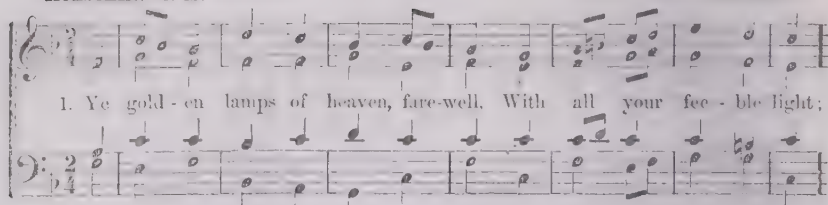
WATTS.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

In hope to join th' angelic host,
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

HOLSTEIN. C. M.

Psalmist.



1245. C. M.

1. YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
2. And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brightest flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
3. Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
4. The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
5. No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.
6. There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

1246. C. M.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes:—
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

1247. C. M.

1. OUR country is Immanuel's ground—
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
2. Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow, —
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can
raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3. The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4. We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross He bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

BARBAULD.

1218. C. M.

1. **ARISE**, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2. There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds His glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

3. Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4. Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

5. But O, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

6. Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there?

WATTS.

1249. C. M.

1. **EARTH** has engrossed my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to Thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2. There the blessed Man, my Saviour sits;
The God! how bright He shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;

And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus my love they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5. Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel, too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

6. I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7. There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see His face.

WATTS.

1250. C. M.

1. **THERE** is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2. And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4. Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Parents and children, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5. Great God, impress the serious thought,
This day, on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to Thy rest.

JANE TAYLOR.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

Through the everlasting ages,
Blessed Trinity, to Thee!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise and endless glory be.

IVES. 7s.

E. Ives, Jr. Beethoven Collection.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throng,

Round the al-tar, night and day, Hymn-ing one tri-umphant song?—

“Wor-thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless-ing, hon-or, glo-ry, power,

Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain; New do-min-ion ev-ery hour.”

1251. 7s.

2. These through fiery trials trod!—
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;

Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

MONTGOMERY.

1252. 7s.

1. PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
2. Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amid the throne;
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through His cross alone.

3. Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords—
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of Lords."
4. Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.
5. Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
6. They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high!

MONTGOMERY.

1253. 7s.

1. WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in His righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.
2. Out of great distress they came;
Washed their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

C. WESLEY.

1254. 7s.

1. DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before His throne,
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn,
Born of God—to God return.
2. Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.
Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

3. Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore;
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

TOPLADY.

1255. 7s.

1. LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one;
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in milk-white robes arrayed;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.
2. Saints, begin the endless song;
Cry aloud, in heavenly lays—
Glory doth to God belong;
God the glorious Saviour praise;
All salvation from Him came—
Him who reigns enthroned on high;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb—
Let the morning stars reply.
3. Angel powers the throne surround;
Next the saints in glory they;
Lulled with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face, before
God and His Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore—
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

C. WESLEY.

1256. 7s.

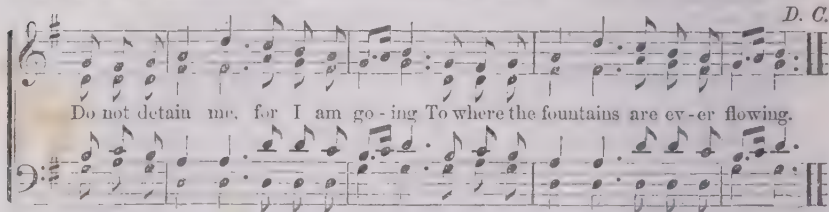
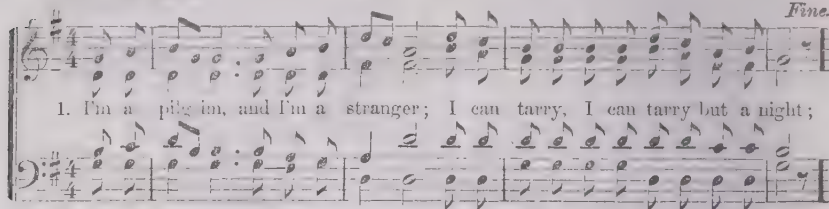
1. MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
2. Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not; much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.
3. Shrink not, Christians,—will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.
4. But when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

H. K. WHITE.

I'M A PILGRIM.

Hymn 1257. P. M.

Fine.

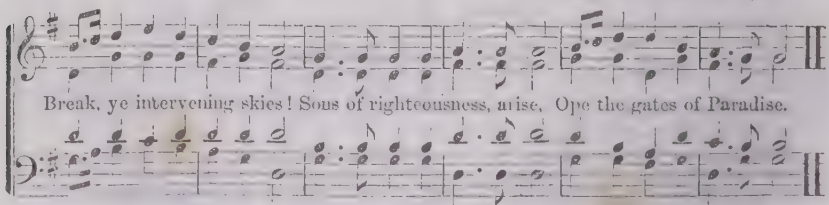
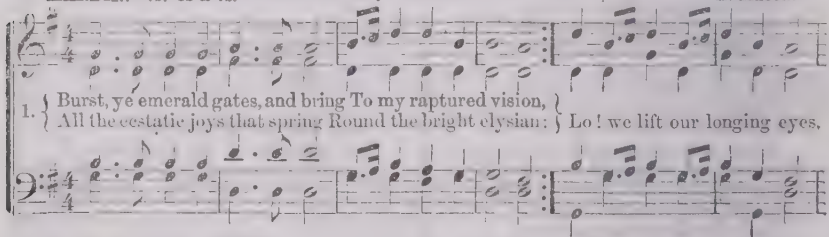


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there:
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.</p> | <p>3. There 's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!</p> |
|---|---|

MERDIN. 7s. 6s & 7s.

Hymn 1258.

L. MASON.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Floods of everlasting light!
Freely flash before Him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore Him;
Angel trumpets resound His fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of His name;
Heaven echoing the theme.*</p> <p>3. Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout His glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;</p> | <p>Cast their crowns before His throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One.</p> <p>4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.</p> |
|--|---|

PARADISE. 6a.

1. Oh, ex - iled Par - a - dise, Oh, how we long for thee! When wilt thou
D. C. Oh, for thy smil - ing hills, With gush of clear cascade! For ev - er

Fine.
 robe the earth? When plant life's heal - ing tree? Thou hast fresh blooming vales, Where
 flow - ing rills, By liv - ing wa - ters made!

D. C.
 glittering fountains play, And sweet sequestered dales Hid in thy groves a-way!

1259. 6s.

2. Oh for thy fragrant flowers,
 That bloom through all the year!
 Oh for thy rosy bowers,
 The wilderness to cheer!
 To thee we shall return,
 And to Mount Zion come!
 With songs sing joyfully,
 And shout the harvest home!
 Awake the harp and lute,
 In praises to the King
 Who reigns on David's throne,
 To Him hosannas bring!
3. Jesus shall ever reign!
 When His bright kingdom comes
 The sun shall be ashamed
 Before His dazzling thrones!
 The moon confounded, then,
 Shall hide her silver ray,
 And saints of every age,
 Rejoice in glorious day!
 Oh, exiled Paradise,
 Oh, how we long for thee!

Robe thou anew the earth—
 Bring back Life's healing tree.

1260. 7s & 6s.*

1. In the broad fields of heaven,
 In the immortal bowers
 By life's clear river side,
 Amid undying flowers—
 There hosts of beauteous souls,
 Fair children of the earth,
 Linked in bright bands of love,
 Sing of their human birth.
2. They sing of earth and heaven—
 Divinest voices rise
 To God, their gracious Lord,
 Who called them to the skies:
 They all are there—in heaven—
 Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
 No cloud of sin can dim
 Their bright and holy rest.

* Repeat the last half of the stanza for the *D. C.*

HOLY CITY. 7s & 6s.

Arr. from a Western Melody.

1. There is a ho-ly ci-ty, A hap-py world above, Be-yond the starry

re-gions, Built by the God of love; An ev-er-last-ing tem-ple, And

saints arrayed in white, There serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with Him in light.

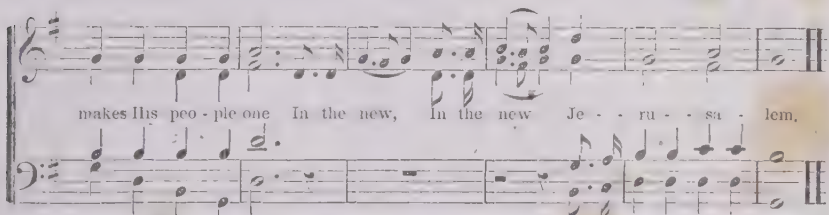
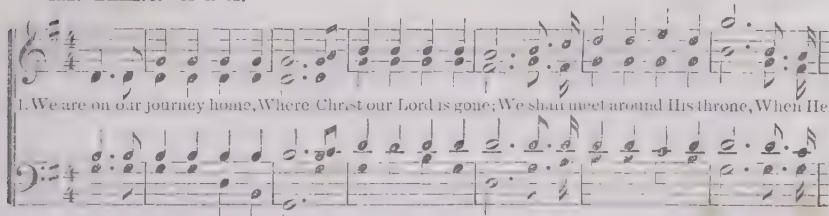
1261. 7s & 6s.

1. THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with Him in light.
2. The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.
3. Is this the Man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?

He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe!

4. The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And torments on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.
5. And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

MT. BLANC. 6s & 7s.



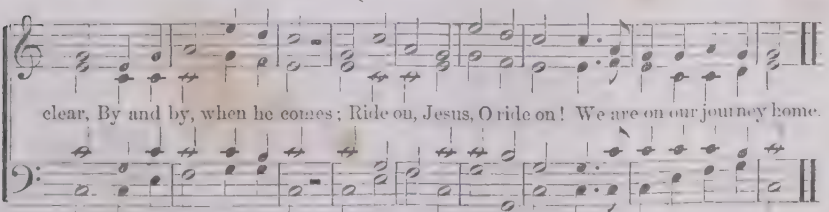
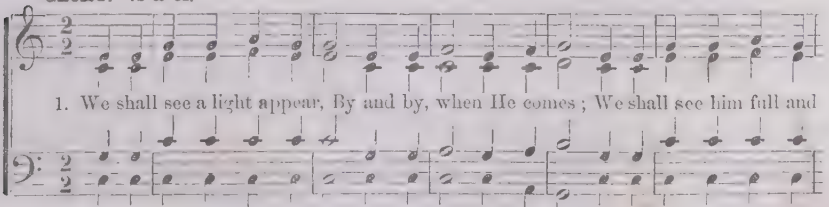
1262. 7s & 6s.

2. We can see that distant home,
Tho' clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.
3. O glory shining far
From the never setting Sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4. O holy, heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem.
5. Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee
To the new Jerusalem.

CH. BEECHER.

GLORY. 7s & 6s.



1263. 7s & 6s.

2. We shall have a mighty shout,
By and by, when He comes;
We shall like the stars shine out,
By and by, when He comes.

3. Then shall blaze earth's funeral pyre,
By and by, when He comes;
We shall shout above the fire,
By and by, when He comes.

HOME. 11s.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, } { To find at the
 { How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with . . . saints; } { And feel in the
D. C. Pre-pare me, dear

Fine. *D. C. al Segno.*
 1 2
 ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,
 pre-sence of Je-sus at . . . home. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.

1261. 11s.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not
 cease!

Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
 Though now my temptation like billows may
 foam,
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at
 home.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission, and strength as my day;
 In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5. Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
 Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6. I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
 And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

1265. 10s.

1. O WHERE can the soul find relief from its foes?
 A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
 Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
 Give a refuge, nor sorrow nor sin can assail?

No, no! there's no home!

There's no home on earth—the soul has no home

2. Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
 And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
 In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be
 given.

And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven?

Yes, yes! there's a home!

There's a home in high heaven—the soul has a
 home.

3. O! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!
 Free for ever from sin, and from sorrow and
 care;

And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
 To welcome the soul to its home in the skies!
 Home, home!—home of the soul!

The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

DEODATUS DUTTON.

1266. 11s.*

1. My home is in heaven, my rest is not here.
 Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
 Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can
 come,
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

2. It is not for thee to be seeking thy bliss.
 And building thy hopes in a region like this;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled;
 I pant for a country by sin undefined.

3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
 I would not recline upon roses below;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
 Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

* Sing either to Home or to Eden, on the opposite page.

EDEN. 12s & 11s.

1. { How sweet to re-flect on the joys that a-wait me In yon bliss-ful
Where glo-ri-fied spi-rits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to

re-gion, the ha-ven of rest, } En-circled with light, and with glo-ry en-
man-sions prepared for the blest; } I'll bathe in the o-ocean of plea-sure un-

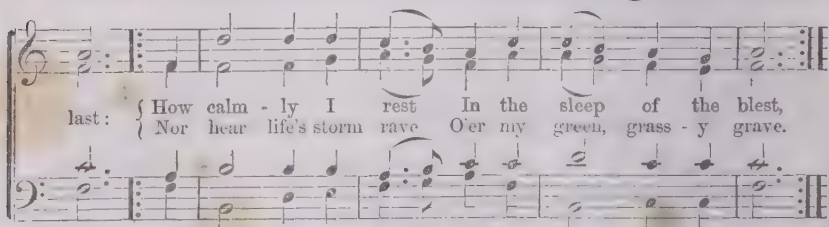
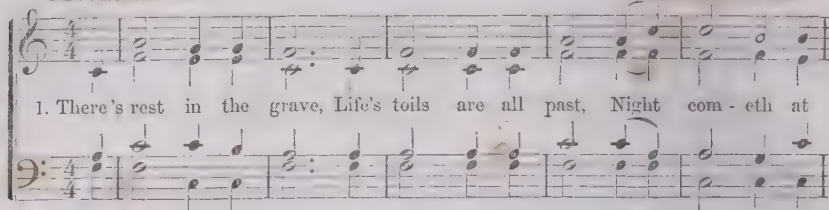
1st time. 2d time.
- shroud-ed, My hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky unclouded,
- bound-ed, And range with delight thro' the E-den of Love.

1267. 11s & 12s.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.
3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love;"
Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

RESURGAM. 5s.

Arranged by J. ZUNDEL.



1268. 5s.

1. THERE's rest in the grave,
Life's toils are all past,
Night cometh at last:
How calmly I rest
In the sleep of the blest,
Nor hear life's storm rave
O'er my green, grassy grave.
2. No rest in the grave—
Heaven's dawn purples fast,
Morn's splendors are cast

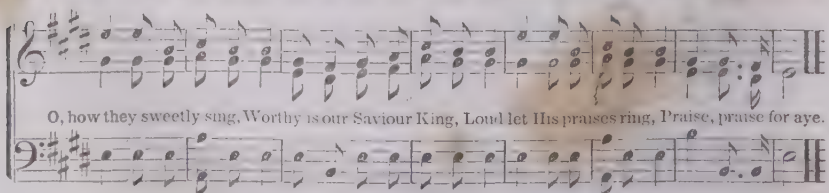
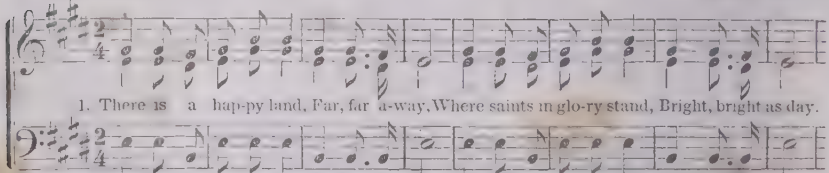
Like shafts through the gloom
Of the dark, silent tomb;
Heaven's fair bowers wave—
No rest in the grave!

3. Arise from the grave!
Heaven's bright, burning throng
Come rushing along;
They gird me about,
And triumphant shout,
As myriad palms wave,
"Ascend from the grave."

CH. BEECHER.

THE HAPPY LAND. P. M.

Hindoo Air.



1269. P. M.

2. Come to that happy land, come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright, in that happy land, beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

CHRISTIAN VICTOR. 10s.

1. Joy-ful - ly, joy-ful - ly on-ward I move, Bound to the land of bright spi - rits a - bove;
 Angel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, Joy-ful - ly, joy-ful - ly haste to thy home!

Soon with my pilgrimage end - ed be - low, Home to the land of bright spi - rits I go;

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful - ly, joy-ful - ly rest - ing at home.

1270. 10s.

1. **JOYFULLY**, joyfully onward I move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
 Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits I go:
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
2. Friends, fondly cherished; have passed on before:
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
 Sailing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom:
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear:
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Kings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

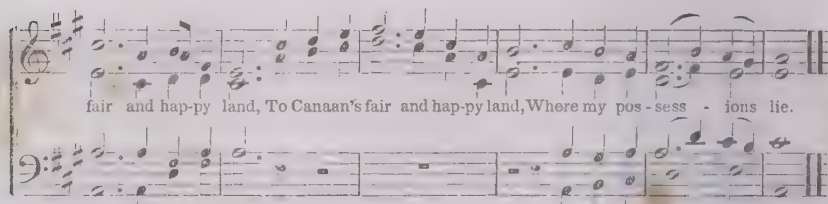
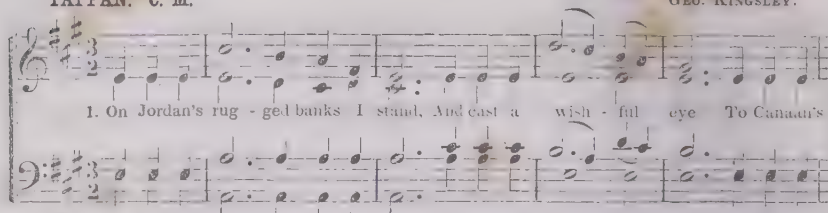
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom.
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

1271. 10s.

1. Happy the spirit released from its clay:
 Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
 Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
 Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
 Many the toils it has passed through below,
 Many the seasons of trial and woe;
 Many the doubts it never should sing,
 Victory! victory! thus on the wing.
2. How can we wish them recalled from their home,
 Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
 Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
 Victory! victory! shouting in death.
 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
 Bids them in glorified body arise.
 Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
 Victory! victory! Jesus hath come.

TAPPAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1272. C. M.

2. O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
3. O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
6. Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

STENNETT.

1273. C. M.

1. A STRANGER in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear;
Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

2. To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest;
And still extends His wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

C. WESLEY.

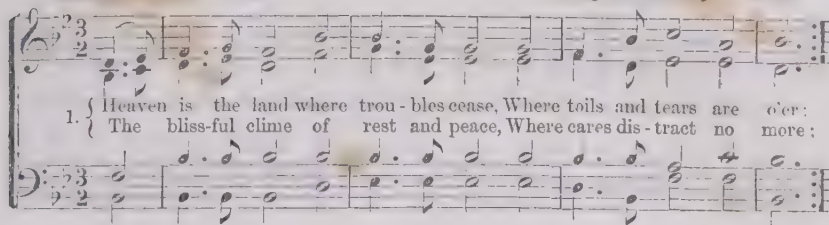
1274. C. M.

1. O, THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!
2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
3. Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet.
4. This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.
5. And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.

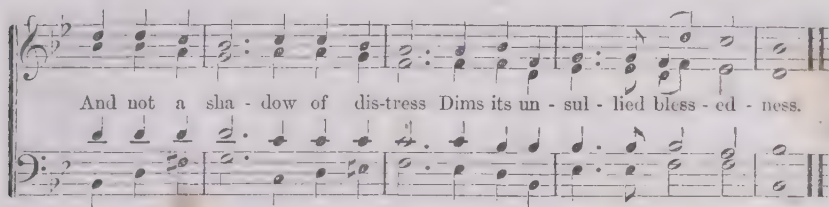
WATTS.

BRIDGEPORT. C. H. M.

Arranged from Templi Carmina.



1. { Heaven is the land where trou - bles cease, Where toils and tears are o'er;
The bliss-ful clime of rest and peace, Where cares dis - tract no more;



And not a sha - dow of dis-tress Dims its un - sul - lied bless - ed - ness.

1275. C. H. M.

1. Heaven is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not a shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.
2. Heaven is the place where Jesus dwells,
And pleads His dying blood,
While to His prayers His Father gives
An unknown multitude—
Whose harps and tongues, through end-
less days,
Shall crown His head with songs of
praise.
3. Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before their Father's throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

1276. C. M.*

1. AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
2. What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

* Sing Tappan.

3. Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
4. On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

1277. C. M.*

1. BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes—
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!
2. All hail! ye fair, celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day!
A rich delight your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
3. There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.
4. Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place
How near the mansions be!
5. Immortal wonders! boundless things
In those dear worlds appear!
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

VILLAGE HYMNS.

NIGHT THOUGHT. L. M.

CH. BEECHER.

1. In si-lence of the voice-less night, When, chased by dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom, in the darkness, do I seek, O God, but Thee? O God, but Thee?

1278. L. M.

2. And if there weigh upon my breast
Vague memories of the day forgone,
Scarce knowing why, I fly to Thee,
And lay them down.
3. Or, if it be the gloom that comes,
In token of impending ill,
My bosom heeds not what it is
Since 'tis Thy will.
4. For, O! in spite of constant care,
Or aught beside, how joyfully
I pass that solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!
5. More tranquil than the stilly night,
More peaceful than that voiceless hour,
Supremely blest, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.
6. For what on earth can I desire,
Of all it hath to offer me?
Or whom in heaven do I seek,
O God, but Thee?

1279. L. M.

1. The dawn is sprinkling in the east
Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light;—
Farewell to darkness and to sin!
2. Away, ye midnight phantoms all!
Away, despondence and despair!
Whatever guilt the night has brought,
Now let it vanish into air.

3. So, Lord, when that last morning breaks,
Which shrouds in darkness earth and
May it on us, low bending here, [skies,
Arrayed in joyful light arise!

LYRA CATH.

1280. L. M.

1. FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, we go,
(Our daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.
2. Still would we bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
3. For Thee alone we would employ
Whatever Thy bounteous grace hath
given;
Would run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

1281. L. M.

1. O BACKWARD-LOOKING son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.
2. Take heart!—the waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.
3. God works in all things: all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

WHITTIER.

1282. L. M.

1. ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Yet onward still to thee we speed,
As to the fight th' impatient steed.
2. As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go;
Mark well, O man, Eternity!
Eternity! Eternity!
3. Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As in a ball's concentric round
Nor starting-point nor end is found;
4. So thou, Eternity, so vast,
No entrance and no exit hast;
Mark well, O man, Eternity!
Eternity! Eternity!

COXE. FROM THE GERMAN.

1283. L. M.

1. I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move:
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.
2. When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.
3. When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.
4. Yes, God is love;—a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

1284. L. M.

1. THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done!
2. Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine:—
Thy will be done!
3. Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done!

BOWRING.

1285. L. M.

1. ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
2. I know Thou wilt not slight my call!
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
3. And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
4. In ocean caves still safe with Thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD.

1286. L. M.

1. GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous winds arise!
Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and sea, and skies!
2. Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas Thine awful will perform;
From them we learn to own Thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
3. What though the floods lift up their voice;
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They can not damp Thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.
4. Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne;
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.
5. Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain t' impair the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.
6. Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of His will;
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,
But fall, when He shall say,—Be still.

C. WESLEY.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TH. TALLIS. 1650.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own al - mighty wings.

1287. L. M.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment-day.
4. O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
5. Be Thou my guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill
6. Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love!

KENN.

1288. L. M.

1. O BLEST Creator of the light!
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;
2. Who, gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day:
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
O, hear us as we weep and pray!

3. Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime;
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.
4. Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

LYRA CATH.

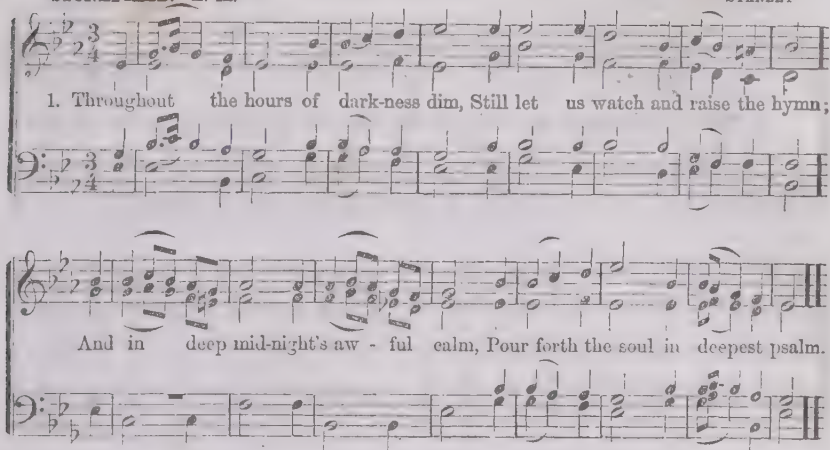
1289. L. M.

1. 'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
2. Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
3. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
4. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
5. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY



1290. L. M.

2. Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear;
Well pleased to list, at such a time,
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime.
3. Still watch and pray, and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of His holy rest.
4. Glory to God, who is in heaven!
Praise to His blessed Son be given!
Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore,
Be with us now and evermore!

BREVIAIRY.

1291. L. M.

1. ANOTHER fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
2. Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.
3. Soon shall a darker night descend,
And veil from me yon azure skies;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.
4. Yet when beneath the dreadful shade
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.
5. Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord, shall rise;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount above the skies.

COLLYER.

1292. L. M.

1. NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.
2. For who but He that arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud;
3. Mold its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That, set in silver, glows within;
4. Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, whene'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

J. M. GOOD.

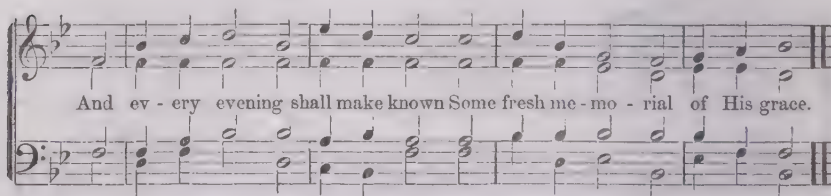
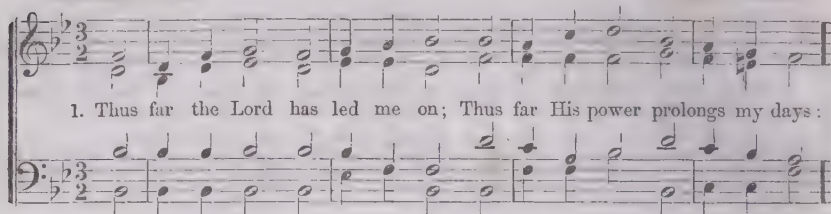
1293. L. M.

1. GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
2. From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:
3. O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

WATTS.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.



1294. L. M.

2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

1295. L. M.

1. GREAT God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2. My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4. Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5. Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

MRS. STEELE.

1296. L. M.

1. My God! how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS.

1297. L. M.

1. God of my life, to Thee belong,
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by Thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2. Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does Thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3. Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by Thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to Thee.

1298. L. M.

1. **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
3. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
4. Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
5. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

KENN.

1299. L. M.

1. In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade—
I drink again the morning light.
2. New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee !
3. O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
4. A deeper shade will soon impend ;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
5. That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HAWKESWORTH.

1300. L. M.

1. **S**WEET evening hour ! sweet evening hour !
That calms the air, and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its rest,
The infant to its mother's breast !

2. O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !
3. Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb ;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.
4. Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.
5. Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed ;
When Abraham's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone.

1301. L. M.

1. **N**EW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove :
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
2. New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3. Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
4. Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

1302. C. M.*

1. **B**E Thou, O God, by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light divine,
To keep me pure within.
2. Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines ;
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes—
3. So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

CHAPEL HYMNS.

* Sing to Tappan, page 412.

NORTHAMPTON. L. M.

Arranged by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. { When, on the midnight of the East, At the dead moment of re- pose,
The plan- et of sal- va- tion rose, The plan- et of sal- va- tion rose,

Like Hope on Misery's darkened breast, The plan- et of sal- va- tion rose;

1303. L. M.

1. WHEN, on the midnight of the East,
At the dead moment of repose,
Like Hope on Misery's darkened breast,
The planet of salvation rose,—
2. The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,
Started, with broad and upward gaze,—
Kneeling,—while the star of Bethlehem
broke
On music wakened into praise!

3. Shall we, for whom that star was hung
In the dark vault of frowning heaven,—
Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,
That song of peace and sin forgiven,—
4. Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,
Careless His banquet's blessings see,
Nor heed the parting word that said,
"Do this in memory of Me?"

1304. L. M.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!
2. Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with
power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
3. Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;

They tell us of his glory nigh
In language that no tongue can speak.

4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.
5. Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

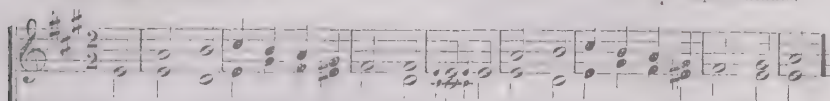
1305. L. M.

1. O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light!
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear,—
2. Beneath Thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of ease and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!
3. Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew,
The worshipper of Gerizim.
4. In holy words which can not die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to
know,
Christ gave Thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe
5. That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to Thee.

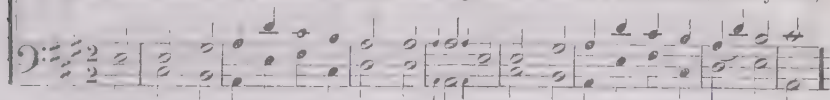
WHITTIER.

CUBA. 10s. Or 11s & 10s.

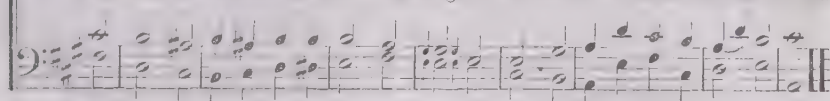
Templi Carmina.



1. Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;



Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeing, O Lord! we lift our thankful hearts to Thee.



1306. 11s & 10s.

1. Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreat-
ing
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleet-
ing,
O Lord! we lift our thankful hearts to Thee.

2. To Thee, whose word, the fount of light unseal-
ing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the even and morn complete the day.

3. Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer
us
Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4. So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsak-
ing,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with
Thee.

1307. 10s.

1. QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

2. To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;

To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal!

3. Who shall make trouble, then! Not evil miads,
Which, like a shadow, o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's
power.

4. What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting
pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of
death;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

1308. 10s.

1. AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

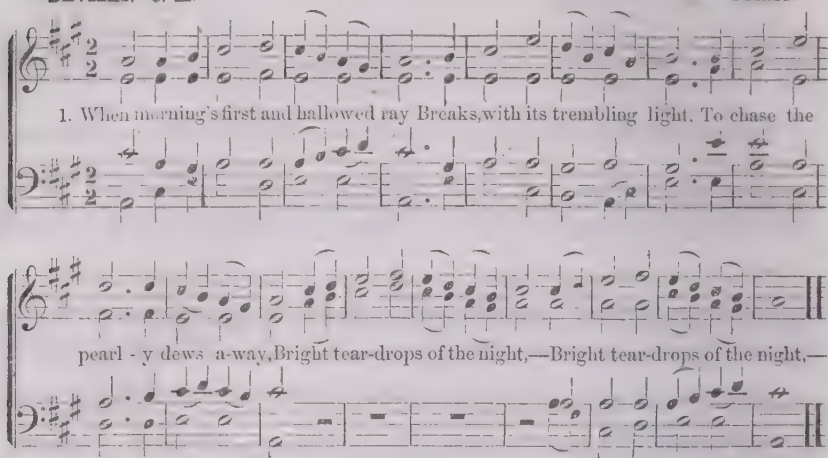
2. Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3. Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts
guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till life shall end.

REV. WM. MASON

DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.



1309. C. M.

1. WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks, with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew's away,
Bright tear-drops of the night,—
2. My heart, O Lord! forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in Thee.
3. When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still, to my Father and my Friend,
My wishes are addressed.
4. Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
And bid my pleasures flee,
Thou reign'st where grief can not annoy;
I will be glad in Thee.
5. And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
6. I dream of that fair land, O Lord!
Where all Thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon Thy word,
And still delight in Thee.

1310. C. M.

1. LORD of the world, who hast preserved
Us safely through this day,
Now guard us in the silent night,
And in all time, we pray!

2. Be present, in Thy peace, to those
Who as Thy suppliants wait;
Blot out the record of our sin;
Our gloom illuminate!
3. Let not, amid our hours of sleep,
Life's enemy steal in;
Let not a vision of the night
Have power to whisper sin.
4. Guard every avenue from guile,
When slumber seals our eyes;
And guiltless as we laid us down,
So guiltless let us rise.

BREVARY.

1311. C. M.

1. HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
2. That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
3. The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake; and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
4. God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath His shady wings.

WATTS.

1312. C. M.

1. SOIL not thy plumage, gentle dove,
With sublunary things—
Till in the fount of light and love
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.
2. Shall Nature from her couch arise,
And rise for Thee in vain?
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and
skies,
Such types of truth contain.
3. See—where the Sun of Righteousness
Unfolds the gates of day;
Go—meet Him in His glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!
4. There, where ten thousand seraphs stand,
To crown the circling hours—
Soar thou—and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers.
5. Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm!
6. And let the drops of sparkling dew,
From Siloa's spring be shed,
To form a fragrance fresh and new—
A halo round thy head.
7. Spread then Thy plumes of faith and
prayer,
Nor fear to wend away;
And let a glow of heavenly air
Gild every earthly day!

BRYDGES.

1313. C. M.

1. We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By His almighty power.
2. We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on His wings.
3. And even now, amid the gray,
The East is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.
4. We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall quits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be Thine!

5. O, guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

1314. C. M.

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
2. Night unto night His name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak His praise;
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
And yet His wrath delays.
4. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.
5. Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

WATTS.

1315. C. M.

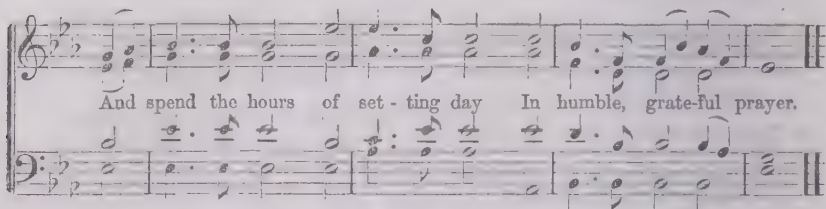
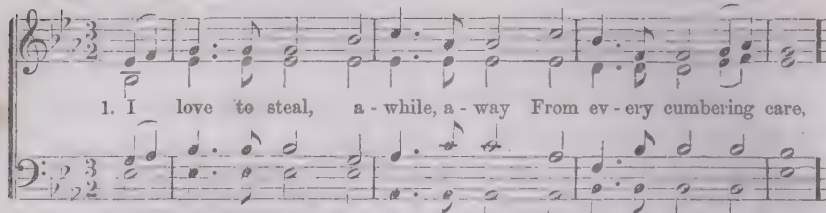
1. Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.
2. No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
3. And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.
4. And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

Now to our God—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

Templi Carmina.



1316. C. M.

2. I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead,
When none but God is near.
3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On Him whom I adore.
4. I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
5. And when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. BROWNE.

1317. C. M.

1. God of the sunlight hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be;
Or night, in deeper shadows clad,
If aught were dark to Thee!
2. How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw Thy light depart!
3. But though the sun-set hours may hide
These gentle rays awhile;
And deep thro' ocean's wave may glide
The slumber of their smile.
4. Enough, while these dull heavens may
lower,
If here Thy presence be;

Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light to me.

5. Through the deep gloom of mortal things,
Thy light of love can throw
That ray which gilds an angel's wings,
To soothe a pilgrim's woe.

LEIFCHILD'S COLL.

1318. C. M.

1. O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.
2. And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
3. And wilt Thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
4. Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.
5. Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
6. And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

H. K. WHITE.

1319. C. M.

1. DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
2. Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
3. Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
4. What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!
5. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To Thy dear cross I flee,
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.
6. Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

WATTS.

1320. C. M.

1. UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And, silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
2. Night reigns in silence o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard;
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.
3. Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.
4. O, grant my soul an ear to hear
Thy deep and silent voice;
To bend in lowly, filial fear,
And in Thy love rejoice.

DODDRIDGE.

1321. C. M.

1. HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To Him who heareth prayer.
2. How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before His throne of grace,

While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows His smiling face.

3. How sweet, through long-remembered
years,
His mercies to recall;
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and
fears,
To trust His love for all.
4. How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear Him call His children up
To His fair home on high.
5. Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

L. BACON.

1322. C. M.

1. LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever Thine;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.
3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.
4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to
peace,
I give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

WATTS.

1323. C. M.

1. JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now He reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.
2. Weak though we are, He still is near
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.
3. And from His love's exhaustless spring
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.
4. O Jesus, there is none like Thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord!
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored!

MARLOW. C. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.

1. When brighter suns and mild-er skies Pro-claim the ope-ning year,
What va-rious sounds of joy a-rise! What pros-pects bright ap-pear!

1324. C. M.

2. Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by His mercy live,
To God their offering raise.
3. The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.
4. Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.
5. No winter there, no shades of night
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

1325. C. M.

1. WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heaven He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
2. He sends His showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
3. His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
4. His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground:

The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5. He sends His word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
6. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

WATTS.

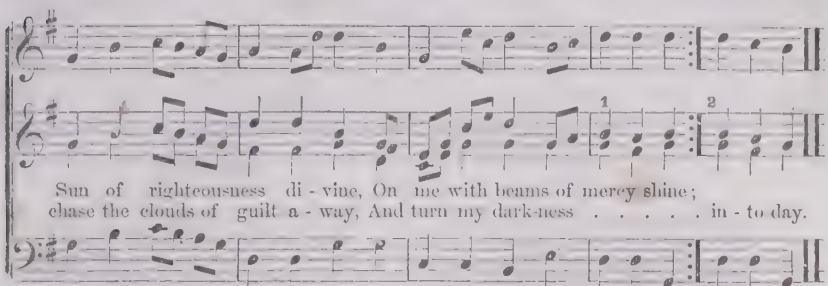
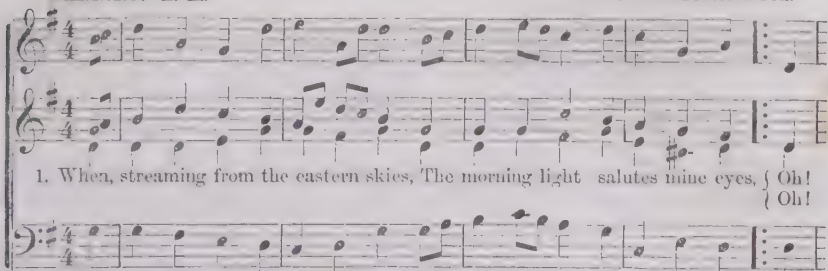
1326. C. M.

1. 'T is by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
2. Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are Thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The author is divine!
4. Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
5. The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still—
Thy goodness crowns the year.

WATTS.

MANNING. L. M.

ROOT & SWEETSER'S COLL.



1327. L. M.

1. WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
Oh! Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
2. When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.
3. When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest!
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!
4. And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed—
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

SIR R. GRANT.

1328. L. M.*

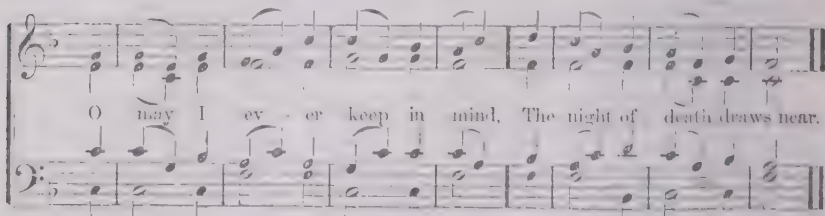
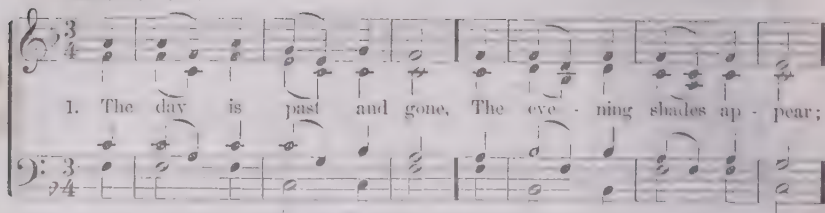
1. GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.
2. Long has Thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled;
No blasting winds our path assailed.
3. Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garner stored!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?
4. The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests lower!
5. Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of Thy love!

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Now to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.

* Omit the repeat and sing the 2d ending.

DENNIS. S. M.



1329. S. M.

2. I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
And leave my soul undressed.
3. Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
4. And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run—
5. That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

HARTFORD SELECTION.

1330. S. M.

1. COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
2. At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
3. At evening, in Thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
4. When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With Thee to watch and pray.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

1331. S. M.

1. THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
2. Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.
3. Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at His footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
4. Then shall new luster break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

DODDRIDGE.

1332. S. M.

1. SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.
2. Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
3. Serene, I laid me down
Beneath His guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!
4. Dear Saviour, to Thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Cleansed by Thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

E. SCOTT.

IOWA. S. M.

Western Melody.

1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for ev - er fled;

And time is bear - ing me a - way, To min - gle with the dead.

1333. S. M.

2. My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For Thou canst never sleep.
3. How blessed, Lord, are they
On Thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

CURTIS'S COLL.

1334. S. M.

1. SWEET Sabbath of the year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away!
2. Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe—Farewell.
3. Along Thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade;
And, like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.
4. A deep and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose;
As on consumption's waning cheek,
Mid ruin, blooms the rose.
5. Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early-faded things,
Too exquisite to stay;

6. Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead;—
7. Of all that now may seem,
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

1335. S. M.

1. SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;
But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.
2. Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh;
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.
3. Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly, glittering drops;
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

EMERALD. 8s & 7s.

English Melody.

1. { Si - lent-ly the shades of even-ing Ga - ther round my low - ly door; }
 { Si - lent-ly they bring be-fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more. }
 D. C. O! the shrouded and the lone - ly, — In our hearts they per - ish not.

2. O! the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Though the world be oft for - got;
 D. C.

1336. 8s. & 7s.

3. Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend,
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
 We, still hoping for its end.
4. How such holy memories cluster,
 Like the stars when storms are past;
 Pointing up to that far heaven
 We may hope to gain at last.

1337. 8s. & 7s.

1. TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
 For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.
2. Many friends were gathered round me
 In the bright days of the past;
 But the grave has closed above them,
 And I linger here at last.
3. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
 Paler now the glowing West;
 Swift the night of death advances;
 Shall it be the night of rest?
4. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness!
 While I sleep, still watch by me.

5. Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 Lay my head upon Thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me—
 Morning of eternal rest!

1338. 8s. & 7s.

1. SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our eyelids seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness can not hide from Thee:
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watcheth where Thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

EDMESTON.

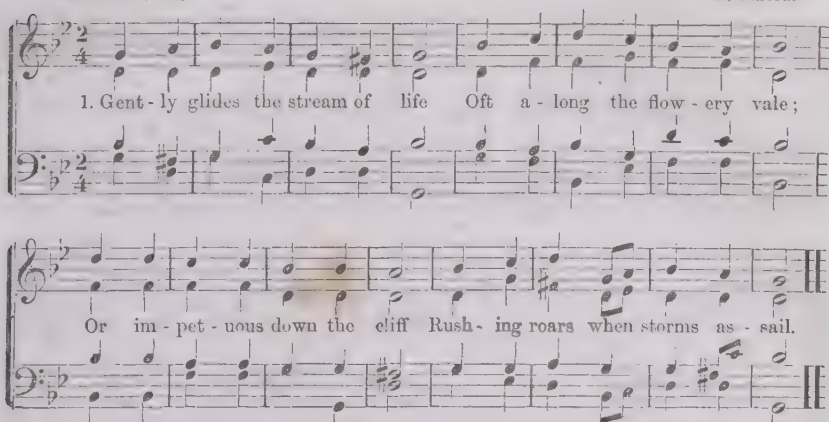
1339. 8s. & 7s.

1. ON the dewy breath of even
 Thousand odors mingling rise,
 Borne like incense up to heaven—
 Nature's evening sacrifice.
2. Thou, whose favors without number
 All our days with gladness bless,
 Let Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
 Guard our hours of helplessness.
3. Then, though conscious we are sleeping
 In the outer courts of death,
 Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
 Calm we rest in perfect faith.

MARTINEAU'S COLL.

NORWICH. 7s.

L. MASON.



1. Gent-ly glides the stream of life Oft a-long the flow-ery vale;
Or im-pet-u-ous down the cliff Rush-ing roars when storms as-sail.

1340. 7s.

2. 'Tis an ever varied flood,
Always rolling to its sea,
Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude,
Tending to Eternity.
3. Mortal, what has life for thee,
Like the visions faith can see?
Is thy path of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet as ours?
4. Doth a skillful, healing Friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
5. When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?
6. Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

1341. 7s.

1. SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of His will!
2. Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Vail the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
3. Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

4. Holy Truth! Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight!
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

FURNESS.

1342. 7s.

1. THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.
2. Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul Thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let Thy cheering light return.

EDYFIELD.

1343. 7s.

1. IN a land of strange delight
My transported spirit strayed:—
I awake—where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.
2. Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroyed?—
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?
3. No; my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom His light I see,
In the silence hear His voice,
And His hand is over me.
4. When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place;
Fearless, in the day of doom,
May I see Him face to face.

MONTGOMERY.

ORIOLE. H. M.

J. Zundel

1. How pleasing is Thy voice, O Lord, our heavenly King! That
bids the frosts re - tire, And wakes the love - ly spring! The
rains re - turn, the ice dis - tills, And plains and hills for - get to mourn.

1344. H. M.

1. How pleasing is Thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King!
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
The rains return, the ice distills,
And plains and hills forget to mourn.

2. The morn with glory crowned,
Thy hand arrays in smiles;
Thou bid'st the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend; the mild wind blows;
And beauty glows to earth's far end.

3. Thy showers make soft the fields;
On every side behold

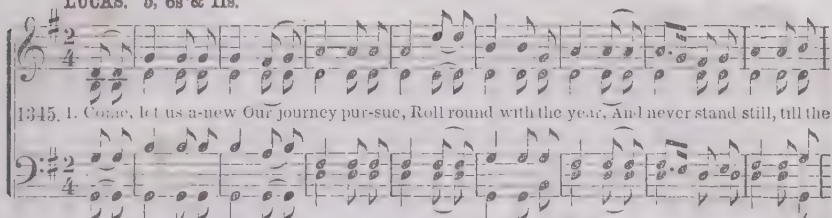
The ripening harvests wave
Their loads of richest gold!
The laborers sing with cheerful voice,
And, blest, rejoice in God, their King.

4. The thunder is His voice;
His arrows blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze His breath perfumes;
His beauty blooms in flowers and trees.

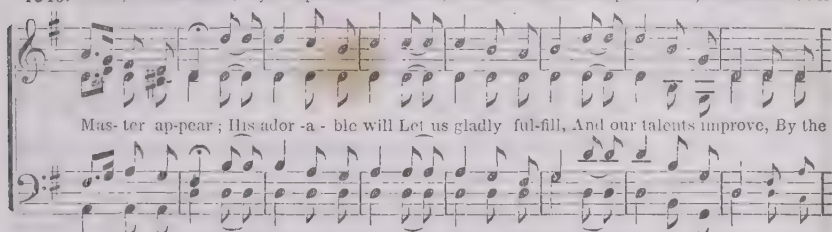
5. With life He clothes the spring;
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.
His gifts divine through all appear,
And round the year His glories shine.

DWIGHT.

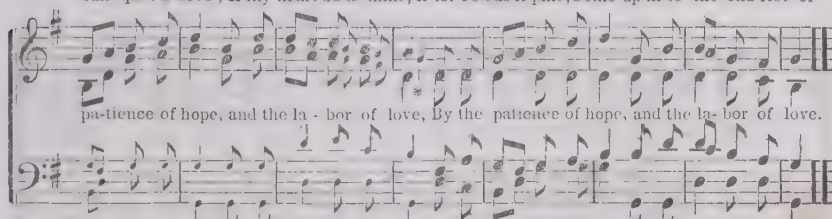
LUCAS. 5, 6s & 11s.



1346. Come, let us ascend, My companion and friend, To a taste of the banquet above, To a taste of the



ban-quet a-bove; If thy heart be as mine, if for Je-sus it pine, Come up in-to the char-iot of



love, Come up in-to the chariot of love * For 1346 end here, and use the small notes.

1345. 5s, 6s & 11s.

2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.
3. O, that each, in the day of His coming,
may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give
me to do;"
O, that each from his Lord may receive the
glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne."

C. WESLEY.

1346. 11s & 9s.

1. COME, let us ascend, my companion and
friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:

If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2. We in Jesus confide, and are bold to out-
ride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar to the heavenly
shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.
3. By faith we are come to our permanent
home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise, and look down on
the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.
4. What a rapturous song, when the glorified
throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices,
and lyres,
And the burden is—Mercy divine!

C. WESLEY.

NINA. 7s & 6s.

1. Go, when the morn-ing shin-eth, Go, when the moon is bright, Go, when the eve de-
clin - eth, Go, in the hush of night; Go, with pure mind and feeling, Put earthly thoughts a-
way, And, in God's presence kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.

1347. 7s & 6s.

1. Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
2. Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
3. Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,

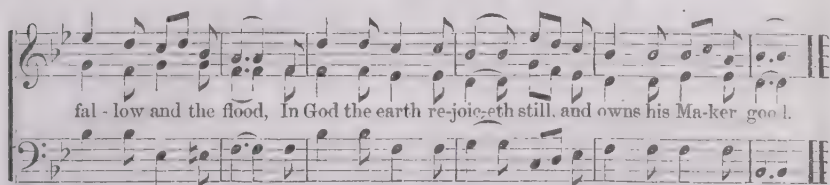
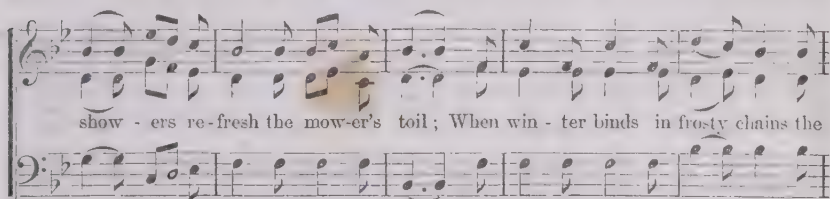
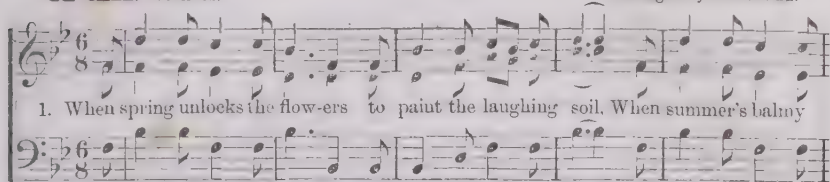
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

1348. 7s & 6s.

1. THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
2. The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels round me, singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.
3. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
4. In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake!

DE CALL. 7s & 6s.

Arranged by J. ZUNDEL.



1349. 14s.

1. WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil ;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.
2. The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp display.
3. Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator! honor Thee.
4. The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade ;
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade ;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree ;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to Thee !

HEBER.

1350. 7s & 6s.

1. THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away !"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline ;
The year, its life resigning,—
Its lot foreshadows mine.
2. The light my path surrounding,
The loves, to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All melt, like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray,—
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.
3. The friends, gone there before me,
Are calling from on high ;
And joyous angels o'er me,
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."
4. I hear the invitation.
And fain would rise and come—
A sinner to salvation ;
An exile to his home :
But, while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

NEWBURY. H. M.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Lord of the worlds be - low! On earth Thy glo - ries shine; The
changing sea - sons show Thy skill and power di - vine. The roll - ing
years are full of Thee; In all we see, a God appears.

1351. H. M.

2. Forth in the flowery spring,
We see Thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the hills; the air is balm;
Devotion's calm our bosom fills.
3. Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun Thine image bright,
Thy majesty, displays;
And oft Thy voice in thunder rolls;
But still our souls in Thee rejoice.
4. In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care at morn and noon,
And harvest moon, our lips declare.
5. In winter, awful Thou!
With storms around Thee cast!
The leafless forests bow
Beneath Thy northern blast.
While tempests lower, to Thee, dread King,
We homage bring, and own Thy power.

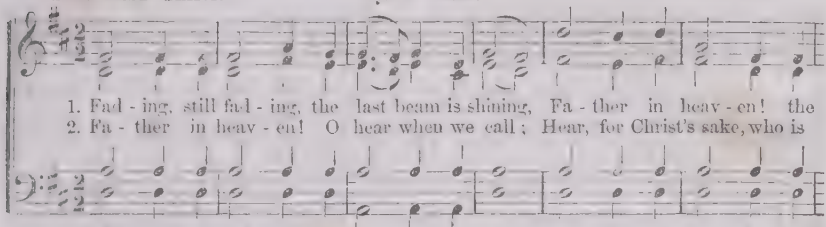
FREEMAN.

1352. H. M.

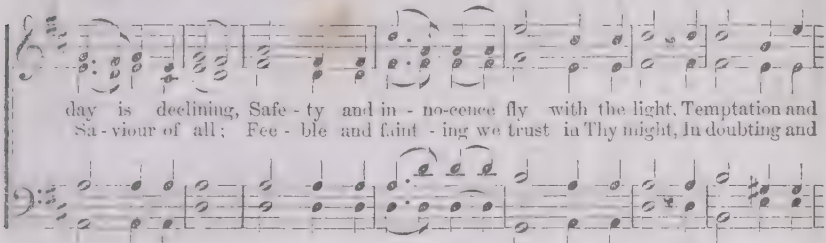
1. YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing His praise.
2. Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
3. Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last, from changes free;
His firm decree stands ever fast.
4. United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends His power obey;
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

THE LAST BEAM.

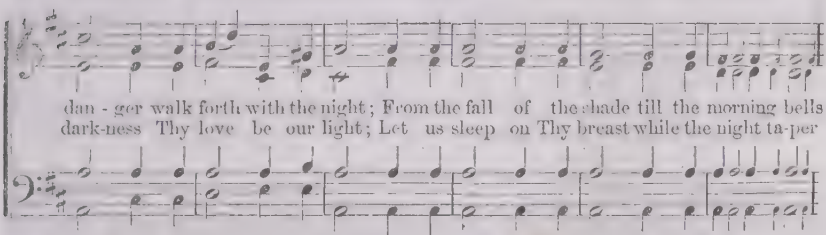
Hymn 1353.



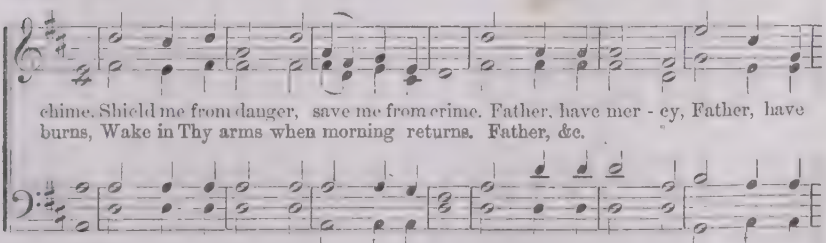
1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining, Fa - ther in heav - en! the
2. Fa - ther in heav - en! O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is



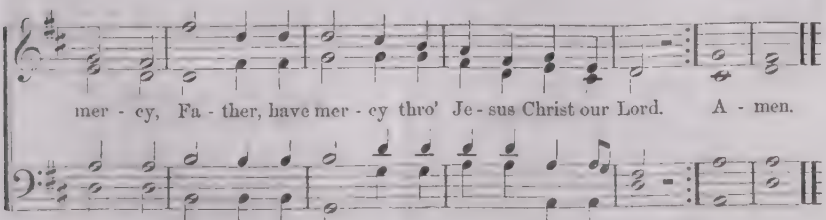
day is declining, Safe - ty and in - nocence fly with the light, Temptation and
Sa - viour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in Thy night, In doubting and



dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
dark-ness Thy love be our light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night ta-per



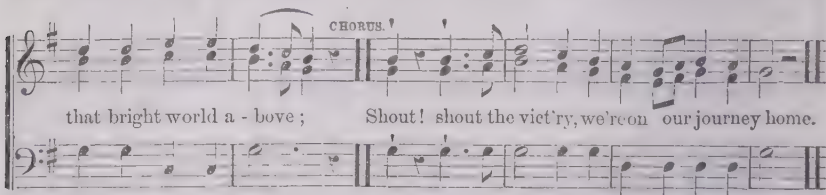
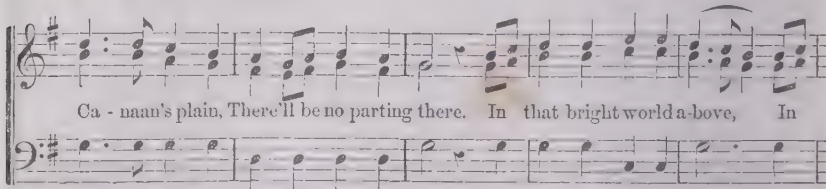
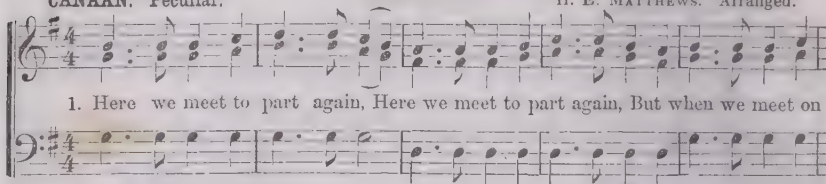
chime. Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mer - cy, Father, have
burns, Wake in Thy arms when morning returns. Father, &c.



mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

CANAAN. Peculiar.

H. E. MATTHEWS. Arranged.



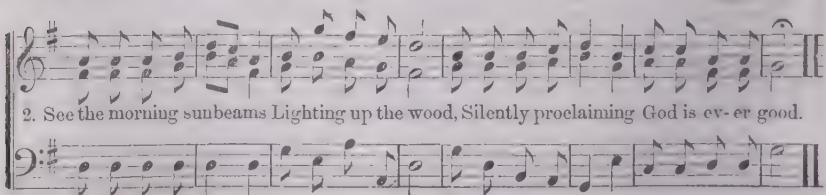
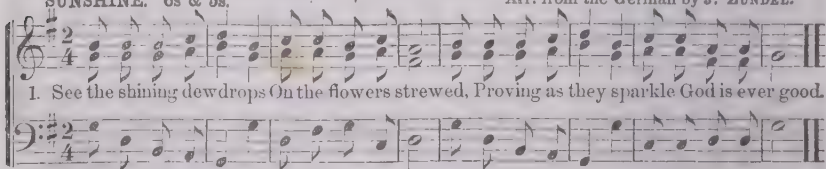
1354. 8s & 7s.

2. Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There 'll be, &c.

3. Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There 'll be, &c.

SUNSHINE. 6s & 5s.

Arr. from the German by J. ZUNDEL.



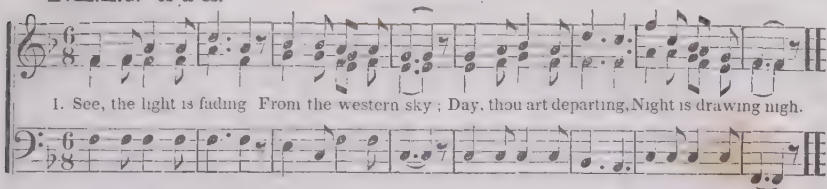
1355. 6s & 5s.

3. Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying
God is ever good.
4. In the leafy tree tops,
Where no fears intrude,

Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

5. Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters
God is ever good.

EVENING. 6s & 5s.



1. See, the light is fading From the western sky ; Day, thou art departing, Night is drawing nigh.

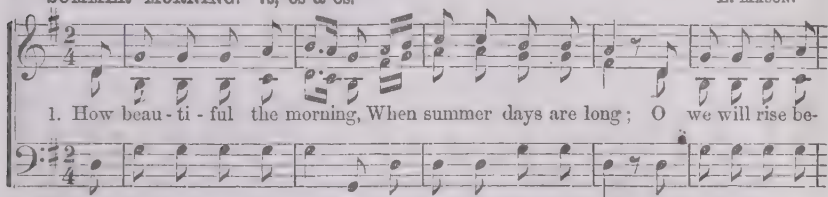
1356. 6s & 5s.

2. Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green,
Crimson clouds are wreathing
In the sky serene.

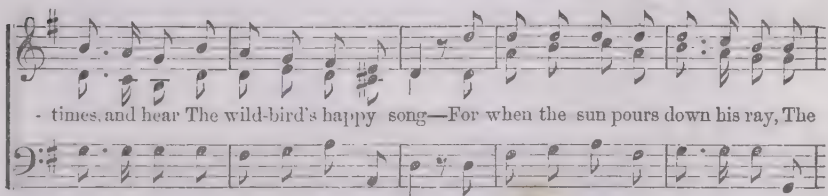
3. See the stars appearing
All around so bright,
Emblems ever cheering
Of eternal light.

SUMMER MORNING. 7s, 6s & 8s.

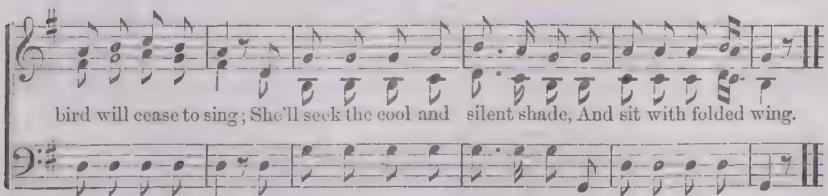
L. MASON.



1. How beau - ti - ful the morning, When summer days are long ; O we will rise be -



- times, and hear The wild-bird's happy song—For when the sun pours down his ray, The



bird will cease to sing ; She'll seek the cool and silent shade, And sit with folded wing.

1357. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. How beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long ;
O we will rise betimes, and hear
The wild-bird's happy song—
For when the sun pours down his ray,
The bird will cease to sing ;

She'll seek the cool and silent shade,
And sit with folded wing.

2. Up in the morning early—
'Tis Nature's gayest hour !
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills the flowers—
Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

YOUTH. 7s.

Hymn 1358.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Young and hap-py while thou art, Not a fur-row on thy brow, Not a sorrow in thy
2. Life will have its evil years, When its skies are overcast, All the present, thronged with

heart, Seek the Lord thy Saviour now. In its freshness bring the flower. While the
fears, And with vain re-grets, the past. Let him trem ble, who his heart Brings not

dew up-on it lies, In the cool and cloudless hour Of the morn-ing sa-cri-fice,
in an hour like this, Lest Je-ho-vah say—" Depart, You shall nev-er taste my bliss.

ROSE. 8s & 7s.

Hymn 1359.

1. O how pure-ly, O how sure-ly, Live the in-no-cent in heart;

Ev-er lightly, Ev-er brightly, Ev-ery hour doth joy im-part.

2. Angels standing, where we're wandering,
Watch our walk and guard our way;
Like the showers on the flowers,
So fall blessings all the day.
3. Day's declining, stars are shining,
Gleaming through the tranquil night;

Eyelids closing, safe reposing,
Rest we till the morning light.

4. Father! holy, pure and lowly,
May Thy children ever be;
Anthems swelling, with Thee dwelling,
Here and in eternity.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.

German Air.
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear us; Bless Thy lit - tle lambs to - night :
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near us; Keep us safe till morning light,
D. C. Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us; Lis - ten to our eve - ning prayer.

2. All this day Thy hand has led us, And we thank Thee for Thy care;
D. C.

1360. 8s & 7s.

2. All this day Thy hand has led us,
And we thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer!
3. May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

1361. 8s & 7s.

Cradle Hymn.

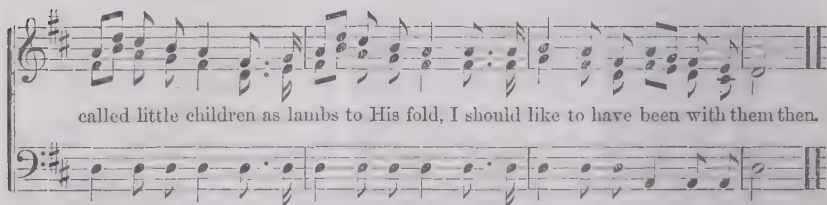
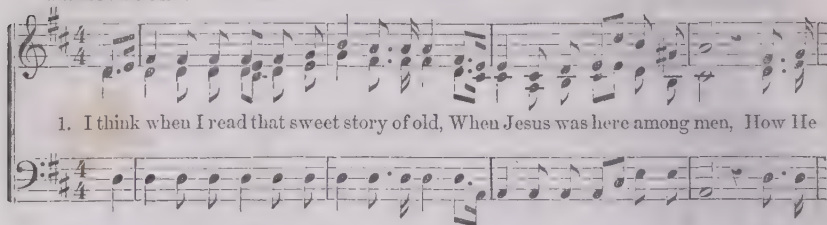
1. HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
2. Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.
3. How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.
4. Soft and easy is thy cradle—
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
5. Blessed Babe, what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?—
How could angels bear the sight!
6. Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford

To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

7. Soft, my child—I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.
8. Yet, to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King;
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.
9. See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With his virgin mother by.
10. See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.
11. Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen feed—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
12. 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.
13. Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all Thy days!
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.
14. I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

WATTE.

SWEET STORY. 11s & 9s.



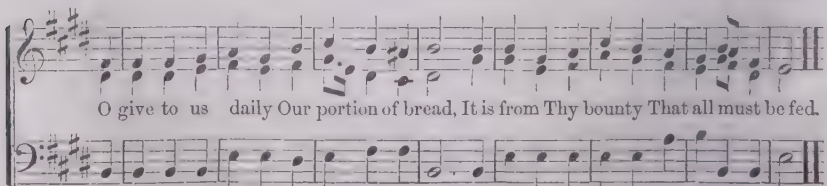
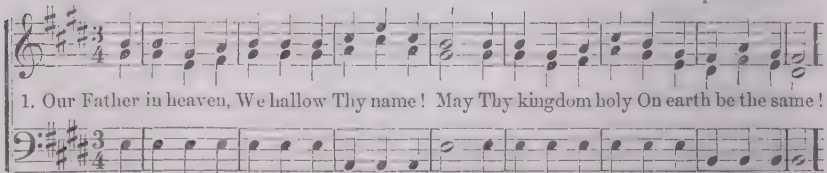
1362. P. M.

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on
my head,
That His arm had been thrown around
me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
And ask for a share in His love; [go,
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;
4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CHILD'S PRAYER. 6s & 5s.

L. MASON.



1363. 6s & 5s.

2. Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;

Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory
For ever—Amen!

VIOLET. 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour, Once became a child like me,
O that in my whole be-ha-vior, He my pat-tern
D. C. But the Lord was meek and lowly, And was nev-er

still might be! 2. All my na-ture is un-ho-ly, Pride and pas-sion dwell with-in;
known to sin.

1364. 8s & 7s.

1. JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still might be.
2. All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
3. While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.
4. Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more:
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.
5. Help me, by Thy word to measure
Every deed and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
There to learn what Thou hast taught.

1365. 8s & 7s.

1. LORD, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy—
O how solemn should we be!
2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;

And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

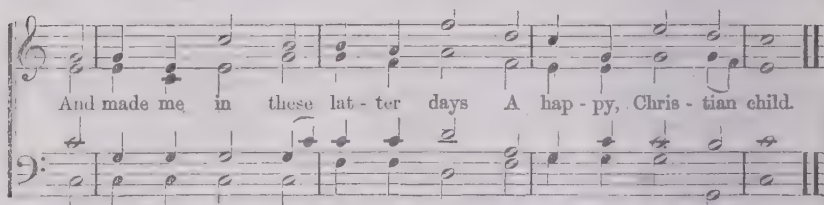
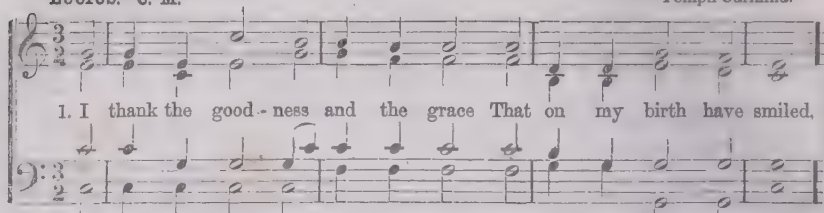
3. For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.
4. Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

1366. 8s & 7s.

1. WHAT a strange and wondrous story,
From the Book of God is read—
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay His head.
2. How He left His throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.
3. Father! let Thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above;
4. There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling,
All the wonders of His name.

LUCIUS. C. M.

Templi Carmina.



1367. C. M.

1. I THANK the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these latter days,
A happy, Christian child.
2. I was not born as thousands are,
Where God is never known,
And taught to say a useless prayer
To gods of wood and stone.
3. I was not born without a home,
In some poor broken shed,
A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.
4. I was not born a little slave,
To labor in the sun,
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labor done.
5. My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this favored land,
Where I may hear of Thee.

1368. C. M.

1. ALMIGHTY God! Thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.
2. There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.
3. Lord, at Thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upwards I dare not look;

Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.

5. Remember all the dying pains,
Thou, my Redeemer felt,
And let Thy blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
6. O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

WATTS.

1369. C. M.

1. WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight,
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight.
2. I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
3. Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.
4. From one rude boy that's used to mock,
They learn the wicked jest,
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.
5. My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here,
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

WATTS.

1370. C. M.

1. How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
2. How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.
3. In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy, too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
4. In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

WATTS.

1371. C. M.

1. WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home,
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
2. Birds in their little nests agree,
And 't is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
3. Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
4. The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 't is night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.
5. Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may be all love.

WATTS.

1372. C. M.

1. WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
2. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more,
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
3. How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

4. While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
5. While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.
6. Are these Thy favors day by day,
To me above the rest,
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

WATTS.

1373. C. M.

1. WHAT blessed examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.
2. Jesus who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Once was a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
3. At twelve years old he talked with men—
The Jews in wonder stand,
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.
4. Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
5. Then why should I so long delay
What others learn so soon;
I would not pass another day,
Without this work begun.

WATTS.

1374. C. M.

1. WE miss thee in thy place at school,
And on thy homeward way,
Where violets by the reedy pool,
Peep out so shyly gay.
2. And many a tearful, longing look
In silence seeks thee yet,
Where, in its own familiar nook,
Thy fireside chair is set.
3. And oft, when little voices dim
Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And wav'ring wildly float—
4. Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft, such music home she brought,
But ne'er shall bring again.
5. O say not so! the spring-tide air
Is fraught with whisperings sweet,
Who knows, but heavenly carols there
With ours may duly meet?

LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. So fades the love-ly, blooming flower, Frail, smiling so - lace of an hour;
So soon our transient com - forts fly, And plea-sure on - ly blooms to die.

L. M.

2. Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be Thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die.

3. Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins: And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

C. M.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
6. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

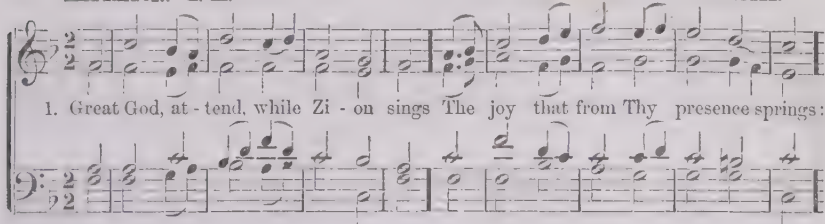
* Permission to use the above favorite tunes was obtained too late for their insertion in the body of the work. They are here appended, together with the hymns to which they are usually sung.

HYMNS AND TUNES:

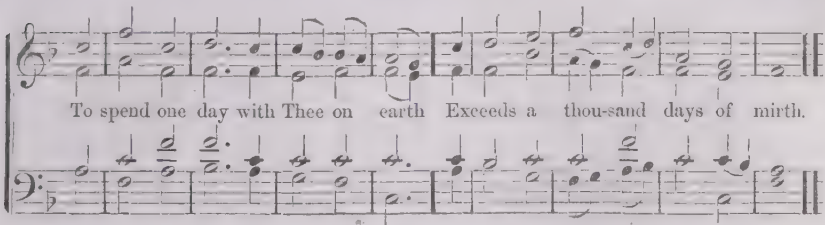
SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE BAPTIST EDITION OF THE PLYMOUTH COLLECTION.

ALFRETON. L. M.

BEASTALL.



1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs:



To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

1375. L. M.

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
3. God is our sun—He makes our day:
God is our shield—He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.
4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
5. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

WATTS.

With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3. How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
4. Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

WATTS.

1377. L. M.

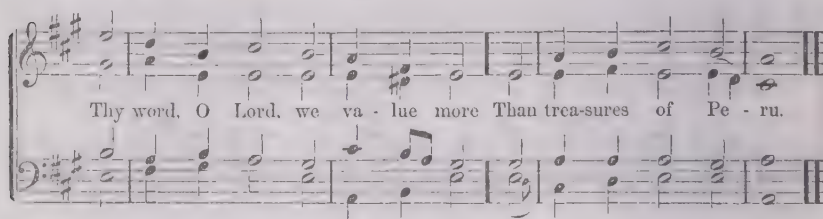
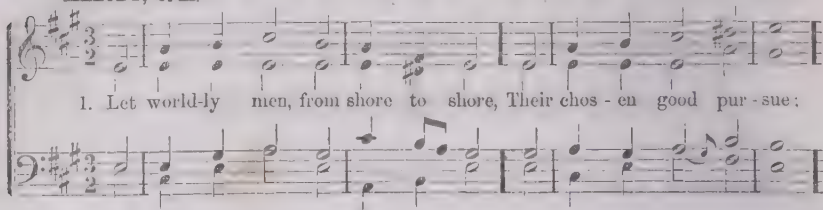
1. LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.
2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;

1. COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love:
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let Thy god-like power be known.
2. Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around Thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.
3. In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise!
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDREDGE.

MELODY, C. M.

WESTERN AIR.



1378. C. M.

2. Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
3. The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
4. Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
5. Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

STENNETT.

1379. C. M.

1. LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!
2. Oft I frequent Thy holy place
And hear almost in vain
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!
3. My dear Almighty, and my God!
How little art Thou known
By all the judgments of Thy rod
And blessings of Thy throne.
4. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

5. Great God, Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.
6. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

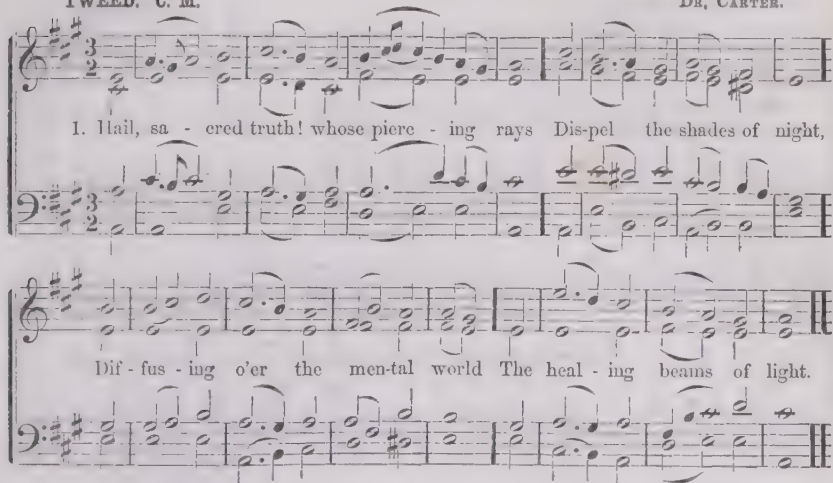
WATTS.

1380. C. M.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
2. When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
3. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
4. The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
5. Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.
6. Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

TWEED. C. M.

DR. CARTER.



1381. C. M.

2. Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
3. O, send Thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

1382. C. M.

1. BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
3. The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

1383. C. M. Peculiar.*

1. THY word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.
Water'd from Thee,
Let every tree
Bud forth and blossom at Thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

*Sing to SCHILLER, p. 29, repeating the last line of the stanza.

2. Thy word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth
O'er all the earth,
To purify all hearts within,
And shatter all the might of sin.

3. Thy word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads to their Lord, who dwells afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss Thy light divine.

LYRA GERMANICA.

Doxology. C. M.

1. O SELF-existent One in Three,
Jehovah, God alone,
In glory wrapt, invisible,
By revelation known.
2. Incomprehensible Thou art,
And all research is vain;
Nor even can the wise in heart
The mystery explain.
3. Then teach us, Lord, Thy name of love,
By revelation known;
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Jehovah, God alone.

LUTHER. S. M.

HASTINGS.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to
bless his name, Whose favors are di-vine, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.

1384. S. M.

2. O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
3. 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
4. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
5. He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.
6. His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace,
By His beloved Son.

WATTS.

1385. S. M.

1. COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
2. He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;

We are His works and not our own;
He form'd us by His word.

4. To-day, attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

WATTS.

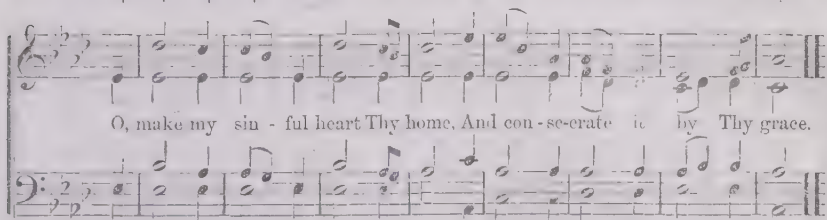
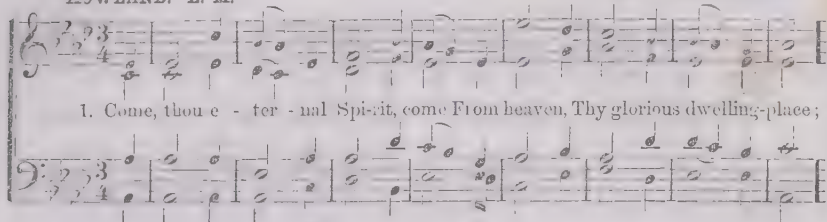
1386. S. M.

1. FAR as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise; 1
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
2. With joy Thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.
3. Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass with care Thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—
4. The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
5. How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
6. The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

WATTS.

HOWLAND. L. M.

N. Y. Choralist.



1387. L. M.

2. There fix, O Lord, Thy blest abode,
And drive Thy foes for ever thence;
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy, dispense.

3. My wants supply; my fears suppress;
Direct my way, and hold me up:
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

BEDDOME.

1388. L. M.

1. SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above:
And still from age to age convey
The blessings of this sacred day.
2. In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's redeeming mercy sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.
3. Unfailing Comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy ransomed church preside!
Let every heart Thy blessing prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

HALL'S COL.

1389. L. M.

1. COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
2. To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The work unfold, unloose the seals.
3. Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4. While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

BEDDOME.

1390. L. M.

1. COME, Thou celestial Spirit, come,
And call my roving passions home;
To mine enlightened eyes display
The heritage of heavenly day.
2. My God, that heritage is Thine:
How rich, how glorious, how divine!
How far above all mortal things,
The little pride of courts and kings.
3. Of endless joy th' unbounded store;
Why is its lustre known no more?
Away, ye mists of envious night,
That veil salvation from my sight!
4. Shine forth, Almighty Saviour shine;
Show the bright world, and show it mine:
Then paradise on earth shall spring,
And mortal worms like angels sing.

DODDRIDGE.

1391. L. M.

1. COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that can not be expressed.
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
3. Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

WATTS.

MT. HOREB. C. M.

English.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, from a - bove With Thy ce - les - tial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love Our hearts and tongues in - spire.

1392. C. M.

2. The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
3. The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies He His temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

1393. C. M.

1. Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born to God.
4. Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

1394. C. M.

1. The blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where He please:
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2. He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants His grace within.
3. He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us home to God.
4. Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy;
None can Thy mighty power control,
Thy glorious work destroy.

1395. C. M.

1. Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
2. The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.
3. The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
4. Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

SHEFFIELD. S. M.

HASTINGS.

The image shows a musical score for two hymns. The first hymn, 'SHEFFIELD. S. M.', is in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble clef staff, and the bass line is on the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '1. Blest Com- fort - er di - vine, Let rays of heav- en-ly love A- mid our gloom and dark - ness shine, And guide our souls a - bove.' The second hymn, 'HASTINGS.', is also in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble clef staff, and the bass line is on the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '2. Assisted by His grace, We still pursue our way, And hope at last to reach the prize, Secure in endless day.' The third hymn, '1396. S. M.', is in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble clef staff, and the bass line is on the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '1. BLEST Comforter divine, Let rays of heavenly love Amid our gloom and darkness shine, And guide our souls above. 2. Turn us, with gentle voice, From every sinful way, And bid the mourning saint rejoice, Though earthly joys decay. 3. By thine inspiring breath Make every cloud of care, And e'en the gloomy vale of death, A smile of glory wear. 4. O, fill Thou every heart With love to all our race; Great Comforter, to us impart These blessings of Thy grace.' The fourth hymn, '1397. S. M.', is in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble clef staff, and the bass line is on the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '1. Thou, holy Spirit, art Of truth the promised seal; Convincing power Thou dost impart, And Jesus' grace reveal. 2. O, breathe Thy quickening breath, And light and life afford; Instruct us how to live by faith, And glorify the Lord.' The fifth hymn, '1398. S. M.', is in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The melody is written on the treble clef staff, and the bass line is on the bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '1. 'Tis God the Spirit leads In paths before unknown: The work to be performed is ours; The strength is all His own. 2. 'Tis He that works to will; 'Tis He that works to do; His is the power by which we act, And His the glory, too. 3. Where should our feebleness find strength, Our helplessness a stay, Didst Thou not bring us strength, and help, And comfort, day by day? 4. Great are Thy consolations, Lord, And mighty is Thy power, In sickness and in solitude, In sorrow's darkest hour. 5. Oh, if the souls that now despise And grieve Thee, heavenly Dove, Would seek Thee, and would welcome Thee, How would they prize Thy love!

1396. S. M.

1. BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2. Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3. By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4. O, fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

PRATT'S COL.

1397. S. M.

1. Thou, holy Spirit, art
Of truth the promised seal;
Convincing power Thou dost impart,
And Jesus' grace reveal.

2. O, breathe Thy quickening breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

ANON.

1398. S. M.

1. 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all His own.

2. Assisted by His grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3. 'Tis He that works to will;
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
And His the glory, too.

MONTGOMERY.

1399. C. M.

1. O Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
How is Thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy,
And friends are idolized.

2. O Spirit of the living God,
Brooding with dove-like wings
Over the helpless and the weak
Among created things.

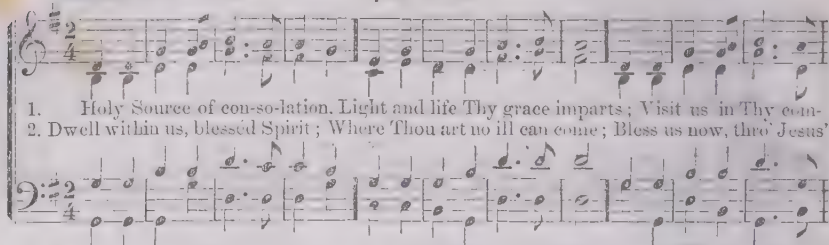
3. Where should our feebleness find strength,
Our helplessness a stay,
Didst Thou not bring us strength, and help,
And comfort, day by day?

4. Great are Thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is Thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

5. Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve Thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek Thee, and would welcome Thee,
How would they prize Thy love!

MELROSE. 8s & 7s.

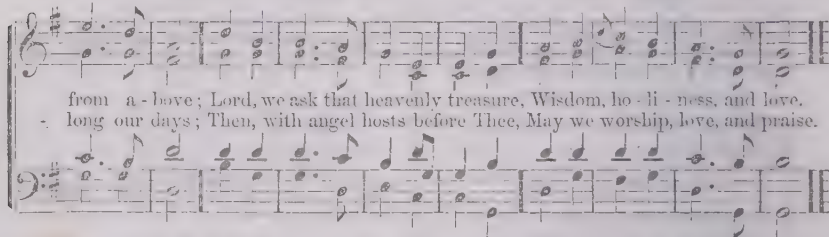
Hymn 1400.



1. Holy Source of con-solation, Light and life Thy grace imparts; Visit us in Thy com-
 2. Dwell within us, blessed Spirit; Where Thou art no ill can come; Bless us now, thro' Jesus'



-passion, Gild our minds, and all our hearts, Heavenly bless us, without measure, Thou canst bring us
 me-rit; Reign in eve-ry heart and home. Saviour, lead us to adore Thee, While Thou dost pro-

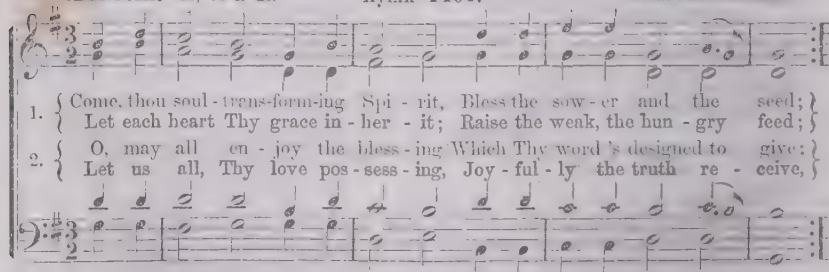


from a-b-ove; Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure, Wisdom, ho-li-ness, and love,
 long our days; Then, with angel hosts before Thee, May we worship, love, and praise.

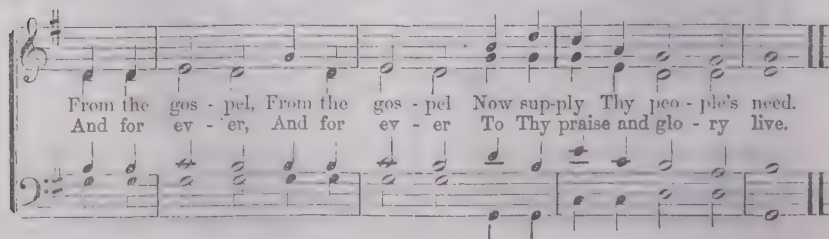
SELEUCIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Hymn 1401.

From the Psalmist



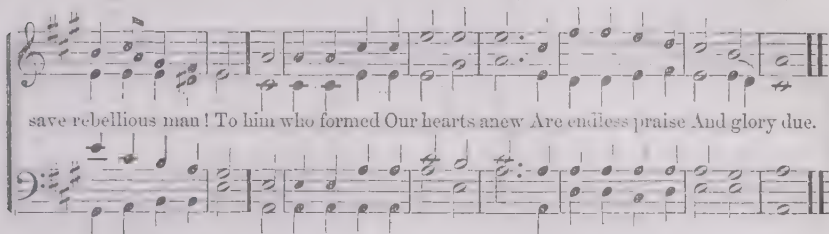
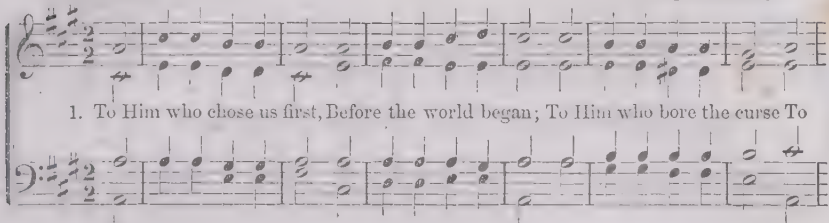
1. { Come, thou soul-trans-form-ing Spi-rit, Bless the sow-er and the seed; }
 { Let each heart Thy grace in-her-it; Raise the weak, the hun-gry feed; }
 2. { O, may all en-joy the bless-ing Which Thy word's designed to give; }
 { Let us all, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Joy-ful-ly the truth re-ceive, }



From the gos-pel, From the gos-pel Now sup-ply Thy peo-ple's need.
 And for ev-er, And for ev-er To Thy praise and glo-ry live.

CULLODEN. H. M.

English Melody.



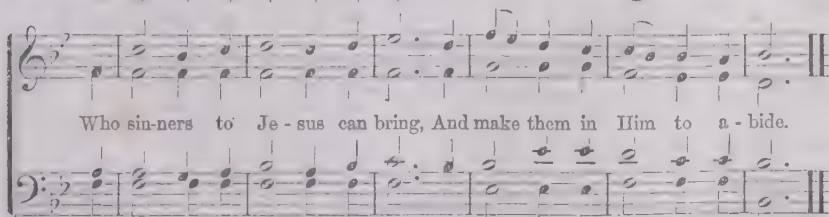
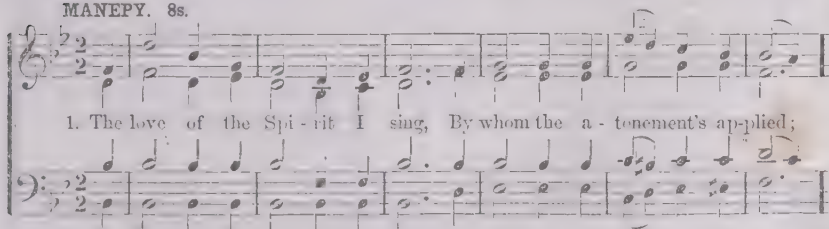
1402. H. M.

2. The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3. Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

WATTS.

MANEPY. 8s.



1403.

2. He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view;
He changes the heart of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.
3. His bless'd renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of His saints;

Abandons His temple to none,
Nor e'er of His calling repents.

4. Impress'd with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals,
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete He reveals.

SCOTCH COL.

PASCAL. H. M.

1. From thy dear, piercéd side, Un-spot-ted Lamb of God,
Came forth a min-gled stream Of wa-ter and of blood:
My sin-ful soul there I would lay, Till eve-ry stain is washed a-way.

1404. H. M.

1. FROM Thy dear, piercé side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul there I would lay,
Till every stain is washed away.
2. 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then, I'll bathe, and bathe again,
Till not a wound or woe remain.
3. A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount will I repair;
Come, sinners, come; there's mercy there.

BEDDOME.

1405. 7s.*

1. *GOD with us!* O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:—
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2. *God with us!* Amazing love
Brought him from His courts above;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
3. *God with us!* but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
4. *God with us!* Oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face.
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

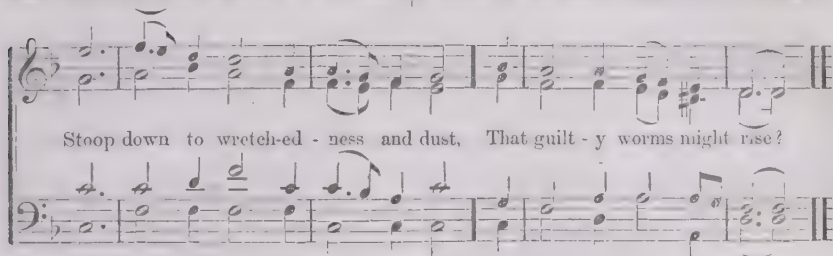
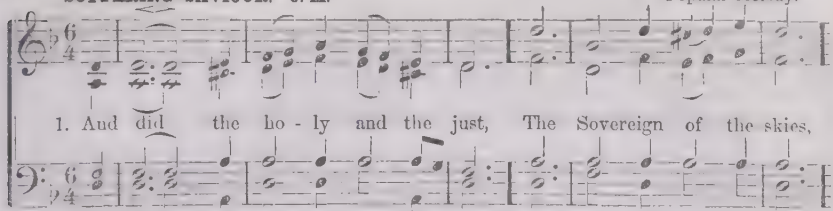
Doxology. 7s.*

1. Endless praises to our Lord,
Ever be His name adored;
Angels crown Him, crown the Lamb,
He is worthy, praise His name.
2. Now adore Him, for His grace
To our guilty, fallen race;
Come then, Christians, join to sing,
Glory to our God and King.

*Sing to SOVEREIGN GRACE, p. 457.

SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.*

Popular Melody.



1406. C. M.

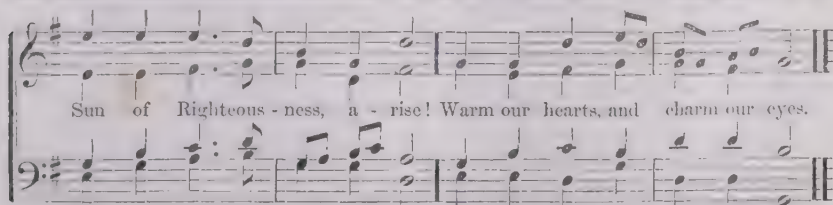
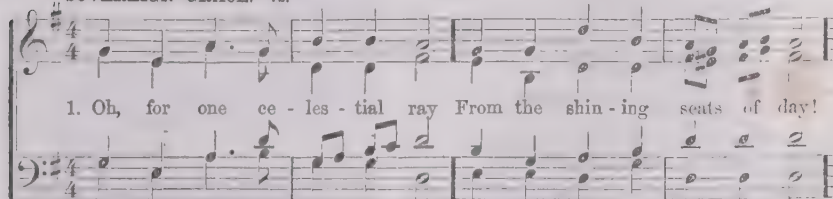
2. Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high.
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.
3. He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;

For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled!

4. Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In Thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

STEELE.

SOVEREIGN GRACE. 7s.



1407. C. M.

2. Distant from Thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upward to our native sky.
3. Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire!

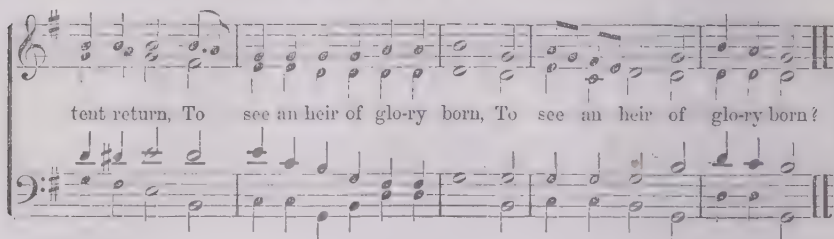
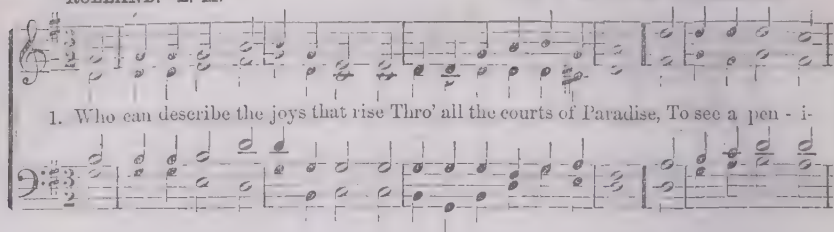
Make us feel Thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.

4. Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are Thine.

TOPLADY.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1408. L. M.

2. With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of His eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

WATTS.

1409. L. M.

1. FORGIVENESS! 'Tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs shout it from the sky!
2. 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime;
Uncloaked shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
3. O'er sins unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
4. For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honors shall we show?
When much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardors glow:

5. By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

DR. GIBBONS.

1410. L. M.

1. My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
4. Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

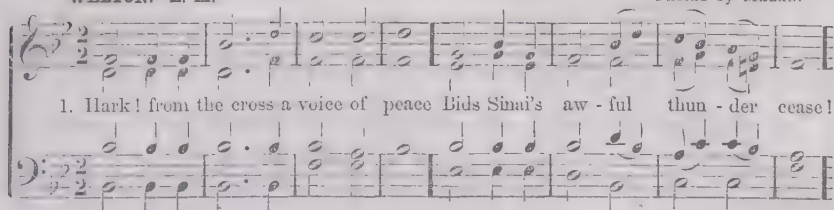
WATTS.

1411. L. M.

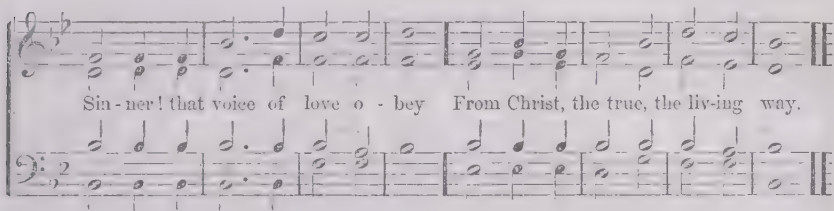
1. OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love.
2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns His breath,
And pours His life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.
3. In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassions so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be Thine.

WELTON. L. M.

Theme by MALAN.



1. Hark! from the cross a voice of peace Bids Sinai's aw - ful thun - der cease!



Sin-ner! that voice of love o - bey From Christ, the true, the living way.

1412. L. M.

2. How else His presence wilt thou bear,
When He in judgment shall appear?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

3. Now from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!
O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

PRATT'S COL.

1413. L. M.

1. Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God, appear:
No weapons in His hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2. Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent His Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in His mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys His lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

WATTS.

1414. L. M.

1. SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown!
Why in such dreadful haste to die!
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2. Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?

Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3. Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of His dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

1415. L. M.

1. WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2. Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind?
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3. Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads His bleeding love:
Awakened conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4. Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

5. Almighty God, Thy power impart
To fix convictions on the heart:
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

DODDIDGE.

LUTZEN. C. M.

German.

I. Christ and His cross are all our theme, The mysteries that we speak
Are scan-dal in the Jews' es-teem, And fol-ly to the Greek.

1416. C. M.

1. CHRIST and His cross are all our theme,
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
2. But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
3. The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
4. Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

WATTS.

1417. C. M.

1. COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty Grace
The tribute of your tongues.
2. So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son,
To give them life again.
3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry,
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

1418. C. M.

1. MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.
2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
3. 'Tis faith that purifies the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

WATTS.

SIDMOUTH. 7s. (6 lines.)

Rev. Dr. MALAN.

1. Wea-ry sin-ner, keep thine eyes On th' a-ton-ing Sa-cri-fice,
View Him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out His life for thee:
There the dread-ful curse he bore; Weep-ing soul, la-ment no more.

1419. 7s. 6 lines.

1. WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee;
There the dreadful curse He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.
2. Cast thy guilty soul on Him;
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

1420. 7s.

1. WEEPING sinners, dry your tears,
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you His salvation sing.
2. Peace He brings you by His death,
Peace He speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

1421.* 7s.

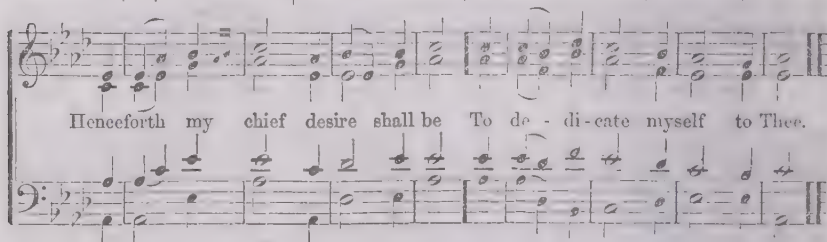
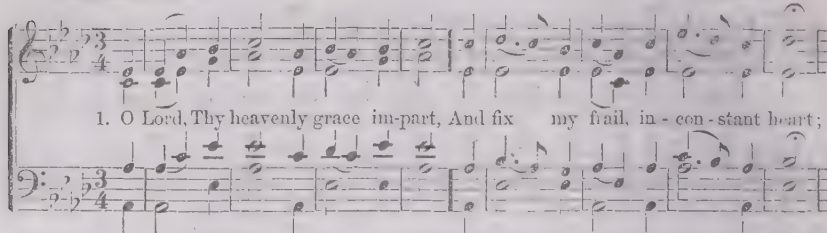
1. SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by grief oppressed?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?
2. Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is,
Tremble at the worldling's doom.
3. Long the gospel thou hast spurned,
Long delayed to love thy God,
Stifled conscience, nor hast turned,
Wooed though by a Saviour's blood.
4. Think, O sinner, on thy end;
Let the judgment day appear;
Thither must thy spirit wend,
There thy righteous sentence hear.
5. Wretched, ruined, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole,
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly!

WATERBURY.

* Sing to MARTYN, p. 112.

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.



1422. L. M.

1. O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.
2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
3. Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
4. Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

J. F. OBERLIN.

1423. L. M.

1. WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
O think Thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer!
2. O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy!
3. O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there—

How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

4. O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine!
5. Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here—my heart is full—
Behold, and spare, and succor me.
6. No claim, no merits, Lord, I plead,
I come, a humbled, helpless slave:
But, ah! the more my guilty need,
The more Thy glory, Lord, to save.

LYTE.

1424. L. M.

1. No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.
2. Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride, I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.
3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.
4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

TABOR. C. M.

From the Manhattan Coll.

1. Ye glittering toys of earth, a - dieu! A no-bler choice be mine; A re - al
prize attracts my view, A treasure all di - vine, A treasure all di - vine.

1425. C. M.

2. Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!
3. Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
4. Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call Thee mine.
5. Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.
6. Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine:
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call Thee mine.

STEEL.

1426. C. M.

1. How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."
3. My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief,

I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O! help my unbelief.

4. To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.
5. Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
6. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

1427. C. M.

1. O God of mercy, hear my call;
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from Thy love;
2. Give me the presence of Thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.
3. No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
4. A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will never despise;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

WATTS.

OTWAY. C. M.

VOGLER.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me;

1428. C. M.

2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;
4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

1429. C. M.

1. O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just Thou art,
And trembling at Thy word!
2. O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!
3. Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;

The pledge Thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:

4. Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

1430. C. M.

1. ALL that I *was*—my sin and guilt,
My death, was all my own,—
All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
2. The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good, in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.
3. The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.
4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live.
5. All that I *am*, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be;
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Western Air.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

1431. S. M.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

1432. S. M.

1. UNTO Thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt Thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2. To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not His sacrifice.

3. When He gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims
I answer, "Jesus died."

RIPPON'S COLL.

1433. L. M.*

1. WHEN the last agony draws nigh,
My spirit sinks with bitter fear:
Courage! I conquer though I die,
For Christ with Death once wrestled here.
Thy strife, O Christ, with Death's dark power,
Upholds me in this fearful hour.

2. In faith, I hide myself in Thee,
I shall not perish in the strife;
I share Thy war, Thy victory,
And Death is swallowed up in life.
Thy strife, O Christ, with Death of yore,
Hath conquered, and I fear no more.

LYRA GERMANICA.

1434. L. M.†

1. JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But oh, how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2. 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3. Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive power from sin and death;
Can fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

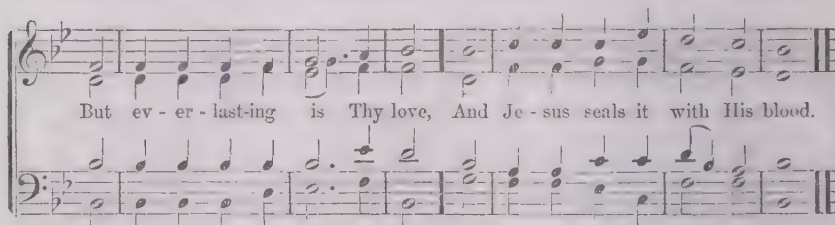
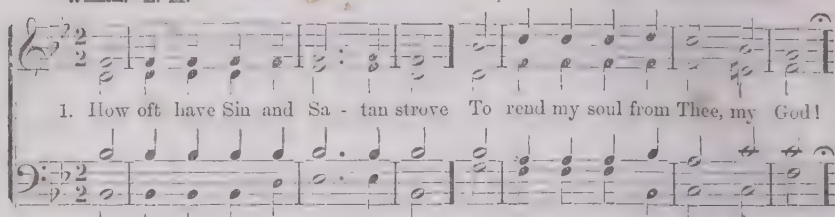
STEELE.

* Sing to St. PETERSBURG, p. 242.

† Sing to LOUVAN, p. 462.

WARE, L. M.

N. D. GOULD.



1435. L. M.

1. How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God?
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.
2. The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power reforms the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
3. Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
4. The gospel bears my spirit up:
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

WATTS.

1436. L. M.

1. JESUS, while this rough desert-soil
I tread, be Thou my guide and stay;
Nerve me for conflict and for toil;
Uphold me on my stranger-way.
2. Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray,
For earth's last night is drawing near;
O cheer me on my stranger-way.
3. Jesus, in solitude and grief
When sun and stars withhold their ray,

Make haste, make haste, to my relief;
O light me on my stranger-way.

4. Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey,
O give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-way.
5. Jesus, my righteousness and strength,
My more than life, my more than day,
Bring, bring deliverance at length,
O come and end my stranger-way.

HORATIUS BONAR.

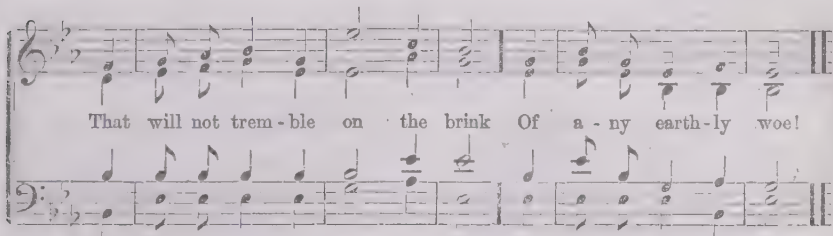
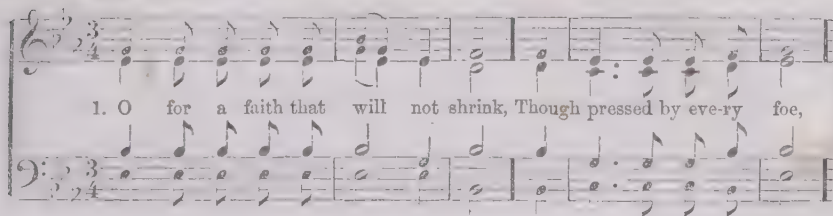
1437. L. M.

1. PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
2. The Christian's heart his prayer indites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
3. If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The sweetest solace is—to pray.
4. Depend on Christ, you can not fail;
Make all your wants and wishes known;
Fear not,—His merits must prevail—
Ask what ye will, it shall be done.

HART.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1438. C. M.

2. That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile:
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—
5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

BATH COL.

1439. C. M.

1. In duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.
2. Inflamed with zeal, 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will;

May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill.

3. Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all Thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

BEDDOME.

1440. C. M.

1. WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold Thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?
2. Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
3. Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
4. Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to Thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give Thyself to me.
5. Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

CENNICK.

HORTON. 7s. (6 lines.)

German.

1. Lov - ing Shepherd, kind and true, Wilt Thou not in pit - y come
To Thy lamb, as shepherds do? Bear me in Thy bo - som home;
Take me hence from earth's an - noy, To Thy home of end - less joy.

1441. 8s, 7s & 4s.*

1. O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name.
2. What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

FAWCETT.

1442. 7s. 6 lines.

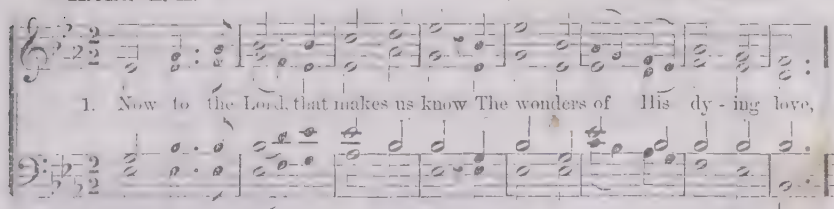
1. LOVING Shepherd, kind and true,
Wilt Thou not in pity come
To Thy lamb, as shepherds do?
Bear me in Thy bosom home;
Take me hence from earth's annoy,
To Thy home of endless joy.

2. See how I have gone astray
In this earthly wilderness;
Come and take me hence away
To Thy flock who dwell in bliss,
And Thy glory, Lord, behold,
Safe within Thy heavenly fold.
3. For I fain would gaze on Thee,
With the lambs to whom 'tis given
That they feed from danger free,
In the happy fields of heaven:
Praising Thee, all terrors o'er,
Never can they wander more.
4. Here I live in sore distress,
Careful, timid, every hour;
For my foes around me press,
Hem me in with craft and power:
Not one moment safe can be,
Lord, Thy lamb away from Thee.
5. O Lord Jesus, let me not
Mid the ravening wolves o'er fall,
Help me as a shepherd ought,
That I may escape them all;
Bear me homeward in Thy breast,
To Thy fold of endless rest.

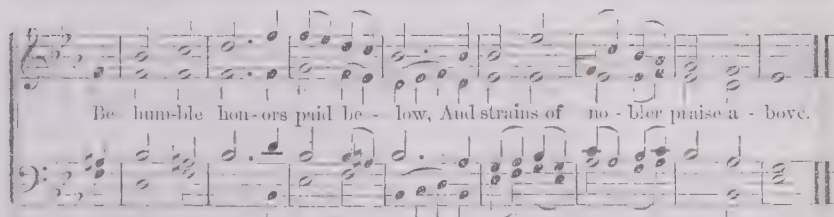
* Sing to "SICILIAN HYMN," page 279, to which
a part of the same hymn is already set.

TRURO. L. M.

DR. BURNEY.



1. Now to the Lord, that makes us know The wonders of His dy-ing love,



Be humble hon-ors paid be-low, And strains of no-bler praise a-bove.

1443. L. M.

2. 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
3. To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.
4. Behold, on flying clouds He comes;
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Now He displays His pardoning love.
5. The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord; nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.

WATTS.

1444.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.
2. Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wave to heaven,
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

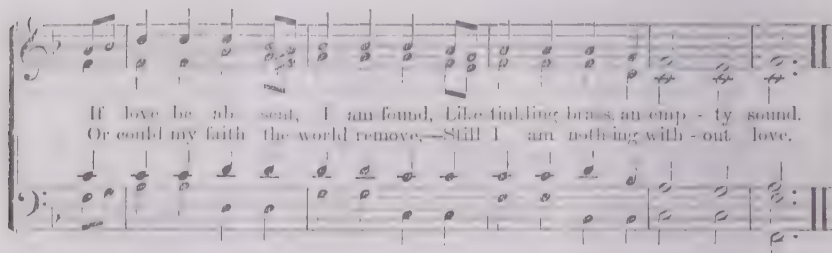
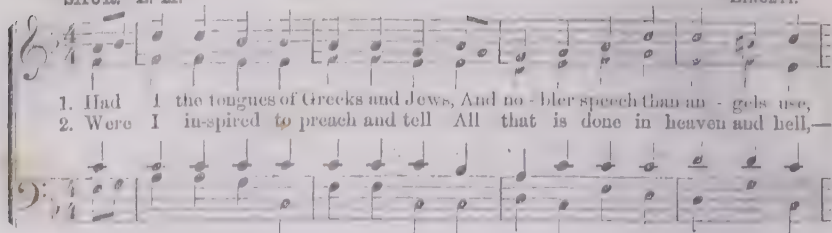
3. 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play,
'Mid the thorn-brake, beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.
4. So in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With His richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
5. Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
But my soul defies your power:
Hallelujah, &c.
6. In the sacred page recorded,
Thus the word securely stands;
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
"Nought shall pluck you from my hands;"
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.
7. All I meet, I find assists me,
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, &c.
8. Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

* Tune—SICILIAN HYMN, p. 468.

SAM'L. PIERCE.

SHUR. L. M.

ZINCETI.



1445. L. M.

3. Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,—
4. If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

WATTS.

1446. C. M.

1. How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
2. How can I die, while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.
3. All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
4. Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give Him all.

WATTS.

1447. C. M.

1. HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2. The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we, in hymns below.
3. Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the Kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
4. The Holy to the Holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. WESLEY.

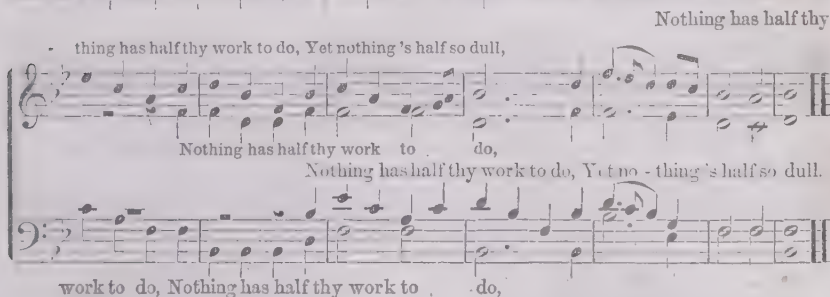
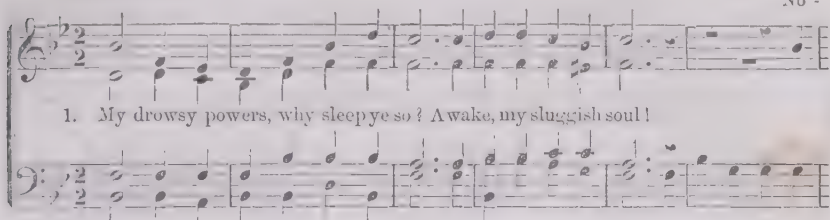
1448. C. M.

1. O, SING to Him who loved and bled,
Ye heaven-born singers, sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered in your stead;
Own Him your God and King.
2. He washed us, in His precious blood,
From every guilty stain;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with Him reign.
3. Sing of His everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
Sing to Him here, then sing above,
Of all that He bestows.
4. To Him that loved us when depraved,
When guilty, blind, and poor;
To Him that loved, and died, and saved,
Be glory ever more.

PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS. Arranged. No -



1449. C. M.

2. The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!
3. We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—
4. We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with His blood!
5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
6. Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

WATTS.

1450. C. M.

1. If God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, His word and Spirit too
And glory all divine.
2. If He is mine, then from His love,
He every trouble sends;

All things are working for my good,
And bliss His rod attends.

3. If He is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.
4. If He is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honors flee—
Sure He, who giveth me Himself,
Is more than these to me.
5. If He is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.
6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that Thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

BEDDOME, altered.

1451. C. M.

1. To Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—
2. To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

SCOTCH COLL.

GASTON. C. M.

GLASER.

1. Thou Keep-er of a love-ly flock, Thy-self far love-lier still,
 2. There Thou at noon dost make them rest, Screened from the burning sky;

Be-neath the o-ver-shadowing rock, Thy sheep are safe from ill.
 Nor dares the wolf, with hun-ger pressed, Approach when Thou art nigh.

1452. C. M.

3. Once for His flock the Shepherd died,
 But now He lives again:
 For all their wants will He provide,
 And ease their every pain.
4. O may I always hear Thy voice,
 Nor ever wander more;
 But in Thy constant care rejoice,
 Thy dying love adore.

RYLAND.

1453. C. M.

1. WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
 Earth's vanities pursue,
 How slow the advances which I make,
 With heaven itself in view!
2. Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
 Great God! my love inflame;
 Religion, without zeal and love,
 Is but an empty name.
3. To gain the top of Zion's hill
 May I with fervor strive;
 And all those powers employ for Thee,
 Which I from Thee derive!

BEDDOME.

1454. 7s.*

1. 'Tis a point I long to know,—
 Oft it causes anxious thought,—
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I His, or am I not?—
2. If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard His name.

3. When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?
4. If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mixed with all I do;
 You that love the Lord, indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?
5. Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
6. Lord, decide the doubtful case;
 Thou, who art Thy people's sun,
 Shine upon Thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
7. Let me love Thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

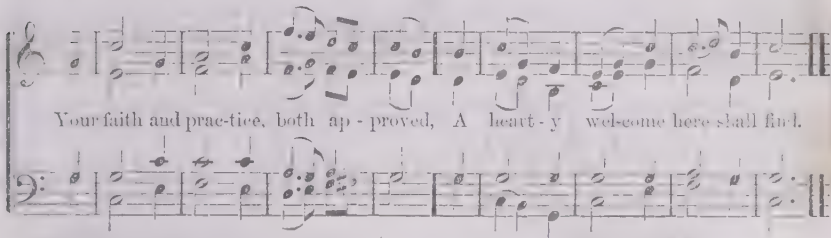
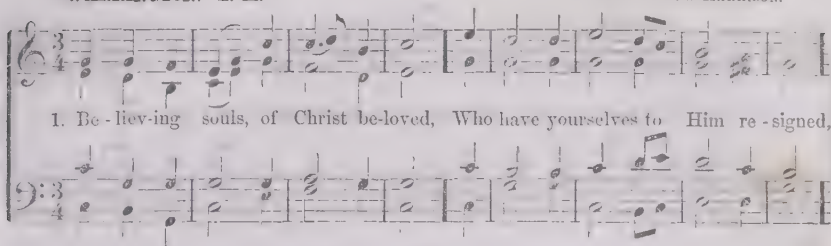
NEWTON.

1455. 7s.*

1. 'Tis religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures, while we live;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort, when we die.
2. After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity;
 Be the living God my Friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.



1456. L. M.

1. BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to Him resigned,
Your faith and practice, both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.
2. Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scornful world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.
3. In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.
4. Do Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with Thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more Thy name shall own.

BEDDOME.

1457. L. M.

1. "WHERE two or three," with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,
2. "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company!
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3. We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

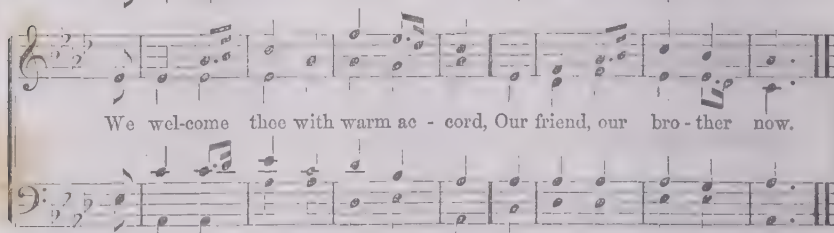
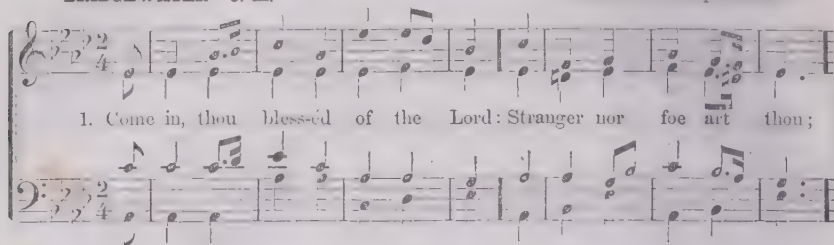
SIENNETT.

1458. L. M.

1. WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
2. Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all His springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantation grow.
3. Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit Divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
4. Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour, God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.
5. Our Lord into His garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
6. Jesus, we will frequent Thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food, on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongues can give.

BRIDGEWATER C. M.

KINGSLEY'S "Harp of David."



1459. C. M.

2. The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee;
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
3. The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely with us partake.
4. In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.
5. Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.
6. And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

MONTGOMERY.

1460. C. M.

1. REMEMBER Thee! Remember Christ!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by His grace?
2. The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved His dying groan.
3. The promised joy He then obtained,
When He ascended hence,

Up from the grave, to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince.

4. His glory now no tongue of man,
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.
5. For this He came and dwelt on earth;
For this His life was given;
For this He fought and vanquished death!
For this He pleads in heaven.
6. Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

WARDLAW.

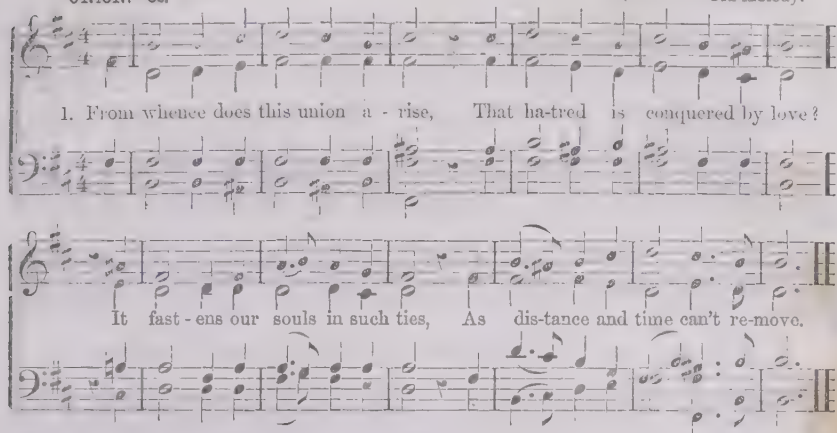
1461. C. M.

1. WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.
2. So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.
3. O, may I thirst for Thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste Thy grace aspire.
4. Then shall my prayer to Thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice Thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

STEELE.

UNION. 8s.

Old Melody.



1462. 8s.

2. It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
3. My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
4. Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we can not remain.
5. O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's love?
6. With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all His bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah! Amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

BALDWIN.

1463. 8s.

1. A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
2. The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet;

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

3. My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase:
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

TOPLADY.

1464. 8s & 7s.*

1. JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but Theo.
2. As an emblem of Thy passion,
And Thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know Thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.
3. Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

FELLOWS.

8s.†

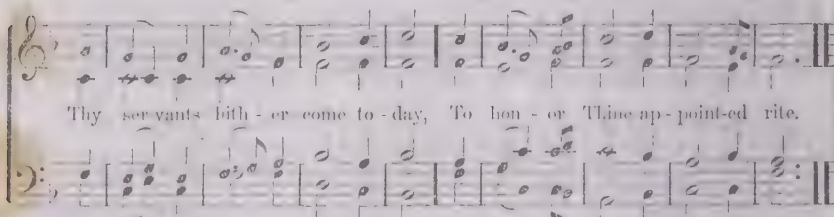
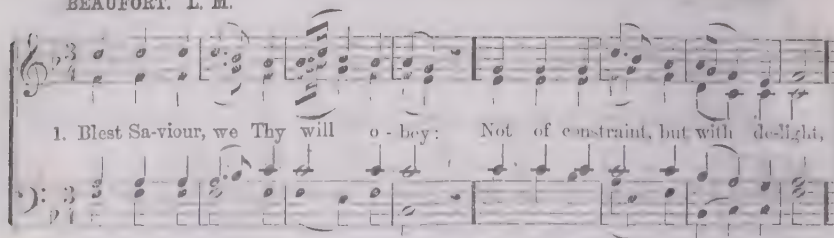
BLESSED be Thy name for ever!
Thou of life the Guard and Giver;
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping
Heal the heart long broke with weeping;
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest,
Thou of every good the Giver;
Blesséd be Thy name for ever.

HOGG.

* Sing to OPAL, p. 274.

† Sing to BASIL, p. 369.

BEAUFORT. L. M.



1465. L. M.

1. BLEST Saviour, we Thy will obey:
Not of constraint, but with delight;
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor Thine appointed rite.
2. Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
3. Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of Thy love explore;
And, washed in Thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

BEDDOME.

1466. L. M.

1. BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with Him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.
2. Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to Him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.
3. He by His blood atoned for sin,
This precious blood can wash us clean
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

MORAVIAN COLL.

1467. L. M.

1. JESUS, we love this sacred rite,
In which Thy perfect work is shown,—

In which is seen, so clear, so bright,
The grace we gladly seek to own.

2. To show Thy sin-atoning death
We sink beneath the yielding wave,—
And rising—to the eye of faith
Appears Thy triumph o'er the grave.
3. Thy death—Thy life—to these we owe
The gracious change we now profess;
These are the source whence richly flow
The varied blessings of Thy grace.
4. How sweet, while thus we own the Name
We trust to save our souls from guilt,
In this blest emblem to proclaim
The ground on which our hope is built.

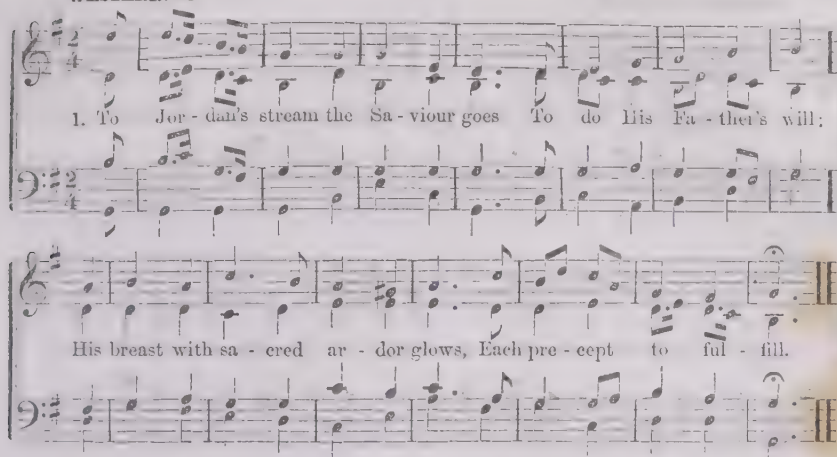
E. TURNER.

1468. L. M.

1. How blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to Thee, O God;
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood.
2. How blest the vow we here record!
How blest the grace we now receive!
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.
3. How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven;—
How blest the covenant that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven.
4. Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious, suffering Saviour trod;
Thou art our pattern, through the wave
We follow Thee, blest Son of God.

S. F. SMITH.

WESTERN. C. M.



1. To Jor-dan's stream the Sa-viour goes To do His Fa-ther's will;
His breast with sa-cred ar-dor glows, Each pre-cept to ful-fill.

1469. C. M.

1. To Jordan's stream the Saviour goes
To do His Father's will;
His breast with sacred ardor glows
Each precept to fulfill.
2. Behold Him buried in the flood
(The emblem of His name),
Who, from the bosom of His God,
Came down a world to save.
3. As from the water He ascends,
What miracles appear!
God with a voice His Son commands,
Let all the nations hear!
4. Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice;
Let this your courage raise;
What God approves be this your choice,
And glory in His ways.

DEACON.

1470. C. M.

1. 'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis He whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.
2. The Father owned Him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of His death
We own our heavenly Friend.
3. We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path He trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.
4. Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear;

That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

ENG. BAP. COLL.

1471. C. M.

1. MEELY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.
2. Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.
3. So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.
4. This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

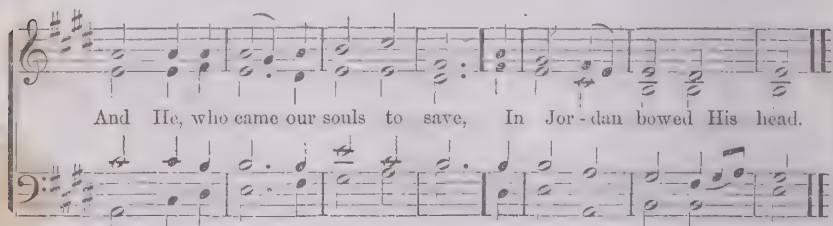
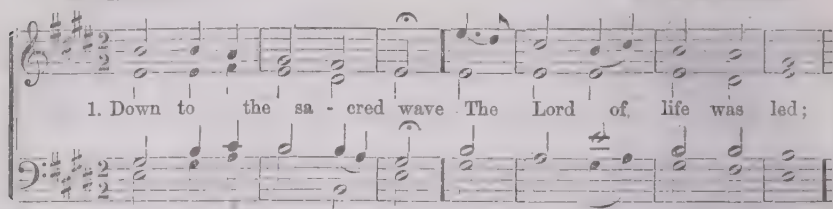
1472. C. M.

1. CONSTRAINED by love, we follow where
Our Saviour leads the way;
His blest example is our law,—
That law we love to obey.
2. He as our pattern bowed His head
In Jordan's yielding wave,
We, in His footsteps, joyful tread,
We seek His liquid grave.
3. Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
Thy grace to us be given:
To a new life our souls incline,
A life for God, and heaven.

S. F. SMITH.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



1473. S. M.

1. Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And He, who came our souls to save,
In Jordan bowed his head.

2. He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade His ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3. Blest Saviour, we will tread
In Thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

S. F. SMITH.

1474. S. M.

1. SAVIOUR, Thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in Thy footsteps press.

2. Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led;—

3. But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in Thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1475. S. M.*

1. "CHOOSE ye his cross to bear,
Who bowed to Jordan's wave?—
Clad in his armor will ye dare
In faith, a watery grave?"

2. "We love His holy word,
His precepts we obey,
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
We seek to be, this day."

3. All hail! ye blessed band,
Shrink not to do his will;
In deep humility, this work
Of righteousness fulfill;—

4. Tread in His steps,—with prayer,
Invoke His Spirit free,
And as He burst the gates of death,
So may your rising be.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

* It is suggested by the writer of this hymn that "if the first stanza should be sung by the pastor and deacons, the second by the candidates, standing, ready for baptism, and the last two by the full voices of the choir and all the people,—old men and maidens, young men and children, uniting to encourage and admonish those who thus follow the Redeemer's example, the effect would be exceedingly touching and powerful."

GUIDANCE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

From the Sabbath Bell.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Hast Thou said, ex-alt-ed Je-sus, "Take thy cross and follow me;" }
 { Shall the word with terror seize us? [Om - - - - -] } Shall we from the

bur-den flee? Lord, I'll take it, Lord, I'll take it, And, re-joic-ing, fol-low thee.

1476. 8s, 7s & 4s.

2. While this liquid tomb surveying,
 Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
 Shall I shun its brink, betraying
 Feelings worthy of a slave?
 No! I'll enter:
 Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
3. Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
 Saviour, of Thy love to me;
 Sweeter still the love that binds me
 In its deathless bond to Thee:
 O, what pleasure,
 Buried with my Lord to be!
4. Should it rend some fond connection,
 Should I suffer shame or loss,
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
 I have been where Jesus was,
 Will revive me,
 When I faint beneath the cross.
5. Fellowship with Him possessing,
 Let me die to all around;
 So I rise t' enjoy the blessing
 Kept for those in Jesus found,
 When the archangel
 Wakes the sleeper under ground.
6. Then baptized in love and glory,
 Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing,
 Loudly with the immortal story,
 All the harps of heaven shall ring,
 Saints and seraphs,
 Sound it loud from every string.

J. E. GILES.

1477. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore Thee;
 Purchased by Thy precious blood,
 We present ourselves before Thee,
 Now to walk the narrow road:
 Saviour, guide us—
 Guide us to our heavenly home.
2. Thou didst mark our path of duty;
 Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
 Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
 From the semblance of the grave;
 May we follow
 In the same delightful way.

S. S. CUTTING.

1478.* H. M.

1. DESCEND, celestial Dove,
 And make Thy presence known;
 Reveal our Saviour's love,
 And seal us for Thine own:
 Unlest by Thee, our works are vain;
 Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.
2. When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Received the holy rite,
 In open view, Thy form came down,
 And, dove-like, flew the King to crown.
3. Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with Thy fire:
 This ordinance is Thine;
 Do Thou our souls inspire;
 Thou wilt attend on all Thy sons:
 "Till time shall end," Thy promise runs.

FELLOWS.

* Sing to PASCAL, p. 456.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s.

Hymn 1479.

1. { Hum-ble souls, who seek sal-va-tion Through the Lamb's re-deem-ing blood, }
 { Hear the voice of re-ve-la-tion, Tread the path that Je-sus trod; }
 D. C. Dread no ills that can be-fall you, While you make His ways your choice.

FIN.

Hear the blest Re-deem-er call you, List-en to His gra-cious voice;

D. C.

2. Jesus says, "Let each believer
 Be baptized in my name;"
 He Himself, in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.

Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
 Follow Him without delay;
 Gladly His command embracing,
 Lo! your Captain leads the way!

J. FAWCETT.

ELTHAM. 7s. (Double.)

Hymn 1480.

1. { Christ, who came my soul to save, Entered Jor-dan's yield-ing wave, }
 { Rose from out the crys-tal flood, Owned and sealed the Son of God, }
 D. C. Sa-viour, Pat-tern, Guide for me, I, like Him, baptized would be.

FIN.

By the Fa-ther's voice of love, By the heaven-descending Dove:

D. C.

2. In the Garden, o'er his soul
 Sorrow's whelming waves did roll:
 Ah! on Calvary's cruel tree,
 Jesus bowed in death for me.
 I with Him am crucified:
 All my hope is—He hath died:
 At His feet my place I take,
 Bear the cross for His dear sake.

3. In the new-made tomb He lay,
 Taking all its dread away:
 Burst He through its rock-bound door,
 Glorious now, and evermore.
 I with Christ would buried be
 In this rite required of me—
 Rising from the mystic flood,
 Living hence anew to God.

S. D. PHELPS.

ENON. 11s.

From a theme of BISHOP, by R. R. RAYMOND.

1. We come to the fountain, we stand by the wave. That flows from the
throne of the Mighty to save; We gaze on its bosom, so
pure and serene, And seek, blessed Master, to wash and be clean.

1481. 11s.

Baptism, a Symbol of Regeneration.

1. WE come to the fountain, we stand by the wave,
That flows from the throne of the Mighty to save;
We gaze on its bosom so pure and serene,
And seek, blessed Master, to wash and be clean.
2. We hear Thy sweet promise, Thy welcome com-
mand,
And clasp in our weakness the strength of Thy
hand,
To plunge in the waters that o'er us may roll
A flood of salvation for body and soul
3. O Thou who in Jordan did'st bow thy meek head,
And whelmed in our sorrow, did'st sink to the
dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for Thy chosen the kingdom of love
4. Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with Thee in the death Thou hast
died,
Then wake with Thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.
5. O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of Thy passion, the grace of Thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by Thy Spirit, our spirits from sin,
6. Till crowned with Thy glory, and waving the
palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the
Lamb,

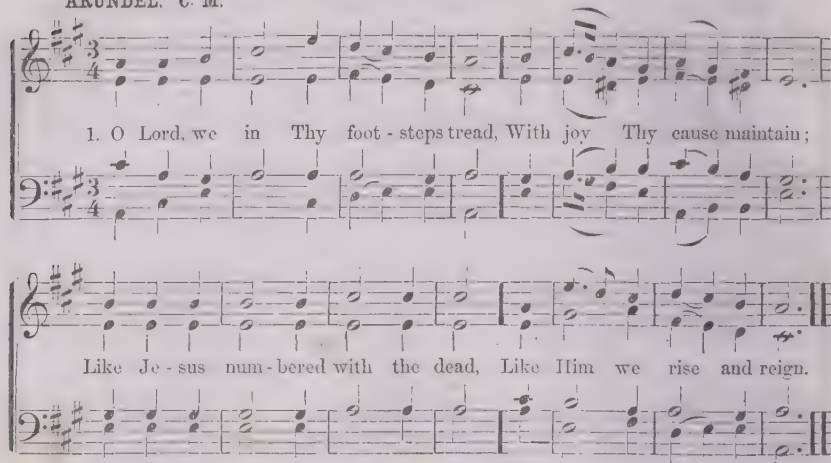
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless Thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

1482. 7s & 6s.*

1. AROUND thy grave, Lord Jestis,
Thine empty grave we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blessed command.
By faith our souls rejoicing,
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark, angry billows,
Up to the Throne above.
2. Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When, in Thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er Thee roll.
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of Glory
Was numbered with the dead.
3. O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er,
For sin Thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more;
Sin, death and hell are vanquished
By Thee, Thy church's Head;
And lo! we share Thy triumph,
Thou First Born from the dead!

* Sing to WEBB, p. 306.

ARUNDEL. C. M.



1483. C. M.

2. Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to Thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.
3. 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in;
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin!

ENG. BAP. COLL.

1484. C. M.

1. BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views Him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds Him rise,
Thus do His willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.
3. With joy we in His footsteps tread,
And would His cause maintain,—
Like Him be numbered with the dead,
And with Him rise and reign.
4. His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When He commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

BEDDOME.

1485. C. M.

1. How honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
3. Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King!
4. Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.
5. Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

1486. C. M.

1. LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
2. 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls, which must for ever live,
In rapture or in woe.
4. May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

FADING. 7s.

From "The Sabbath Bell."

1. Son of God, our glo-rious Head! On us now thy bless-ing shed;

From Thy throne let mer-cy flow To Thy waiting flock be-low.

1487. 7s.

Prayer for Deacons.

2. Taught by Thee, with prayer sincere,
We have called Thy servants here,
For Thy needy ones to care,
And Thy Holy Feast to bear.
3. May the Spirit from above
Fill their hearts with faith and love;
Make them humble, zealous, wise,
Strife to shun, and good devise.
4. When their earthly work is done,
When the crown of life is won,
Ever in Thy house on high,
May they serve beneath Thine eye.

G. B. IDE

1488.* 11s.

1. WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer,
It comforts, it softens; subdues, yet sustains,
Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer.
2. When far from the friends that are dearest
we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully
there;
And restless we languish, till peace comes
in prayer.
Prayer, &c.
3. When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,

* Tune, HOME, p. 408

How strong the enchantment, how fatal the
snare!But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, &c.

4. While strangers to prayer, we are strangers
to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace, like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, &c.

MISS LUTTON.

1489.† L. M.

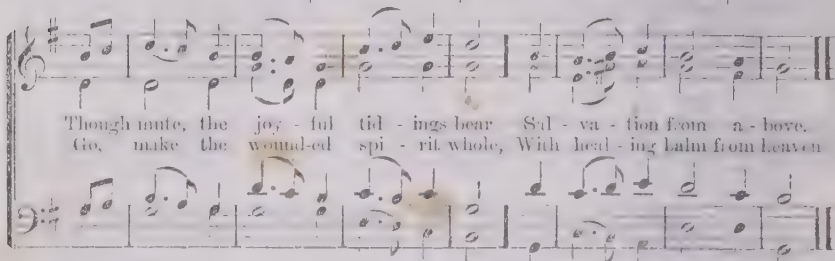
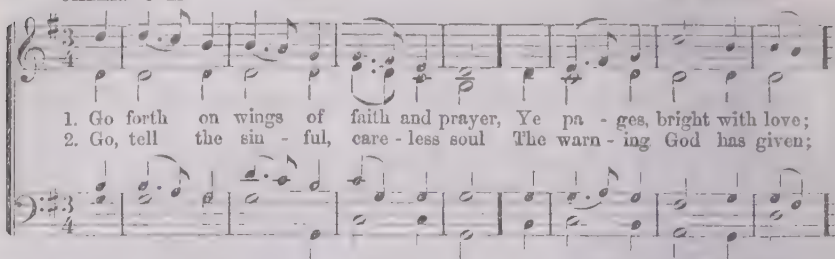
1. Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.
2. In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee?
3. Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
4. Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart.
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
5. Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to Heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. BRYANT.

† Tune, ROLLAND, p. 458.

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1190. C. M.

3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,
That live estranged from God;—
Bid them the pearl of price secure,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
4. O Jesus, Friend of dying men,
Thy presence we implore;
Without Thy blessing all is vain;
Be with us evermore.

HASTINGS.

1491. C. M.

1. But who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which binds the nations now?
2. When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie,—
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye,—
3. Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
4. The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

MOORE.

1492. C. M.

1. The day has dawned, Jehovah comes,
To crush oppression's rod,

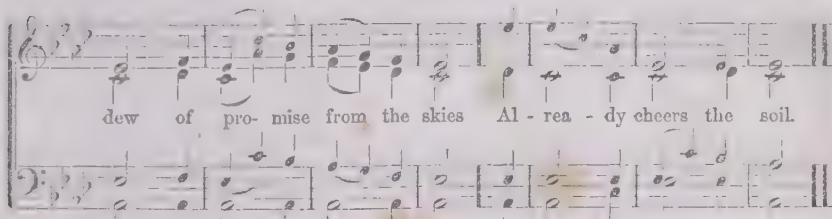
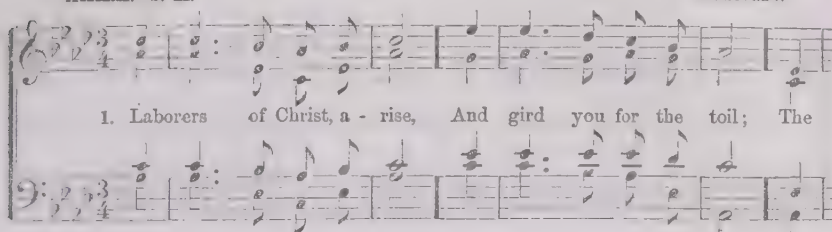
Now Ethiopia soon shall stretch
Her hands to Thee, O God.

2. Where'er the sun doth rise or set,
Or spreads his beauteous ray,
May Freedom with her glorious train,
Hurl Slavery away.
3. Let charity, benevolence,
And every smiling grace,
In golden links of brotherhood
Unite the human race.
4. Tyrants no more shall lift the scourge,
Nor captives drag the chain;
Millions, beatified, shall bless
The dear Redeemer's reign.
5. Then every color, every clime,
Shall in His worship meet,
And bring their prayers, their praise, their all,
An offering at His feet.
6. Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in Thy word foretold,
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised Age of Gold.
7. Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.
8. Free us from sin and all its chains,
The worst of slavery;
Bind us to Christ in holy bonds,
The sweetest liberty.

ENG. BAP. COLL.

AHIRA. S. M.

GREATORRY.



1493. S. M.

1. LABORERS of Christ, arise I
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
2. Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
3. Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.
4. Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love,
A mantle, round your breast.
5. So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1494. S. M.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;—

2. And daily shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn, at length.

3. Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

4. Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

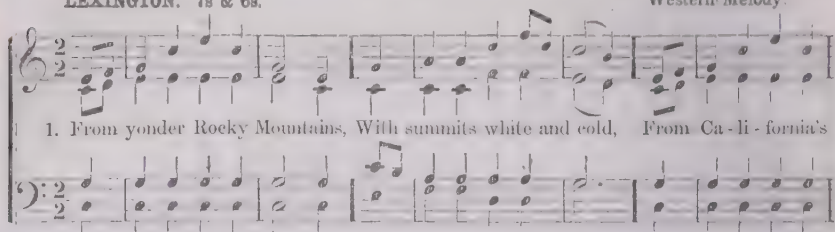
MONTGOMERY.

1495. S. M.

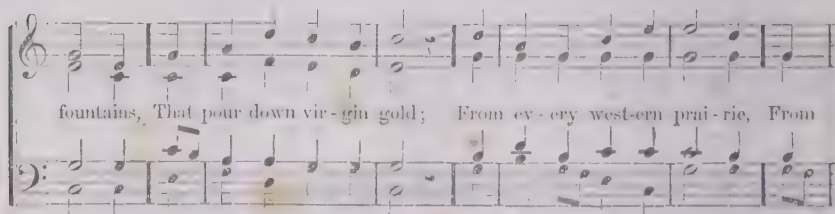
1. In all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge Thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.
2. Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble prayer and praise.
3. Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A nursery for Thee.

LEXINGTON. 7s & 6s.

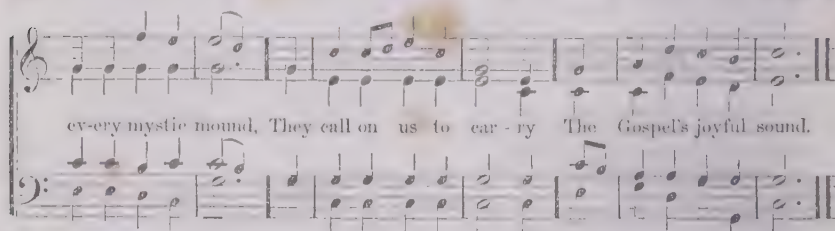
Western Melody.



1. From yonder Rocky Mountains, With summits white and cold, From Ca-li-for-nia's



fountains, That pour down vir-gin gold; From ev-ery west-ern prai-rie, From



ev-ery mystic mound, They call on us to ear-ry The Gospel's joyful sound.

1496. 7s & 6s.

1. From yonder Rocky Mountains,
With summits white and cold,
From California's fountains,
That pour down virgin gold;
From every western prairie,
From every mystic mound,
They call on us to carry
The gospel's joyful sound.
2. From Oregon benighted,
Yet tinged with morning light,
From fertile Utah, lighted
With radiance worse than night;
From Aztec hill and valley,
Just snatched away from Rome,
They bid us rally, rally,
And to the rescue come.
3. From western realms unbounded,
Of forest, prairie, grove,
Where yet the war-whoop's sounded,
And only red men rove,
A shriek of woe comes flying
On every breath of air,
Come, Christian, come! we're dying,
We're sinking in despair.

4. From east, and west, and centre,
Of Freedom's hallowed home,
Where annual millions enter,
And bring the plague of Rome;
From every south savanna,
Where nature smiles so fair,
They beg us plant the banner,
Immanuel's banner, there.
5. O! shall we close our bosoms,
While every breath's a cry?
While brothers drop like blossoms,
And there for ever die?
Oh! Christian, rest not, sleep not,
But pray, and toil, and fight,
Till those who're weeping, weep not,
And darkness turns to light.
6. Then, when enthroned in glory,
With Jesus' ransomed fold,
We tell Love's wondrous story,
Upon our harps of gold;
Each effort that we're making,
Will sweeten heaven's employ,
And every cross we're taking,
Add rapture to its joy.

CHARLES THURBER.

1497. 6s.*

1. FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.
2. Jesus hath now received
Their latest, living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, triumph-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name.

LUTHER.

1498. 7s & 6s.†

1. OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.
2. Go where the waves are breaking,
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.
3. Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming,
With light that ever glows;
To each lone forest-ranger
The Word of Life unseal;
To every exile stranger
Its saving truths reveal.
4. The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west;
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.

* Sing to LANSINGBURGH, p. 284.

† Sing to LEXINGTON, p. 487.

Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.
MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

1499. 7s & 6s.†

1. Go preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Saviour's grace;
But bear—O quickly bear it
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.
2. Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The richest fields are gleaming
For those who reap at home!
3. Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure,
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure
Than preaching Christ at home.
4. Let not the glowing distance
Withdraw the anxious view,
From those who ask assistance,
And claim a kindred's due;
Go preach the blest salvation,
Wherever man may roam,
E'er seeking first the station
Of preaching Christ at home.
SIDNEY DYER.

Doxology. 7s & 6s.†

To Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

† Sing to LEXINGTON, p. 487.

CHURCH HILL. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

WM. MINGLE.

1st time.

1. { Where the wild-er-ness is ly-ing, And the trees of a-ges nod, }
 { West-wa-rd in the de-sert cry-ing, [OMIT - - - - -] }

2d time.

Make a highway for our God; Westward, till the church be kneeling, In the forest aisles so

dim, And the wild-wood's arches pealing With the peo-ple's ho-ly hymn.

1500. 8s & 7s.

2. Westward still, O Lord, in glory,
 Be Thy banner cross unfurled,
 Till from vale and mountain hoary
 Rolls the anthem round the world.
 Reign, O reign, o'er every nation,
 Reign, Redeemer, Father, King;
 And with songs of Thy salvation
 Let the wide creation ring.

NASON'S COLL.

1501. 8s & 7s.

1. SONS of day! Arise from slumbers,
 For the sluggish night is gone;
 Swell the Saviour's marshaled numbers,
 Marching where He leadeth on:
 Soldiers of the cross, appointed,
 'Listed for the glorious war,
 In the name of God's Anointed,
 Spread your victories afar.
2. Bid the trumpet of redemption,
 Greet our country's farthest shore;
 Boldly claim our Lord's preëmption,
 For the agonies He bore.
 On the prairie and the mountain,
 In the valley rich and fair,

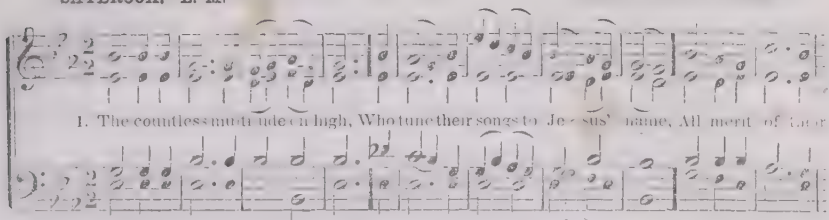
By the river and the fountain,
 Plant the Rose of Sharon there.

3. Where the infant city's founded,
 Where the hamlet dots the plain;
 Let the Gospel-call be sounded,
 Let the church a foothold gain.
 So shall Error be supplanted,
 So shall Truth her vanguard keep,
 So shall temple-homes be granted,
 To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.
4. Breathe upon us, mighty Spirit!
 Arm our Israel for the strife;
 Let us all from Thee inherit
 Power, prevailing through Thy life.
 Faith, and prayer, and alms bestowing,
 Fill our land with light divine,
 Whose reflected beams, far flowing,
 Round a sin-dark world shall shine.
5. O how bright, from death awaking,
 Shine the victor-saints above,
 Gloriously from Jesus taking
 Crowns of endless life and love.
 Farewell, fears and self-denials!
 Mortal night hath passed away;
 Farewell, vigils, toils and trials!
 Welcome, everlasting day!

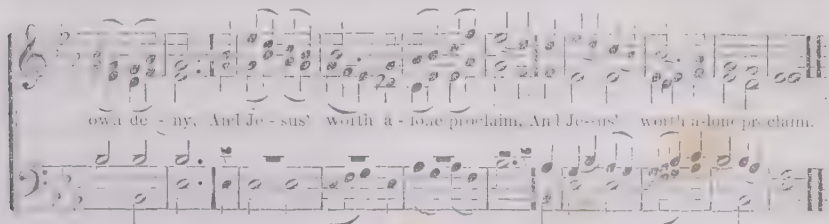
S. D. PHELPS.

SAYBROOK, L. M.

S. BALL.



1. The countless multitude on high, Who tune their songs to Je - sus' name, All merit of their



own de - ny, And Je - sus' worth a - lone proclaim, And Je - sus' worth a - lone proclaim.

1502. L. M.

1. THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
2. Firm, on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, Thou alone."
3. With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm,—
4. "Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed;
Thou, Thou art worthy, Thou alone."

PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

1503. L. M.

1. O BLEST are they whom God hath called
To shine as radiant stars above;
The sons of light, the heirs of bliss,
The tenants of a world of love.
2. No sorrow wrings the bitter tear
Of anguish from the pilgrim's eye;
No wearying toil—no anxious fear—
The conqueror never more shall die.
3. No fierce disease, no chilling blast
Shall e'er that better land invade;
Faint's visions there shall change to sight,
And glory o'er the scene be shed.
4. O glorious world! in vain we strive
To catch a glimpse of joy so high;

Nor thought can reach, nor words describe
The scene that lies beyond the sky.

5. With ardent zeal our souls are fired,
To pass beyond affliction's red,
The crown of endless life to win,
And reach the paradise of God.

S. F. SMITH.

1504.* C. M.

1. SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.
3. To Jesus Christ I seek for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.
4. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

Doxology. L. M.

THUS angels sung, and thus sing we:
To God on high all glory be;
Let Him on earth His peace bestow,
And unto men His favor show.

GEORGE WITHER.

* Sing to Mt. HOREB, p. 452.

THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root. By permission, from SABBETH BELL.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them
as they fly! Those hours of toil and danger, For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our
friends are passing over, And just before, the shining shore We may almost dis-cover.

1505. 8s. & 7s.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning—
For oh! we, &c.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we, &c.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
For oh! we, &c.

1506. L. M.*

1. GREAT God! now condescend to bless
Our tender offspring with Thy grace;

* Sing to LOUVAN, p. 262.

While in the slippery path of youth,
Direct their footsteps, God of truth.

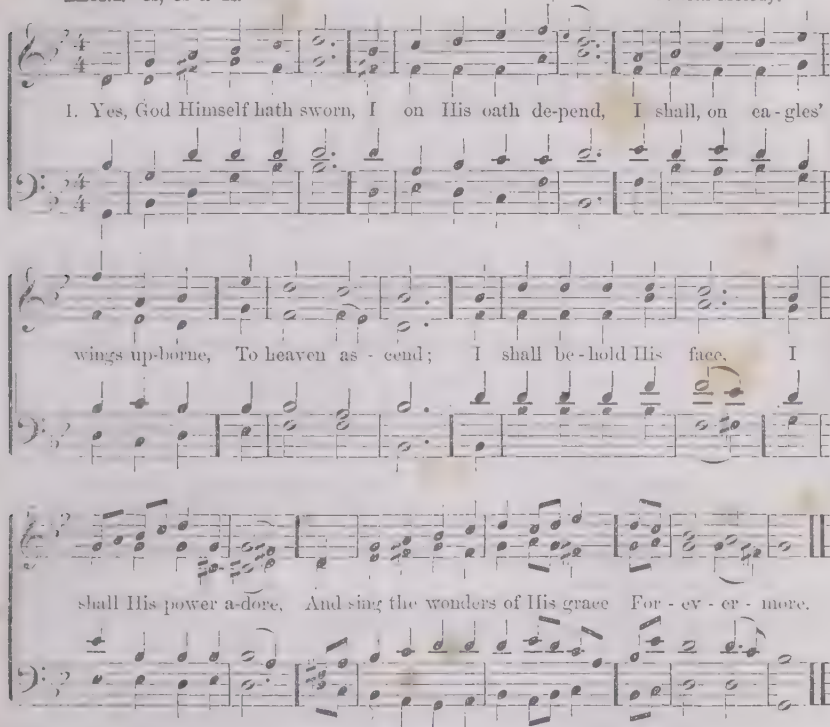
2. To holiness their hearts incline;
O Saviour! let those hearts be Thine;
Their wayward spirits raise above
This world's affliction, God of love.
ENG. BAP. COLL.

1507. L. M.*

1. FATHER of all, before Thy throne,
Grateful but anxious parents bow;
Look in paternal mercy down,
And yield the boon we ask Thee now.
2. 'Tis not for wealth, or joys of earth,
Or life prolonged, we seek Thy face;
'Tis for a near and heavenly birth,
'Tis for the treasures of Thy grace.
3. 'Tis for the soul's eternal joy,
For rescue from the coming woe;
Do not our earnest suit deny;
We can not, can not let Thee go.
ENG. BAP. COLL.

LEONI. 6s, 8s & 4s.

Jewish Melody.



1. Yes, God Himself hath sworn, I on His oath depend, I shall, on ea-gles' wings up-borne, To heaven as-cend; I shall be-hold His face. I shall His power a-dore, And sing the wonders of His grace For-ev-er-more.

1508. 6s, 8s & 4s.

2. Though nature's strength decay,
And death and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
3. The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.
3. There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin:
The Prince of peace,

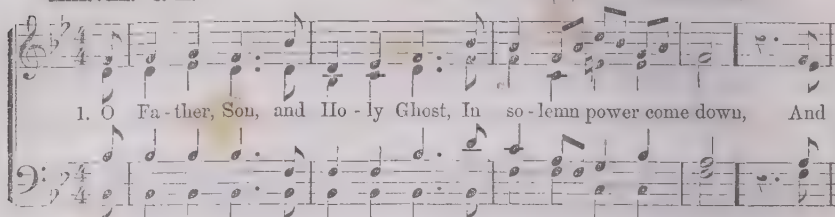
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

5. He keeps His own secure;
He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.
6. Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

OLIVER.

MARVEL. C. M.

HASTINGS.



1509. C. M.

2. O, let Thine unction on him rest,
Thy grace his soul renew,
And write within his tender breast
Thy name and nature too.
3. If Thou should'st quickly end his days,
His place with Thee prepare;
Or, if Thou lengthen out his race,
Continue still Thy care.
4. Thy faithful servant may he prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in Thy dying love,
A follower of Thine.

ENG. BAP. COL.

1510. C. M.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5. O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

HEBER.

1511. C. M.

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these
"The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee;
With humble trust that we are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

DODDRIDGE.

1512. C. M.

1. "FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
"But suffer them to come;"
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.
2. Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at Thy word;
Be Thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

ENG. BAP. COL.

1513. C. M.

WHEN soon or late we reach the coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven—
May we be found, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.

BURNS.

PALESTINE. 11s & 8s. (Double.)

Musica Sacra.

1. Wake, parents of Isra - el! O hasten to plead For the Spirit of grace to de-scend;

The world has gone forth, and the faithful have need Of our prayers, the great cause to defend.

2. Let pure clouds of in-cense be wafted to hea-ven From all hearts united in one.

That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given, And strength for the race they must run.

1511. 11s & 8s.

3. From the youth of our country shall armies arise,

The gospel of peace to proclaim;
O'er the land and the seas the glad message
that flies,
Shall reach to himmuel's name.

4. Wake, parents of Israel! O, wrestle and pray
That grace to our youth may be given;
For the battles that in our arms are fought to-day
Shall prevail with our Father in heaven.

ENG. BAP. COL.

1515.* L. M.

1. As fades the light of closing day,
As earth's fair flow'ers shut at even;
So pass they from our paths away
Who led our infant feet to heaven.

* Sing to LOUVAN, p. 492.

2. The seed of living truth they sowed
Shall in a genial harvest rise;
And children gathered home to God
Be their bright honor in the skies.

3. O happy they whose weekly toil
Prepares fresh gems in heaven to shine;
Such wealth no earthly ill can spoil,
Nor make its priceless worth decline.

4. O happy they who, early taught
To give their hearts, O Lord, to Thee,
Bind budding life and opening thought
To life's great end—eternity.

5. When earth, and years, and life are passed,
And heaven shall yield its long reward,
Gather our little flock at last
To be for ever with the Lord

S. F. SMITH.

LITTLE PILGRIM. 7s. (Double.)

R. R. RAYMOND.

1. Lit-tle travelers, Zion-ward, Each one entering in-to rest, In the kingdom of your
 Lord, In the mansions of the blest; There to welcome Jesus waits, Gives the crowns his
 fol-lowers win, Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the lit-tle travelers in!

1516. 7s.

2. Who are they whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,
 They had ever kept in view?
 "I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
 "I from India's sultry plain;"
 "I, from Afric's barren sand;"
 "I, from islands of the main."
3. "All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky!
 Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
 Conquerors over death and sin!"
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
 Let the little travelers in!

EDMESTON.

1517. C. M.*

1. Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
 His gentle love declare,
 Who bends amid the Cherubim,
 To hear the children's prayer!
2. He at a mother's breast was fed
 Though God's own son was He,
 He learn'd the first small words He said
 At a meek mother's knee.
3. He held us to His mighty breast
 The children of the earth;

* Sing to METROPOLIS, p. 396.

He lifted up His hands and blessed
 The babes of human birth.

4. So shall He be to us, our God,
 Our gracious Saviour too;
 The scenes we tread His footsteps trod,
 The paths of youth He knew!
5. Lo, from the stars His face will turn
 On us with glances mild;
 The angels of His presence yearn
 To bless the little child.
6. Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
 His gentle love declare,
 Who bends amid the Seraphim,
 To hear the children's prayer!

1518. 7s.*

1. Lord assist us by Thy grace
 To instruct our infant race;
 Grant us wisdom from above,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love.
2. May we teach them, day by day,
 In the house and by the way,
 When they rise, and when they rest,
 Till Thy truth shall make them blest.
3. Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer,
 We commit them to Thy care;
 Be their shepherd and their guide,
 Bring them to Thy bleeding side.

* Sing to HORTON, p. 468.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

2. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. L. M. Double.

1. WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before His footstool fall.
2. Higher—still higher swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong!
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

4. L. M.

ALL glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

5. L. M.

PRAISE to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

6. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make Him
known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

7. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

8. C. M.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.

9. C. M.

IN hope to join th' angelic host,
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

10. C. M.

THOU art the first, and Thou the last;
Time centers all in Thee,
The Almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

To Thee let every tongue be praise
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

11. C. M.

WE raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to Thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.
Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

12. S. M.

1. YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

13. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

14. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

15. 7s.

PRaise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

16. L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given—
Through all the worlds where God is
known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

17. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow,

18. 8s & 7s.

PRaise the Father, earth, and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given,
Glory through eternal days.

19. 8s & 7s.

PRaise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

20. 6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

21. 7s & 6s.

To Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

22. 8s, 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

23. 8s, 7s & 4s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou, the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore,
Vast Eternal!
Praises to Thee evermore.

24. 5s & 6s.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three persons—
One God ever-blessed:
As hath been, and now is,
And always shall be.

25. 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship, from earth and from
heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

26. 8s & 7s.

1. MAY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union,
With each other, and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

INDEX OF HYMNS

BY ANY VERSE BUT THE FIRST.

A.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Aaron must lay.....	81	All needful grace.....	477	And from His love's exhaustless	425
A beam from heaven is sent to	420	All our earthly journey past...	494	And grant that to Thine honor.	423
Abide in me—o'ershadow by...	215	All our works in Thee be.....	267	And graver looks, serene and..	340
Abide in me: there have been.	215	All power to Him is given.....	198	And griefs and torments.....	139
Abide with me from morn till.	416	All power to our great Lord...	83	And hark! amid the sacred...	401
Abide with us, amazed they...	169	All praise to Thee, who safe...	419	And here are comrades in the.	9
Abide with us, and still unfold	169	All scenes alike engaging prove	36	And here Thy name, O God of	303
Abide with us, Thou heavenly	169	All that have motion, life, and.	8	And his that gentle voice we...	93
A broken heart, a fount of tears	73	All that I am, and all.....	470	And if no evening visit's paid.	161
A captive here, and far from...	298	All that I am, even here.....	464	And if there weigh upon my...	414
A cloud of witnesses around...	173	All that I am, have been.....	369	And if the sons of God rejoice.	306
A country far from mortal.....	225	All that strikes the gaze.....	385	And, in every grace complete...	27
Across the waves around the...	53	All the assembling saints.....	254	And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles.	424
A deep and crimson streak.....	429	All the hopes and fears that...	27	And, lest the shadow of a spot.	181
A deeper shade will soon.....	90	All this day Thy hand has led	441	And let the drops of sparkling.	423
Admit Him, ere His anger.....	93	All thy sins shall be forgiven...	270	And let those eyes with.....	184
Adoring angels at His birth...	177	All who bear the Saviour's...	291	And like a den most dark He...	46
Adoring angels tuned their...	63	All-wise, all-mighty, and.....	253	And like a giant.....	417
Adoring saints around Him...	393	All ye nations! join and sing...	368	And lo! above the dews of...	348
A dying, risen Jesus.....	159	Almighty God! Thy grace.....	360	And make his grave where...	340
A faith that keeps.....	467	Almighty God! Thy power.....	459	And many a tearful, longing...	445
A faith that seems not faith, a.	186	Almighty God! to Thee.....	315	And may Thy Gospel's joyful...	221
A faith that shines more.....	467	Almighty grace! thy healing...	143	And must I, from the cheerful...	101
A few short years of exile past	359	Almighty Lord! the sun shall...	22	And must my body faint and...	107
A fountain 'tis.....	456	Alone with Thee—amid the...	514	And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh	3
After death, its joys will.....	472	Along Thy sunset skies.....	429	And now Christ is ready your.	121
Again emerging from the.....	417	Already, from the dust of death	304	And now his conquering.....	10
Against the God that rules the	173	Also, when I cry and shout...	366	And now my spirit sighs for...	339
A glance of thine runs through	58	Although I fail, I weep.....	258	And oft as the tumult of life's.	71
A glimpse of glories far more.	237	Amazing grace! that kept my.	107	And oft, when little voices dim	445
Agonizing in the garden.....	113	Amazing knowledge, vast and.	37	And O, when gathers on our...	165
A guilty, weak, and helpless...	463	Amazing love, that yet will...	165	And O, when I have safely...	242
A hand divine shall lead you on	173	Ambition, stop thy panting...	126	And O, when the whirlwind of	71
A heart in every thought.....	464	Amen, with joy.....	484	And palms shall wave, and...	244
A heart resigned, submissive...	464	Amen a thousand snares, I...	42	And say—shall aught oppose...	306
A heart that, when my days...	163	Amid temptations.....	466	And shall man alone be dumb.	200
Ah, grace! into unlikelyest...	193	Amid the roaring of the sea...	239	And shall my guilty fears...	254
Ah, Lord! if it be Thou indeed	271	Amid those ever-shining.....	401	And shall the soul thou bid'st...	23
Ah, Lord! with faltering steps	394	Amid the silence, else so drear	417	And since, by passion's force...	247
A holy quiet reigns around...	347	Amid the splendors of His...	86	And so, 'mid boundless time...	25
A hope so much divine.....	199	Amid the storm they sang...	319	And soon the harvest of thy...	221
A horror of great darkness fell	76	Amid thy silent bowers.....	429	And soon, too soon, the.....	293
Ah! then my spirit faints.....	361	A moment may His hand seem	307	And such the trust that still...	415
Ah, those are of a royal line...	225	Among a thousand harps and...	85	And the naked soul.....	383
Ah! whither shall I fly?.....	293	Among the saints on earth...	227	And then was heard afar.....	94
A land, upon whose blissful...	354	Among the saints that fill Thy	183	And the voice answers, "Be..."	399
Alas, I knew not what I did...	102	Among Thy saints let me be...	125	And though loud the wind is...	275
Alas! the brittle clay.....	361	And as we rise.....	292	And though Thy wisdom takes	253
All, all below must fade and...	391	And ate, but gave me part...	169	And thou, refulgent orb of day	400
All, all is o'er, with those at...	354	And at my life's last setting sun	427	And thou'rt sure to meet the...	384
All-bounteous Lord! Thy.....	34	And blessed is he who can...	167	And Thou wilt turn our.....	424
All glory be to God on high...	63	And, bursting through the...	255	Add thus shall faith's.....	355
All-gracious Lord, what'er my	249	And canst Thou—wilt Thou...	143	And was his mortal hour.....	78
All hail the glorious day.....	95	And can this mighty King...	19	And weep for the nations.....	389
All hail, triumphant Lord.....	82	And dear to me the loud Amen	5	And what is life, 'mid toil and	246
"All hail, triumphant Lord!"	18	And dear to me the winged...	5	And what shall be my journey.	406
All hail! ye blessed.....	478	And death, which sets the...	73	And when before Thy throne...	256
All hail! ye fair, celestial...	413	And didst Thou pity mortal...	144	And when by turns we.....	474
All His creatures God doth...	27	And dost Thou! ok on such a...	352	And when, dear Saviour! I...	187
All honor to His name.....	193	And duly shall appear.....	485	And when he stooped to earth...	92
All I meet I.....	463	And e'en when midnight's.....	422	And, when I close my eyes in...	144
All is tranquil and serene...	363	And even now, amid the gray...	413	And when I early rise.....	423
All may of Thee partake.....	195	And every bondsman's chain...	330	And when life's toilsome day is	424
All my capacious powers can...	190	And every night shall turn to...	304	And when my Saviour calls me	179
All my desire to Thee is known	141	And every virtue we possess...	93	And when nature sinks in.....	15
All my nature is unholty.....	443	And friends, dear friends! when	341	And when our spirits we resign	298

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
And when the gleams of day...	162	Assist me, gracious God!.....	59	Behold! the aged sinner goes.	101
And when the last dread hour...	238	Assist me while I wander.....	467	Behold the Ark of God.....	280
And when the lips that with...	296	As some rare perfume in a vase	215	Behold the bed of death.....	366
And when the Master seems to	251	As spring the winter, day the	243	Behold the blest assembly.....	223
And when the shades of.....	91	As still to the star of its.....	206	Behold the body in the tomb...	99
An! when the waves of ire.....	260	Assure my conscience of her.....	55	Behold the innumerable host...	223
And when Thou mak'st Thy.....	224	As the waters fall from the sea	357	Behold the Lamb.....	79
An! when Thy awful voice.....	221	As Thou of old to Miriam's.....	330	Behold the Lamb on Calvary...	99
And when your labors all are...	300	A stranger, lonely here I roam	248	Behold the Man! by all.....	76
And where the fathers lie.....	361	As welcome as the water-spring	244	Behold the Man! He stands...	76
And while I rest my weary.....	425	At birth, our brother I!.....	150	Behold the Man! though.....	76
And while our faith enjoys this	412	At evening, in Thy home.....	428	Behold the way to Zion's hill...	302
An! while the hours in order...	423	At evening time, let there be...	341	"Behold the way!" ye.....	302
An! while Thy bleeding glories	89	At evening time, there shall be	341	Behold Thy prisoner, loose my	247
And while upon my restless.....	185	At His call, the dead awaken...	114	Behold your King, your.....	176
An! while we pass this vale...	216	At His presence nature shakes...	111	Being of beings! may our.....	45
And wilt Thou bend a listening	44	A thousand ages in Thy sight...	56	Believe the heavenly word.....	210
An! without, with tireless.....	339	A thousand wretched souls are	433	Believing, we rejoice.....	198
And ye of meager birth!.....	5	At length I own it can not be...	232	Below He washed our guilt...	189
And yet ten thousand.....	103	At length, this great Physician	151	Be near when I am dying.....	79
And yet the songs I frame.....	81	At midnight came the cry.....	355	Beneath His watchful eye.....	239
And yet this thoughtless.....	418	At noon, beneath the Rock.....	428	Beneath Thy broad, impartial...	420
Ang! of patience! sent to.....	242	A trusting heart, a yearning...	189	Be present, in Thy peace, to...	422
Ang! powers the throne.....	493	At Salem's courts we must.....	8	"Be still—and learn that I am	46
Angels! archangels! glorious...	95	Attending angels about for joy	396	Bestow on every joyous thrill...	25
Angels! assist our mighty joys	182	At this hour, lo! from their...	10	Bethesda's pool has lost its...	126
Angels! guard the new.....	383	At thy approaching dawn.....	18	Be this my one great business...	125
Angels, in bright attire.....	109	At Thy rebuke, the bloom.....	261	Be this world the wiser.....	279
Angels standing, where we're...	440	At twelve years old, he talked...	445	Be Thou exalted, O my God!	41
An offering to the Lord.....	306	Auspicious dawn! thy rising...	397	Be Thou my guardian while I...	416
Anon the clouds dispart.....	361	Author and Guardian of my...	250	Be Thou my pattern.....	458
Another day, more awful.....	107	A voice from the Shepherd now	233	Be Thou my shield and hiding...	145
Another fleeting day is gone...	417	Awake, and breathe the air.....	351	Be Thou, O God, exalted high	24
A pilgrim through the earth I...	253	Awake, awake, my tuneful.....	181	Be Thou, O Lord, my Father...	246
Apostles join the glorious.....	162	Awake, awake, put on thy.....	283	Better than life itself Thy love	240
Apostles, martyrs, prophets...	396	Awake, lift up thine eyes!.....	355	Beyond, beyond this lower sky	363
Approach, ye saints! this God	161	Awake, my soul, thy way.....	101	Beyond my highest joy.....	227
Archangels sound His lofty...	412	Awake, O heavenly.....	473	Beyond the bounds of time and	271
Are there no foes for me to...	178	Awake, then, my harp, and my...	205	Beyond the flight of time.....	336
Are there not feelings from...	335	Away from fools I'll turn my...	444	Beyond the storm, beyond the	569
Are these Thy favors day by...	445	Away, ye false, delusive toys...	105	Beyond this vale of tears.....	109
Are they not all Thy servants...	41	Away, ye midnight phantoms...	414	Did the trumpet of.....	488
Are we not tending upward...	350	A whispered word may touch...	337	Birds in their little nests agree	445
A rill, a stream, a torrent.....	224	A word of His almighty breath	47	Bless'd there with a.....	469
Arise from the grave!.....	410			Blessed Babe, what glorious...	441
Arise into Thy resting-place...	2			Blessed be the voice that.....	298
Arise, my soul! awake, my.....	174			Blessed fold! no foe can enter...	333
Arise, my soul, from deep.....	189			Blessed is the man whose.....	98
Arise, put on the robes.....	358			Blessed Jesus!—would'st thou	270
Arm me with jealous care.....	195			Blessing, honor, glory, might...	309
Arm of the Lord! awake.....	300			Blessings abound where'er He	163
Around Him angels fair.....	92			Blessings for ever on the Lamb	163
Around His sacred tomb.....	311			Bless me, and I shall be blest...	266
Around Thy wheels, in the glad	351			Bless, O my soul, the God.....	23
Arrayed in glorious grace.....	361			Bless the Lord of earth and...	129
Art Thou not touched with.....	185			Bless the Lord of life for ever...	129
A sacred spring at Thy.....	23			Bless the Lord of thy salvation	129
As a little child relies.....	267			Bless the Lord, whose love.....	129
As by the light of opening day	139			Bless we then.....	331
Ascend! thou art not now.....	359			Blest are the men whose hearts	1
As children of Thy gracious...	331			Blest are the souls that find a...	1
A second look He gave, that...	102			Blest are they that.....	327
Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far...	159			Blest be the Father of our Lord	84
Ashamed of Jesus! that dear...	159			Blest be the Lord who comes...	6
Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may	159			Blest day! thine hours too.....	7
Ashamed to lift her streaming...	191			Blest hour, for where the Lord	4
As in the dawning, o'er the...	214			Blest hour when earthly cares...	4
As, in the heavens, the urns...	343			Blest hour when God himself...	194
Asleep in Jesus! far from the...	446			Blest is the man, O God.....	194
Asleep in Jesus! O, for me...	346			Blest Jesus, come, and rule my	184
Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet	346			Blest mansions above.....	265
Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest...	346			Blest river of salvation.....	316
As, 'midst the ever-rolling sea...	315			Blest Saviour, introduced by...	178
As moons are ever waning...	273			Blest Saviour, we.....	478
As o'er a parched and weary...	244			Blest Saviour! what delicious...	235
A soul inured to pain.....	294			Blest with this fellowship.....	241
A soul oppressed with.....	493			Blind unbelief is sure to err...	57
A spirit still prepared.....	294			Bonds, and stripes, and evil...	274
As sang the morning stars of...	301			Born by a new celestial birth...	160
As ship to port, or shaft from...	415			Borne upon the latest breath...	200
Assisted by his grace.....	453			Born into the world above...	362

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
Born, Thy people to deliver...	209	But leaves the greenest will...	353	By faith we are come to our...	433
Boundless wisdom, power...	27	But let us hasten to the day...	224	By Him who bowed to take...	222
Bowed down beneath a load of	145	But lo! a brighter, clearer...	391	By night Thine arm attends me	282
Bread of our souls! whereon...	21	But lo! in our extremity...	271	By Thee must come, Thou...	165
Break from His throne...	343	But man dieth and wasteth...	357	By Thee, my prayers...	191
Break the tempter's fatal...	275	But man, weak man, is born...	36	By Thee observed, by Thee...	33
Break off the yoke of inbred...	135	But mightier than the mighty...	249	By Thee, through life...	151
Break off your tears, ye saints	74	But no such sacrifice I plead...	15	By them, through holy hope...	355
Break, sovereign Grace, O...	143	But not his nobler part shall...	240	By the thorn-road, and none...	279
Breathe, O breathe Thy loving	208	But now, a prisoner of the...	5	By the travail of Thy spirit...	273
Breathe upon us...	488	But now I am a soldier...	159	By Thine agonizing pain...	149
Brightest and best of the sons.	168	But no worship, song, or glory...	75	By Thine all-sufficient merit...	275
Bright angels, strike your...	177	But of all the foes we meet...	229	By Thine hour of dark despair	146
Bright cloud of Liberty! full...	334	But O! from human tongues...	57	By Thine inspiring...	453
Bright garlands of immortal...	176	But O! my Saviour, be Thou...	249	By Thine own eternal Spirit...	209
Bright heralds of the Eternal...	157	But O! their end, their...	101	By this inspired...	458
Bright, in that happy land...	410	But O, the soul that never...	107	By Thy birth and early years...	146
Bright, like a sun, the Saviour	491	But our earnest supplication...	395	By Thy deep expiring groan...	146
Bright seraphs, dispatched...	205	But out of all, the Lord...	231	By Thy most severe temptation	273
Bright the star of your...	61	But O, what beams of heavenly	491	By Thy reconciling love...	228
Bring, my heart, thy tribute...	48	But O! when gloomy doubts...	245		
Brother, in that solemn trust...	363	But O! when that last...	157		
Brother, wake! for he who...	389	But Power Divine can do the...	106		
Brother, wake! the night is...	380	But shall my soul be then...	180		
Brought forth to judgment...	77	But should the surges rise...	261		
Brought safely by His hand...	236	But since Thou hast Thy love...	203		
Bulwarks of mighty...	483	But sinners, filled with guilty...	942		
Burdened with a load of sin...	147	But some of them seem poor...	225		
Burdened with a world of...	113	But soon He'll break death's...	81		
Buried in sorrow and in sin...	181	But souls enlightened from...	499		
Burst thy shackles, drop thy...	403	But speak, my Lord, and calm...	135		
Burst wide, ye heavenly...	213	But sweeter far the still small...	221		
Bury the dead and weep...	161	But there's a voice of...	461		
But a better day shall be...	334	But those visions never blessed	18		
But above all, lay hold...	192	But Thou art not in tempest...	32		
But a celestial voice I heard...	173	But Thou art true, incarnate...	275		
But a drought has since...	275	But, though from his awful...	364		
But, ah! my inward spirit...	253	But though the sun-set hours...	44		
But all was mercy...	460	But Thou hast brethren here...	343		
But angels themselves can not...	456	But Thou wilt heal the broken...	245		
But at this peaceful...	478	But thronging round, with...	28		
But, bowed in lowliness of...	339	But thy spirit soars to glory...	381		
But charity, serene, sublime...	159	But timorous mortals start and	491		
But, chiefest, in our cleansed...	84	But 'tis in vain they strive to...	258		
But chief 'tis joy to think that...	225	But 'tis our God supports our...	257		
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb	108	But to draw near to Thee, my...	57		
But drops of grief can ne'er...	144	But to sing the rest of glory...	119		
But dry your tears, and tune...	87	But to the gracious...	102		
But earth and sin...	293	But to those who have...	114		
But ere one fleeting hour is...	141	But to Thy house will I resort...	6		
But ere the trumpet shakes...	369	But we are come to Sion's hill...	223		
But ere this spacious world was	37	But weep for their sorrows, who	383		
But even years are passing by...	31	But weep for the mourners...	384		
But fixed for everlasting years	22	But we shall mourn him long...	344		
But flowers of paradise...	191	But we shall yet behold the...	246		
"But gather all my saints," He	143	But we weak ones, but we...	327		
But give to Christ alone thy...	336	But we who know our Lord...	443		
But God shall raise His head...	153	But what to those who find...	142		
But hark! He prays: 'tis for...	77	But when He came the second...	93		
But He, for His own mercy's...	142	But when His troubled waters...	257		
But her sorrows quickly fled...	112	But when loud the trumpet...	493		
But he that turns to God shall...	165	But when, on Thy bosom...	383		
But he who marks, from day to	393	But when we view Thy strange...	33		
But he whose blossom buds in...	55	But where the Gospel comes...	12		
But high she shoots through air	160	But while I thus in anguish...	148		
But hush, my soul, nor dare...	159	But while untroubled, they...	237		
But I amid your choirs shall...	157	But who can e'er describe the...	399		
But I am jealous of my heart...	236	But who can speak Thy...	40		
But I am Thine, my ransom...	139	But why keep they that narrow...	225		
But if at any time we cease...	337	But will He prove a friend...	98		
But if Immanuel's face appear...	188	But will, indeed, Jehovah...	230		
But if it hath been sin of mine	186	By all hell's host withstood...	193		
But if my culture...	102	By all its joys I charge my...	185		
But if no more with kindred...	209	By cool Sileam's shady rill...	294		
But if this weariness hath come	181	By day, along th' astonished...	165		
But if Thy Spirit, gracious Lord	351	By day, by night, at home...	164		
But, if you trifle with His...	120	By day Thy hand shall lead...	282		
But I have felt Thee in my...	187	By each saving word unspoken	327		
But I'll confess my guilt to...	141	By evil beast, or burning sky...	283		
But in His looks a glory stands	163	By faith I see the land...	211		
But I shall share a glorious part	1	By faith we already behold...	388		
		Call me away from flesh and..	217		
		Call to mind that unknown...	273		
		Calmly the day forsakes our...	425		
		Calvary's mournful mountain...	110		
		Can a woman's tender care...	268		
		Can I, with hopes so firmly built	249		
		Can loving children e'er...	443		
		Canst thou, in that awful day...	441		
		Can this be He who went to...	342		
		Captives of sin and shame...	116		
		Careful without care I am...	149		
		Careless, through onward...	113		
		Care, pain, and grief, the wild...	354		
		Cast thy guilty soul...	461		
		Cease, cease, ye vain...	342		
		Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to...	370		
		Celestial choirs, from courts...	63		
		Celestial King! Thy blazing...	42		
		Champion of Jesus! on that...	349		
		Change and change are busy...	264		
		Changed from glory into glory...	248		
		Cheered by a signal so divine...	133		
		Cheerfully they walk with...	1		
		Cheerful we tread the desert...	28		
		Cheerful, where'er Thy hand...	145		
		Cheer up! cheer up! the day...	375		
		"Chief of ten thousand!" now...	4		
		Childhood's preceptor!...	21		
		Child of sin and sorrow...	126		
		Children a sweet hosanna sung	445		
		Chosen of God...	289		
		Christ, by prophets long...	62		
		Christian! dry your flowing...	88		
		"Christ is born, the great...	64		
		Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	89		
		Christ, when Thou shalt call...	75		
		Churches and sects, strike...	322		
		Close by its banks in order fair	23		
		Clothed with our nature still...	189		
		Clothe me, Lord, with...	347		
		Cold mountains and...	453		
		Cold on His cradle the dew...	40		
		Come, Almighty, to deliver...	208		
		Come, all who love...	292		
		Come, and with humble souls...	47		
		Come as a Messenger of peace...	247		
		Come as an Angel, hence to...	297		
		Come as a Shepherd; guard...	347		
		Come as a Teacher, sent from...	297		
		Come as a Watchman; take...	297		
		Come, bless the Lord, whose...	8		
		Come, brethren, you who love...	376		
		Come, fill our hearts...	451		
		Come, for all else must fail and	237		
		Come, for all things now are...	119		
		Come! for I need Thy love...	277		
		Come, freely come, by sin...	243		
		Come give us your hand, and...	121		
		Come, gracious Lord...	465		

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand	238	For Thou, within no walls....	3	Give thanks aloud to God....	51
Fear not, I am with thee, Oh!	230	For Thou, with sweet and....	344	Give them stanch honesty....	326
Fear not, said he—for mighty...	66	For Thy dear mercy's sake....	255	Give Thou the word; that....	366
Fear not that He will o'er....	254	For Thy rich, Thy free....	65	Give tongues of fire, and hearts...	300
Fear not the powers of earth....	254	For we must share, if we....	357	Give us comfort when we die....	64
Fear not the terrors of the....	254	For we know the Lord of glory...	443	Gladdened by the flowing....	314
Fear not the want of outward...	254	For what on earth can I desire...	414	Glad shouts aloud—wide....	46
Feeble, trembling, fainting....	430	For when self-seeking turns to...	187	Glad, we trace th' amazing....	62
Fellowship with him....	473	For who but He that arched the...	417	Glory to God, in full anthems...	90
Fight on, my soul, till death....	192	For whom didst Thou the cross...	125	Glory to God, on high....	70
Fight on, ye conquering souls...	301	Found guilty of excess of love...	73	"Glory to God!" the sounding...	69
Filled with delight, my....	412	Fountain of o'erflowing grace...	201	Glory to God! who deigns to....	9
Fill a heart with thoughts of...	444	Four and twenty elders rise....	444	Glory to God, who dwells on....	63
Finish then Thy new creation...	208	Frail children of dust, and....	49	Glory to God, who is in heaven...	417
Firm are the words His....	45	Free from anger and from....	228	Glory to Jesus, who returns....	81
Firm as His throne, His....	177	Free, too, the captive mind....	326	Glory to Jesus, who returns....	165
Firmly trusting in Thy blood....	201	Free us from sin....	484	Glory to Thee, O God most....	162
Firm on the ground of....	489	Free as the grass our bodies....	257	Go, and share His people's....	594
Fixed on this ground will I....	243	Fresh roses in Thy hand....	358	Go—and when exposed to....	315
Fix, O fix my wavering mind....	27	Friend of the friendless and the...	237	Go—bid the bright and....	202
Floods of everlasting light....	404	Friends, fondly cherished, have...	411	Go, clothe the naked, lead the...	336
Floods of tribulation....	469	From all eternity with love....	171	God calls our loved ones, but....	365
Flow to restore, but not....	22	From all thy wanderings now....	104	God, from on high, has heard....	400
Flow, wondrous stream, with....	23	From busy scenes we now....	4	God, from on high, invites us...	165
Fly abroad, thou mighty....	315	From earth his freed affections...	349	God hath pronounced a firm....	81
Foli her, O Father, in Thine....	355	From earth we shall quickly....	388	God, in Israel, sows the seeds...	147
Follow to the judgment-hall....	110	From east and west....	486	God in the treasure....	251
Follow, with reverent steps, the...	323	From east to west the sun....	3	God is our strength and song....	31
Fond youth, while free from....	126	From everlasting is His might...	83	God is our sun; He....	477
Fond, and impotent, and....	159	From fear to hope, from hope....	142	God is our sun, whose daily....	422
Footprints over rise their....	1	From heaven He came, of....	7	God measures into all....	162
Footprints which, perhaps....	272	From Jesus and His love, who...	168	God meets the throngs who....	327
Forbid it, Lord, that I should....	74	From marble domes and....	4	God, my Redeemer, lives....	760
For carnal heart is just....	247	From man great skill....	159	God of glory, God of grace....	166
For death His sacred seal has....	38	From north to south, from east...	342	God of my strength, how long...	53
Forerunner of the sun....	258	From one rude boy that's used...	444	God of our fathers, hear....	361
For ever firm Thy justice....	63	From Oregon benighted....	486	God of our salvation....	184
For ever reign, victorious....	85	From parent's eye and paths of...	556	God of our sleeping hours....	367
For ever shall Thy throne....	37	From sea to sea, from shore to...	283	God only is the creature's....	189
For ever with the Lord....	195	From sea to sea, through all....	45	God only knows the love of....	203
For every thirsty, longing....	104	From sorrow, toil, and pain....	227	God pities all our griefs....	197
For friends and brethren dear....	13	From soul to soul, quick as the...	20	God reigns on high....	76
Forget not, brother, thou hast...	337	From strength to strength go....	192	God sends his word....	417
Forget not—Thou who bore....	290	From strife of tongues and....	221	God shall preserve my soul....	249
Forget us not—when on the....	290	From the burden of the body....	384	God ruleth on high, almighty....	48
For good is the Lord....	20	From the cross uplifted high....	147	God's Spirit will not always....	101
Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear...	416	From the dark grave He rose....	210	God, the all-merciful, earth....	321
For gentleness, love, and peace....	108	From Thee, the overruling....	145	God, the eternal, mighty God...	183
Forgive our transgressions....	442	From the highest throne of....	65	God, the Omnipotent! mighty...	321
For God has marked each....	286	From thence He'll quickly....	210	God, thine own God, has richly...	323
For God, that God the good....	55	From the provisions of Thy....	53	God, Thy God, will now restore...	314
For God the Lord, both sun....	9	From the Saviour's smiling....	281	God, whom we serve, our God...	187
Forgotten be each worldly....	217	From the sword, at noonday....	16	God will exalt His glorious....	81
For her my tears shall fall....	2-7	From the third heaven where....	390	God works in all things; all....	414
For her our prayer shall rise....	326	From the tyranny within....	331	Go, imitate the grace divine....	305
For him, break not the grassy....	348	From the youth of....	44	Go, man of pleasure, strike thy...	5
For Him shall endless prayer....	137	From Thy house when we....	15	Good is the Lord our God....	85
For Him shall prayer....	303	From Thy works our joys....	15	Good-will to men, and zeal for...	89
For His truth and mercy stand...	27	From torturing pains to endless...	389	Good-will to men; ye fallen....	63
For O vain would I gaze....	408	From western realms....	486	Go tell the sinful....	454
For if, unheeding or beguiled...	289	From year to year....	102	Go to many a tropic isle....	809
For I know that my....	357	Full of joyful expectation....	38	Go to the grave; at noon from...	367
For not like kingdoms of the....	289	Full oft wast thou found afar....	71	Go to the grave; for there thy...	367
For O! in spite of constant care...	414	Fully in my life express....	229	Go to the grave;—not; take thy...	367
For O, we stand....	490			Go—to the hungry food impart...	802
For, sure as children ages tell....	91			Go to the rude....	484
For surely we may weep to....	134	G. Gather first My saints arou d....	350	Go up with Christ your Head....	198
For sure, of all the plants that...	107	Gay is the morning; flattering...	257	Go where the friendless....	376
For These alone we would....	414	Gay mirth shall deepen into....	187	Go where the sick recline....	485
For Thee, my God, the living....	56	Gently the passing spirit fed....	355	Go where the waves....	487
For the grandeur of Thy....	65	Gently with the dawning ray....	431	Grace all the work shall crown...	193
For the Lord will not cast off....	356	Gethsemane can we forget....	244	Grace first contrived a way....	193
For then to earth a light is....	344	Gird on, great God, Thy sword...	18	Grace led my roving feet....	193
For there adieus are sounds....	399	Give glory to the Lord....	428	Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming...	163
For there is hope of a tree, if it...	407	Give me a calm, a thankful....	57	Grace will complete what grace...	42
Forth, in the flowery spring....	430	Give me a faith shall never fail...	184	Gracious Saviour....	494
For this He came....	474	Give me, O Lord, a place....	226	Grant, O grant Thy Spirit's....	209
For this stupendous....	458	Give me one kind, assuring....	106	Graves have yawed in....	114
For this Thy temple, Lord, we...	107	Give me on Thee to wait....	294	Grave, the guardian of our....	363
For Thou hast heard, O God of...	339	Give me the presence....	464	Great Advocate, almighty....	164
For Thou hast placed us side by...	337	Give, O give us wings....	457	Great All in All, Eternal King...	166

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Great are Thy consolations....	451	Heal me, for my flesh is weak....	267	Help us turn from the caviol of....	322
Great God! a creature can not....	34	Heal our wounds—our strength....	264	He met that glance so.....	140
Great God, create my heart....	155	He always wins who sides with....	247	Henceforth, beside Him on His....	322
Great God, how infinite art....	32	Heart-broken, friendless, poor....	155	Henceforth, our conversation....	322
Great God, impress the serious....	491	Hear the blest Redeemer.....	484	Hence, gloomy doubts and.....	222
Great God, let all my hours be....	43	Hear the cries he now is.....	145	Hence, then, ye black.....	164
Great God! on what a slender....	107	Hear the heathen's sad.....	315	He opens the eyes of.....	455
Great God, subdue this vicious....	191	Hear the mountain streamlet....	48	He raised me from the depths of....	174
Great God, the work is all....	162	Hear them tell the wondrous....	64	Her dust and ruins that remain....	57
Great God, Thy sovereign....	443	He, as man with man.....	291	Here, before Thee, fallen.....	147
Great God, what do I see and....	312	He, as our pattern.....	477	Here be Thy praise devoutly....	296
Great God, whom heavenly....	257	He, at a mother's breast.....	434	Here fix my roving heart.....	197
"Great is the work," my.....	173	Heaven at the sight are.....	313	Here I behold Thy distant face....	390
Great Paraclete! to Thee we....	54	Heaven and earth must pass....	260	Here I live in.....	469
Great Prophet of our God....	43	Heaven from above His call....	106	Here I'll sit for ever viewing....	249
Great Shepherd of Thy chosen....	93	Heaven is the dwelling-place....	493	Here I raise my Ebenezer.....	204
Great Source of wisdom, teach....	34	Heaven is the place where.....	313	Here I would for ever stay....	261
Great Sun of Righteousness....	22	Heavenly blessings without....	454	Here, in the body pent.....	194
Great things, O everlasting....	293	Heavenly Father, life divine....	263	Here in their house of.....	225
Grief may, like the pilgrim....	581	Heaven's bright melodious....	75	Here in Thy courts I leave my....	138
Guard every avenue from guile....	423	Heaven's broad day hath o'er....	581	Here it is I find my heaven....	209
		Heaven unfolds its portals wide....	80	Here let my faith unshaken....	467
		He bears their buffeting and....	77	Here let our hearts begin to....	291
H.		He bids me come! His voice....	271	Here let Thy holy days be kept....	296
Had I a glance of Thee, my....	156	He bows beneath the sins of....	131	Here, light descends from.....	478
Hail, great Immanuel, all....	235	He bows His gracious ear....	226	Here may Thine honor dwell....	296
Hail, hail, all hail, ye bloo!....	373	He bows the heavens; the....	39	Here mercy's boundless ocean....	49
"Hail, hail, auspicious morn....	67	He breaks the captive's heavy....	43	Here mines of knowledge....	448
Hail Him, ye heirs of David's....	174	He breaks the power of....	177	Here, O my soul, thy trust....	167
Hail, Jesus! all victorious....	301	He by his blood.....	473	Here on the mercy-seat....	226
Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail....	129	He called Himself my covenant....	149	Here peace and pardon.....	293
Hail, mighty Saviour! Thee....	10	He came in tongues of living....	92	Here see the bread of life; see....	269
Hail, Prince of life! for ever....	68	He came, sweet influence to....	93	Here shall you taste.....	482
"Hail, Prince of life!" they....	92	He comes, arrayed in burning....	43	Here, sinners, you may.....	460
Hail! the heaven-born Prince....	63	He comes, from thickest fogs....	69	Here's love and grief beyond....	74
Hail to the brightness of Zion's....	310	He comes! He comes! that....	93	Here, then, my God, be pleased....	153
Hallelujah! church victorious....	335	He comes! He comes! The....	158	Here the whole Deity is....	333
Hallelujah! for the Lord....	390	He comes, the broken heart to....	69	Here to my willing soul....	325
Hallelujah! hark! the sound....	590	He comes! the Conqueror....	359	Here we come Thy name to....	14
Hallelujah! strains of gladness....	395	He comes, the prisoner to....	69	Here we meet to part again....	478
Happy, if with my latest breath....	181	He comes to cheer the....	72	Here will we rest, here build....	249
Happy the man, whose hopes....	329	He comes, with savor speedy....	517	He rides and thunders through....	43
Happy they who never rest....	54	He comes, your souls to save....	70	He rides upon the winged wind....	55
Hard names at first, and....	445	He comes, Thy life with love....	450	Her portion in those realms of....	145
Hark! from the midnight hills....	72	He darts along the burning....	33	Her tender mercies freely fall....	335
Hark, hark, my Lord and....	373	He died to sin; he died to care....	249	He rules the world with truth....	68
Hark! hark!—the sound draws....	79	He ever lives above....	211	He sat serene upon the floods....	46
Hark! hark! to God the....	168	He fills the poor with good....	459	He saw me as He passed....	123
Hark! herald voices near....	342	He formed the deeps....	499	He saw me plunged in deep....	190
Hark! how He groans, while....	80	He formed the seas, and formed....	43	He saw the nations lie....	51
Hark, how the angels sweetly....	19	He forms the carnal....	492	He sends His showers of....	426
Hark! how the choir above....	222	He freely redeemed, with His....	265	He sends His word, and multi....	426
Hark, it is the Saviour's voice....	112	He frees the souls condemned....	357	He sent His only Son....	51
Hark! the cherubim armies....	63	He from the dreadful gates of....	351	He sees the oppressor and....	23
Hark! the glad shout of sacred....	393	He gave the mountains birth....	351	He shakes the heavens with....	37
Hark! the thrilling symphonies....	444	He gifts thy mourning face....	212	He shall come down, like....	317
Hark! those bursts of....	91	He guards Thy soul, He keeps....	249	He shall reign from pole to pole....	309
Harmonious accents to my....	185	He guides our feet, He guards....	52	He sheds abroad the....	452
Has cheered the nations with....	13	He has pardons, full and free....	116	He sits a Sovereign on His....	57
Haste, and mercy now implore....	113	He hears our praises and....	8	He smiles—and seraphs tune....	394
Haste, my Beloved, fetch my....	184	He held us to his....	494	He spake, and light shone....	365
Hasten, Lord! the promised....	301	He hung its starry roof on high....	267	He spake, and my poor name....	160
"Haste, ye mortals, to adore....	61	He in the days of feeble flesh....	87	He spake the wondrous word....	37
Haste, O sinner! now return....	113	He in the thickest darkness....	257	He speaks, and at His fierce....	55
Haste, O sinner! to the....	115	Heir of the same inheritance....	357	He speaks, and lo! all nature....	42
Haste thee on from grace to....	274	He knew them all—the doubt....	78	He spreads His kind....	384
Haste while yet thou canst be....	143	He leads me to the place....	197	He strengthens my spirit, He....	233
Has found the pearl of price....	177	He left His starry crown....	219	He sunk beneath our heavy....	291
Has thy night been long and....	314	He lives! again He lives....	123	He taught the solemn....	478
Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy....	183	He lives—the everlasting God....	52	He that dwells near Thee....	284
Hast thou no tears, like those....	157	Hell and all the powers infernal....	75	He to eternal glory calls....	51
Hast Thou not pledged Thy....	222	Hell and the grave unite their....	10	He took our mortal....	81
Hath He his loving-kindness....	154	Hell and thy sins resist thy....	165	He took the dying....	457
Have pity on my fears....	96	He'll shield you with a wall of....	300	He vanquished sin and hell....	95
Have we forgot the almighty....	353	He looks! and ten thousands....	232	He was extended, He was....	129
Have ye forgot, or never knew....	329	He, Lord of all the worlds on....	105	He washed us in His....	470
Have you no dear ones round....	335	He loved His own bright, deep....	348	He wept that we....	465
Have you not known a....	375	He loves His saints; He knows....	329	He whispers me—"I'm wholly....	168
Have you no words? Ah....	47	He loves to come when others....	251	He who has helped me....	236
Headlong we cleave the....	475	Help me by Thy word to....	443	He, whose ear is everywhere....	331
Head of Thy church beneath....	19	Help me to watch and pray....	195	He will present our souls....	199
He all His foes shall quell....	13				

	PAGE
He will sustain our weakest...	219
He with earthly cares.....	204
High as the heavens are raised	81
High God, and pure, and.....	159
High Heaven, that hears the...	292
High o'er th' angelic band He.	87
High o'er the earth His mercy	44
High on a throne His glories...	40
High on a throne of radiant...	336
High on His holy seat.....	83
Him, in whom they move and.	61
His blessed renovation.....	455
His bounties are free.....	265
His dearest flesh He makes my	168
His dews drop mutely on the...	341
His enemies, with sore dismay	41
His foes shall fall with heedless	324
His foes shall tremble at the...	177
His glory now no.....	474
His goodness stands approved.	261
His grace will to the end.....	194
His hand in beauty gives.....	338
His hand no thunder bears.....	190
His hands provide our food.....	35
His hands the wheels of nature	87
His hoary frost, His fleecy.....	426
His holy angels pitch their...	172
His honor is engaged to save.	247
His kingdom can not fail.....	18
His love exceeds your highest...	10
His love from eternity fixed...	25
His love in my heart shed.....	205
His love what mortal thought...	181
His mercies still endure.....	262
His name the sinner hears.....	83
His name yields the richest.....	389
His nature, truth, and love.....	226
His own kind hand shall wipe...	396
His piercing eyes at once.....	38
His power subdues our sins.....	81
His presence oft revives.....	482
His presence sinks the proudest	177
His providence unfolds the...	33
His purposes will ripen fast...	57
His sacred name a common.....	386
His sanctuary is the heart.....	5
His sovereign power, without...	40
His spirit, with a bound.....	359
His standard-bearers now.....	194
His steady counsels change the	426
His terrors keep the world in...	53
His very word of grace is.....	47
His voice sublime is heard afar	39
His voice we hear.....	254
His wondrous works.....	459
His work my hoary age shall...	174
His wrath, like flaming fire...	259
Hither come, for here is found.	113
Hither, from earth's remotest...	370
Hither, then, your tribute.....	206
Hol all ye hungry, starving...	191
Holiness becomes Thy dwelling	17
Holy Ghost, no more delay.....	263
Holy Ghost! with joy divine...	205
Holy Ghost! with power divine	265
Holy pilgrim! what for thee...	112
Holy Spirit! all divine.....	265
Holy Truth! Eternal Right.....	491
Honor—thy joys are passing.....	313
Honor Immortal must be paid...	163
Hope looks beyond the bounds...	351
Hosanna in the highest strains...	6
Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels...	84
Hosannas, Lord! to Thee we...	333
Hosanna to th' anointed King...	6
Hosanna to the.....	295
How awful is the sight!.....	103
How beautiful, on all the hills...	344
How blessed are our eyes.....	332
How blessed, by.....	475
How blessed, Lord, are they...	429

	PAGE
How blest the solemn.....	476
How blest the vow.....	476
How can I die.....	470
How can I meet His eyes.....	360
How can we wish them.....	411
How charming is their voice...	332
How cold and feeble is my.....	448
How damp were the vapors.....	71
How decent and how.....	450
How did love seize me—that...	139
How dreadful was the hour...	153
How far from this our daily...	131
How far this heavenly robe...	181
How glorious He! How happy...	87
How glorious was the grace...	153
How happy all Thy servants...	134
How happy are our ears.....	332
How happy are the saints.....	244
How happy the people that...	383
How He left His throne in...	443
How kind are Thy.....	46
How kind Thou art! Thou...	159
How large His bounties are...	197
How little of that road, my soul	183
How long, dear Saviour, O how	396
How long, dear Saviour, shall I	143
How long must we lie lingering	393
How long the holy city.....	282
How! winds of night, your.....	39
How many children in the.....	445
How many hearts thou mightst	180
How many painful days on.....	340
How mighty is His hand.....	51
How mournfully that golden...	424
How much better thou't.....	441
How much is mercy thy.....	138
How oft my mournful thoughts	79
How oft they look to heavenly...	156
How perfect is Thy word.....	12
How pleasant the path.....	475
How pure Thou art! Our.....	159
How shall weak eyes of flesh...	166
How shall we tune our voice...	298
How should our songs, like.....	39
How skillfully she builds her...	445
How slowly does His wrath.....	42
How straight the path appears	193
How strong Thou art! We.....	159
How such holy memories.....	430
How sure established is Thy...	37
How sweet is this.....	475
How sweet the tear of.....	425
How sweet, through long.....	425
How sweet to look, in.....	425
How sweet was that moment...	71
How sweet while thus.....	476
How sweet will be the.....	7
How swift to save me didst...	241
How tranquil now the rising...	99
How vain the delusion, that...	121
How we deserve the deepest...	165
How will my heart endure...	360
How will my lips rejoice to tell	182
How will our joy and wonder...	398
How will thy blessed.....	477
How ye that pant for living...	191
Huge troubles, with.....	249
Humble as a little child.....	147
Hunger, thirst, disease.....	402

I.

I am weary of the trifles.....	276
I ask a foretaste of the peace...	7
I ask them whence their.....	399
I bent before Thy gracious...	223
I beseech Thee, prostrate.....	361
I call to recollection.....	154
I can't but perish if I go.....	183
I can not feel Thee touch my...	147
I can not live contented here...	161
I cast my burdens on the Lord	249

	PAGE
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray...	7
I come, Thy servant, Lord.....	377
I come to join that countless...	132
I could give thee thousand.....	441
"I delivered Thee when bound	268
"I die for thee," He said.....	123
I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's	155
I dreamed of celestial rewards...	378
I dream of that fair land, O.....	422
I'd sing the characters He.....	202
I'd sing the precious blood He	202
I'd tell Him how my sins arise	139
If aught should tempt my soul	249
If bright the world where Thou	155
If burning beams of noon.....	53
If distress befall thee.....	285
If done beneath Thy laws.....	195
I feel a strong, immortal hope...	378
I feel throughout my evil day...	158
If e'er I go astray.....	197
If e'er I heedless stray.....	211
If, for Thy sake, upon my.....	156
If God hath made this world so	30
If government be all destroyed	323
If He afflict His saints so far...	323
If He is mine, I.....	471
If He is mine, I'll.....	471
If He is mine, let.....	471
If He is mine, then.....	471
If He withdraws a moment's...	163
If I, a wretch, should leave...	79
If I love, why am I.....	472
If in my Father's love.....	199
If in this darksome wild I stray	157
If I pray or hear.....	472
If I to mention Thee forbear...	238
If life be not in length of days...	346
If love, that mildest flame, can	189
If love to God and.....	470
If my immortal Saviour lives...	167
If night's blue curtain of the...	20
If o'er my sins I think to draw	57
If pain afflict, or.....	466
If sang the morning stars for...	306
If Satan tempt our hearts to...	243
If such the sweetness of the...	252
If tears of sorrow would suffice	105
If there's a fervor in my soul...	189
If this dear change be Thine...	186
If Thou art my shield and my...	205
If Thou hadst bid Thy.....	203
If Thou shouldst quickly.....	492
If Thou shouldst take them all	253
If vapors with malignant breath	53
If winged with beams of.....	57
If ye have wept at yonder cross	87
I had no power to ask His.....	160
I hate to hear a wanton song...	444
I have long withstood His grace	111
I have no argument beside.....	221
I have no cares, O blessed Will	247
I have no skill the snare to shun	159
I have seen the flowers wither...	276
I have sinned, but Oh restore...	209
I hear at morn and even.....	361
I hear, but seem to hear in vain	143
I heard His people shout.....	146
I heard the law its thunders...	148
I hear the bee humming.....	457
I hear the voice—"Ye dead..."	318
I hear the invitation.....	435
I hoped that in some favored...	135
I implored Thy succor.....	184
I in weal or woe.....	474
I know Thee, Saviour, who.....	170
I know the soul that trusts in...	246
I know Thou wilt not slight...	415
I laid me down and slept—I.....	241
I languish and sigh to be there	398
I lay my body down to sleep...	418
I lay my garments by.....	423

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
I'll cast myself before His feet.	240	Instead of wine and cheerful.	217	I thought that the course of the . . .	378
I'll go to Jesus, though my sin.	138	In such society as this.	217	"It is finished!" Oh what.	97
I'll make your great.	305	In suffering be Thy love my.	171	It is; it is; and I adore.	66
I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders.	351	In sunder break each warlike.	303	It is not for thee to be seeking. . . .	408
I'll sing Thy majesty and grace.	324	In that beautiful place he is.	442	It is that heaven-born faith.	253
I'll speak the honors of thy.	190	In that low land of deep.	150	It is the Lord—my covenant.	249
Ill, that God blesses, is our.	247	In the ark the weary dove.	147	It is the Lord—who gives me.	249
I long, dearest Lord, in Thy.	448	In the cold prison of the tomb. . . .	10	It makes the wounded spirit.	191
I love, by faith, to take a view.	444	In the cross of Christ I glory.	273	I told Him all my silent grief.	172
I love her gates; I love the road. . . .	8	In Thee I place my trust.	260	I, too, at the season ordained.	205
I love, in solitude, to shed.	424	In the deserts let me labor.	314	It passed not, though the.	78
I love Thy church, O God.	227	In the furnace God may prove.	314	Its dewy morn, its glowing.	3
I love to meet Thy people now.	125	In the garden o'er.	484	It seems as if the Christian's. . . .	9
I love to think on mercies past.	424	In the last hour of deep distress. . .	80	Its pleasures now no longer.	139
I may not to Thy courts.	247	In the leafy tree-tops.	488	Its skies are not like earthly.	394
Immortal glories crown His.	394	In the midst of affliction, my.	59	It sweetly cheers our fainting. . . .	21
Immortal glory forms His.	41	In them Thou may'st be.	336	It tells me of a place of rest.	236
Immortal light, and joys.	43	In the new-made.	430	It was heaven below.	232
Immortal wonders! boundless.	414	In the sacred page.	463	It was my guide, my light, my. . . .	168
Immovably founded in grace.	388	In the way a thousand snares.	229	It was the good Physician now. . . .	366
I'm now on my journey to.	71	In the world of endless ruin.	279	It was the sight of Thy dear.	167
Impossible!—for Thine own.	161	In the world will foes assail me. . .	278	I've not a secret care or pain.	246
Impressed with the image.	450	In Thine all-gracious.	247	I've seen Thy glory and Thy.	6
In all my ways Thy hand I own.	159	In this divine abode.	108	I want a godly fears.	394
In all our Maker's grand.	41	In those dark, silent realms of. . . .	342	I want a sober mind.	294
In all the times of my distress.	244	In Thy assembly.	206	I want a true regard.	197
In answer to our.	477	In Thy fair book of life and.	33	I want that grace that springs. . . .	167
In autumn, a rich feast.	436	In Thy word I hear Thee saying. . . .	209	I want to put on my attire.	387
In books, or work, or healthful.	445	In Thy strength may we be.	229	I was blind—Thy healing ray.	385
In descending love.	359	Into thy grave.	481	I was not born as thousands.	444
Increase my faith—Increase my.	179	In vain I task my aching brain. . . .	333	I was not born without a home. . . .	444
In darkest shades if He appear.	188	In vain on earth we hope to.	101	I was not born a little slave.	444
In darkest skies, though storms.	246	In vain our mortal voices.	458	I was not ever thus, nor.	289
In each event of life, how clear.	248	In vain the bright, the burning. . . .	185	I welcome all Thy sovereign.	143
I need not tell Thee who I am.	179	In vain the noisy crowd.	11	I will forgive them.	129
I need Thy presence every.	215	In vain the tempter's flattering. . . .	166	I will not fear, though armed. . . .	341
In every clime.	451	In vain thou strugglest to get.	179	I wish that His hands had been. . . .	442
In every dark, distressful hour.	164	In vain the trembling.	477	I wooed ambition, climbed the. . . .	155
In every joy that crowns me.	248	In vain we tune our formal.	153	I would begin the music here.	401
In every pang that rends me.	85	In want, my plentiful supply.	171	I would, but Thou must give.	135
In faith I hide myself.	465	In weakness, help us to.	73	I would for ever speak His.	133
In fellowship we join.	443	In whom but Thee, in heaven.	341	I would not ask to climb the.	105
Infinite joy, or endless woe.	167	In winter, awful Thou.	446	I would not breathe for worldly. . . .	178
Infamed with zeal.	467	In works of labor or of skill.	445	I would not live away; no.	379
In foreign realms and lands.	55	I pay this evening sacrifice.	425	I would submit to all Thy will. . . .	265
In Gilead there is balm.	211	I perish, and my doom were.	141	I would trust in Thy protecting. . . .	278
In God my strength, howe'er.	38	I ran and raised the Sufferer up. . . .	169	I yield my powers to Thy.	418
In golden armor blazing.	317	I rest upon Thy word.	197		
In golden pomp, when autumn.	255	Is a mighty famine now.	255		
In golden splendor dawning.	434	I saw, beyond the tomb.	259		
In heaven, and earth, and air.	231	I saw One hanging on a tree.	102		
In heaven the rapturous song.	68	I saw thee stray forlorn.	123		
In holy duties let the day.	3	I saw the opening gates of hell. . . .	241		
In holy words which can not.	420	I see, or think I see.	258		
In honor to His name.	212	I see the Lord of glory come.	498		
In hope of that ecstatic pause.	377	I shall His goodness see.	108		
In hope of that immortal.	397	I shield thee from alarms.	123		
In Israel stood His ancient.	86	I should, were He always thus.	289		
In Jesus is our store.	201	I sigh from this body of sin to.	408		
In life, Thy promises of aid.	164	I sigh to think of happier days. . . .	56		
In me the hindrance lies.	297	I sing the goodness of the Lord. . . .	34		
In me, Lord, Thyself reveal.	62	I sing the wisdom that.	34		
In midst of dangers, fears, and.	55	Is not e'en death a gain to.	335		
In my distress I called my God.	241	Is not Thy chariot hastening on. . . .	344		
In ocean caves still safe with.	415	Is not Thy name melodious.	188		
In one fraternal bond of love.	225	I spied Him where a fountain.	169		
In one vast symphony of.	393	Israel, a name divinely blest.	52		
In our sickness and our health.	219	Israel, now and evermore.	147		
In peopled vale.	483	Israel rejoice and rest secure.	219		
In prayer, my soul drew near.	140	Israel's strength and consolation. . . .	209		
In prison I saw Him next.	169	Is that He who died on Calvary. . . .	97		
In reason's ear they all rejoice.	255	Is the dream of nature flown.	431		
In riches when I sought for joy.	15	Is there a thing beneath the.	137		
In robes of judgment, lo! He.	41	Is there no guide to show that. . . .	130		
In scenes exalted or depressed.	164	Is there no kind, no healing art. . . .	345		
In secret foldings they contain.	237	Is this the Man of sorrows.	406		
In shame and anguish once life.	85	I strive to mount Thy holy hill. . . .	247		
In shining white they stand.	92	It can not in Eden be.	475		
In sight of all my foes.	147	It died ere its expanding soul.	340		
Inspire my soul.	47	It hallows every cross.	263		
Instead of this He bade me feel.	135	I thank Thee, God's beloved.	163		
				J.	
				Jehovah is God, and Jehovah. . . .	20
				Jehovah's awful voice is heard. . . .	185
				Jehovah's charioteers surround. . . .	298
				Jehovah—'tis a glorious word. . . .	40
				Jerusalem! my glorious home.	396
				Jerusalem! thy banished ones.	252
				Jesus, and when shall that dear. . . .	401
				Jesus can make a dying bed.	343
				Jesus, for this to Thee I cry.	153
				Jesus—full of truth and love.	113
				Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory. . . .	97
				Jesus, hail! whose glory.	96
				Jesus hath now received.	487
				Jesus, hear our humble prayer.	229
				Jesus, in heaviness and fear.	466
				Jesus, in solitude and.	466
				Jesus, in weakness of.	466
				Jesus is from the proud.	235
				Jesus is worthy to receive.	181
				Jesus, I throw my arms around.	106
				Jesus lives, and by His grace.	200
				Jesus lives, and death is now.	200
				Jesus lives, and God extends.	200
				Jesus lives, and I am sure.	200
				Jesus lives, and reigns supreme. . . .	200
				Jesus lives! henceforth is death. . . .	371
				Jesus lives! I know full well.	371
				Jesus lives! to Him the throne.	371
				Jesus, my all in all Thou art.	171
				Jesus, my constant friend Thou. . . .	555
				Jesus, my God, but rather.	163
				Jesus, my God!—I know His.	177

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
Jesus, my God, Thy blood....	155	Let charity, benevolence.....	484	Light of them that sit in.....	315
Jesus, my hope, my rock, my...	132	Let clouds, and winds, and....	49	Like airy bubbles, lo! we rise...	349
Jesus, my righteousness.....	466	Let day and dusky night.....	59	Like arrows went those.....	93
Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian	191	Let distant times and nations....	49	Like flames of fire His.....	45
Jesus my Shepherd is.....	196	Let each unholty passion cease..	9	Like floods the angry nations..	37
Jesus, once numbered with the	85	Let earth and heaven.....	477	Like Him, now in my youth....	285
Jesus, our God, ascends on....	83	Let earth's alluring joys.....	132	Like Him, through scenes of....	37
Jesus, our great High Priest....	116	Let elders worship at His feet....	182	Like Him whose letters dropp'd...	23
Jesus, our great High Priest....	83	Let everlasting thanks be Thine...	24	Like that sweet rain on Judah's...	170
Jesus, our living Head.....	197	Let every act of worship be....	161	Like the rough sea that can....	105
Jesus, our Lord, descend.....	60	Let every creature join.....	50	Like trees of myrrh.....	473
Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives	81	Let every creature rise and....	163	Linger not in all the plain....	117
Jesus, our shadowy path illumine	251	Let every creature sing.....	59	Linger not, the stream is.....	181
Jesus says, "Let....."	430	Let every kindred, every tribe...	174	Long ring about these mortal....	107
Jesus shall ever reign.....	402	Let every saint above.....	459	Long of Judah—Hail!.....	94
Jesus smiles, and says—"Well	365	Let every step, let every.....	142	Listen, Christian, their.....	279
Jesus sought me when a.....	204	Let faith assisted now.....	476	Little, then, myself I knew....	147
Jesus, Face our Saviour.....	209	Let fall Thy rod of terror.....	284	Lives of true men all remind....	272
Jesus, the hinderance show....	152	Let floods and nations rage....	11	Living in the silent hours.....	430
Jesus, the Lord, their harps....	401	Let goodness and mercy, my....	90	Living stars to view be.....	431
Jesus the Lord will hear.....	226	Let him that heareth say.....	108	Lo! every kindred, tongue....	306
Jesus! the name that admires	177	Let Israel home returning.....	282	Lo! glad I come, and Thou....	172
Jesus—the name to sinners....	183	Let Israel to the Prince of....	69	Lo, God is here! Him, day and	45
Jesus! Thou art all compassion	208	Let Kedah's wilderness afar....	306	Lo! He comes—He heeds my...	267
Jesus, 'Thou everlasting King...	161	Let love and truth alone.....	322	Lo, He receives a sealed book...	234
Jesus, 'Thou Friend divine....	227	Let man conform his mind.....	262	Lo! He rises, mighty King!...	89
Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate...	77	Let me go; I may not tarry....	381	Lo! He slumbers in His.....	441
Jesus to multitudes.....	463	Let me love thee more.....	472	Lo! His triumphal chariot....	84
Jesus, to Thee I fly.....	108	Let me mingle tears with thee....	75	Lo, in the desert rich flowers...	310
Jesus, to Thy dear faithful hand	107	Let me never be forgetful.....	443	Lo, in these latter days, our...	830
Jesus, to whom I fly.....	263	Let me to some wild desert go...	249	Lo! it comes, that day of.....	383
Jesus! we come at Thy.....	98	Let me to Thee, in all my....	139	Lo! it dawns, the Sabbath....	17
Jesus, we will frequent.....	473	Let mountains from their seats...	52	Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee....	209
Jesus, who reigns above the....	445	Let music swell the breeze.....	318	Lo! Jesus, who invites.....	103
John, all ye ransomed race....	60	Let noise and flame confound....	42	Lone are the paths, and sad the	354
John, all ye saints.....	474	Let no sense of guilt prevail....	118	Lonely, I no longer roam.....	266
Joined in one Spirit to our....	224	Let not, amid our hours of....	422	Long hadst Thou reigned ere....	36
Join we then with one accord...	352	Let not conscience make you....	118	Long has Thy favor crown'd....	427
Joy e'en here—a budding.....	201	Let not death alarm thee.....	285	Long have we roamed in want...	5
Joyful, all ye nations! rise....	62	Let not the glowing.....	487	Lo! o'er ancient forms.....	261
Joyful crowds, His throne....	394	Let not Thy face be hid from....	54	Look from the tower of heaven	421
Joy of the desolate, light of the	261	Let others stretch their arms....	185	Look! how we grovel here....	153
Joy to the world—the Saviour....	68	Let our sins be all forgiven....	443	Look! all your bars of masonry...	84
Judge not the Lord by feeble....	57	Let past ingratitude.....	152	Loose me from the chains of....	62
Just as I am—and waiting not...	152	Let princes hear, let angels....	47	Lord at Thy foot ashamed I lie	444
Just as I am—poor, wretched....	132	Let pure clouds of.....	493	Lord! at Thy threshold I.....	9
Just as I am—though tossed....	132	Let rivers of salvation.....	20	Lord, bring these precious.....	73
Just as I am—Thou wilt.....	132	Let sorrow's rudest.....	449	Lord, decide thee.....	472
Just as I am—Thy love.....	132	Let strangers walk.....	453	Lord, fill each.....	452
Just such a pilgrimage is life....	352	Let the dumb world its silence....	76	Lord, for these days.....	484
Just such as I, this earth He....	243	Let the earth totter on her....	351	Lord, from Thine immortal glory	298
		Let them adore the Lord.....	436	Lord, give us such a.....	467
		Let them His great name.....	48	Lord God of truth and grace....	109
K.		Let these earthly Sabbaths....	15	Lord, grant me grace for every	248
Keep no longer at a distance....	275	Let the sweet hope then Thou....	150	Lord! how Thy wonders are....	34
Keep Thou our souls from.....	416	Let the whole earth His power...	23	Lord, I address Thy heavenly...	191
Kindled His relinings are.....	111	Let the world despise and....	254	Lord, I adore Thy matchless....	161
Kindle our senses from above...	38	Let this blest hope of mine....	418	Lord! I am guilty—I am vile...	144
Kingdoms wide that sit in.....	335	Let those refuse to sing.....	199	Lord! I come to Thee for rest...	219
King of glory, reign for ever...	96	Let those that sow in sadness....	175	Lord! I desire with Thee to live	184
Ribbons for harps their crowns...	493	Let Thy blood, by faith.....	149	Lord! I obey, my hopes.....	139
Knave as I am known.....	145	Let us altogether rise.....	257	Lord! if Thine arm support us...	187
Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain	183	Let us be simple with Him....	337	Lord! I my vows to Thee.....	419
Known to all to be Thy.....	208	Let us devote this consecrated...	421	Lord! in ceaseless.....	209
		Let us for each other care....	228	Lord! it is my chief complaint	268
L.		Let us still this love be.....	279	Lord Jesus, come! for hosts....	322
Labor! wait! though midnight...	239	Let us take up the cross.....	231	Lord Jesus, come! the slaves....	322
Lame as I am, I take the prey...	159	Let us, then, be up and doing....	272	Lord Jesus, take my spirit....	277
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith...	303	Let us, then, with angels sing....	62	Lord Jesus, we.....	481
Lead me, O Spirit, to the Son...	137	Let us, then, with joy remove...	228	Lord, keep me safe this night...	418
Lead me, dear Shepherd!—led...	190	Life, death, and hell, and....	33	Lord, let my soul for ever....	416
Lead us to God, our final rest...	59	Life is real, life is earnest....	272	Lord! let not all my hopes be...	100
Lead us to holiness, the road....	59	Life, like a fountain, rich and...	53	Lord, make these faithless....	131
Lead us to unguarded place....	192	Life's brightest joys we may....	349	Lord, may I ever keep in view	178
Lead us by Thy struggling saint...	129	Life's lid or done, as sinks the...	347	Lord, not in sepulchre alone....	134
Let aer, a'd earth, and skies....	445	Life will have its evil years....	449	Lord, not in sorrow's hour....	251
Let all combined, with one....	308	Life up the everlasting.....	432	Lord, not my will, but Thine....	245
Let all that dwell above thee...	181	Lift up thy voice to heaven....	39	Lord of earth and heaven! my...	385
Let all our lamps be bright....	195	Lift up your eyes, ye sons of....	89	Lord of earth! is man's heart....	143
Let all your secret passions....	8	Light and peace at once.....	371	Lord of every tribe and nation...	313
Let cares like a wild deluge....	251	Light immortal! Light divine...	261	Lord of Heaven! beyond our...	385

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Lord of the nations! thus to...	342	May the great truths we here...	5	My hands are weary, toiling on...	215
Lord of the patriarchs gone...	137	May the millions now adoring...	335	My heart and flesh cry out for...	9
Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine...	76	May the Spirit...	48	My heart doth feel that still...	304
Lord, plant us all...	293	May they that Jesus...	482	My heart grows warm with...	235
Lord, prepare us by Thy grace...	111	May Thy rich grace impart...	222	My heart is fixed: my song...	44
Lord, remove this grievous...	204	May we, a little band of love...	224	My heart is weary of its own...	215
Lord! rise in Thine...	141	May we in faith receive Thy...	2-1	My heart, O Lord, forgets to...	422
Lord, send a beam of light...	134	May we teach them...	404	My heart shall triumph in my...	1
Lord! send the gracious tidings...	61	Meekly may my soul...	147	My heart with grief is breaking...	154
Lord! shall the breathings of...	145	Meekness, humility, and...	4-7	My heaven in Thee, O Father...	321
Lord, shall we flee...	471	Me it our chains...	457	My heaven in Thee! O God...	321
Lord, submissive make us go...	223	Me may Zion welcome, saved...	369	My home henceforth is in the...	355
Lord! the water-floods have...	97	Men, not now their hands...	313	My knowledge of that life is...	249
Lord! the words Thy lips are...	97	Mercy and Truth, that long...	365	My life is but a span...	361
Lord, this is our ardent...	17	Mercy looked down with...	84	My life, my joy, my hope, I owe...	190
Lord! Thy glory fill the...	65	More mortal power shall fade...	253	My lifted eye, without a tear...	218
Lord! Thy glorious word...	30	Me to Thy suffering self...	255	My lips with shame my sins...	134
Lord! Thy mercies never fail...	88	'Mid burning climes and frozen...	302	My mind in perfect peace...	420
Lord, 'tis not ours to make the...	2-7	'Midst keen reproach, and cruel...	8	My native country! thee...	318
Lord, we adore Thy ways...	194	'Mid the chorus of the skies...	363	My prayer hath power with...	170
Lord, we believe...	492	'Mid the gloom...	469	My reason tells me Thy...	143
Lord, we obey Thy call...	190	'Mid the sheep a place decide...	361	Myriads of bright cherubic...	293
Lord, we return Thee what we...	8	'Mid the thorn-brake...	467	My Saviour and Friend...	265
"Lord, why is this," I...	135	Might I enjoy the...	477	My Saviour bids me come...	152
Lord, with this guilty heart of...	4-5	Mightiest kings His...	331	My Saviour, every smile of...	184
Lo! such the call, whose...	491	Mighty Spirit, ever high...	431	My Saviour's face made thee to...	7
Lo! the angelic hands...	8	Mild He lays His glory by...	63	My sin a heavy load appear...	141
Lo! the heavens are bursting...	75	Mild it shines on all beneath...	303	My song for ever shall record...	241
Lo! the last long separation...	1-4	Millions of pilgrims thronging...	130	My soul is desolate and drear...	8
Lo! the promise of a shower...	393	Millions of years my wondering...	181	My soul, attend the solemn...	130
Lo! th' incarnate God...	1-8	Millions of sinners, vile as you...	101	My soul looks back, to see...	198
Lo, through the gloom of guilty...	155	Misful of Thy chosen race...	385	My soul rejoices to pursue...	21
Lo! 'tis His! our heart's...	381	"Mine is an unchanging love..."	263	My soul, repeat His praise...	31
Lord hallelujahs to Thy name...	161	Mine the God whom you adore...	263	My soul shall pray for Zion...	8
Lord let the pealing organ...	71	Mix'd with those beyond the...	83	My soul would leave this heavy...	188
Lord is the song, the heavenly...	157	Mold its green cup, its wry...	417	My soul would rise and sing...	31
Lord may the troubled ocean...	51	Mold was not what he...	204	My suffering, slain, and risen...	165
Love and grief my heart...	269	More and more it spreads and...	308	My thoughts, before they are...	37
Love as I loved you—was the...	157	More glorious still as centuries...	22	My tongue repeats her vows...	11
Love eternal moved the...	63	More tranquil than the stilly...	414	My wants supply; my...	451
Love is my Master; when it...	161	Mortal, what has life for thee...	41	My worried soul was all...	248
Love is my teacher; He can...	161	Mourn for the lost—but call...	361	My willing soul would stay...	12
Love is the golden chain that...	2-5	Mourn for the lost—but pray...	362	My yearning soul would fain...	344
Love sits in His eyelids...	334	Mourn for the ruined soul...	362		
Love this Friend who longs to...	270	Mourn for the tarnished gem...	362		
Love thou the path of sorrow...	213	Mourning souls, dry up your...	296		
Love to God, and to our...	17	Much of my time has run to...	148		
Love to man, and love to God...	331	Must I be carried to the skies...	478		
Low at Thy feet my soul...	132	My best desires are faint and...	144		
Lo, we come to Thee for ease...	113	My bosom burns with shame...	154		
		My brethren are dear...	457		
		My cheerful hope can never...	275		
		My crimes are great, but don't...	131		
		My days unclouded as they...	448		
		My dear Almighty and...	498		
		My eyes are weary looking at...	215		
		My fainting flesh had died with...	44		
		My faith would lay her hand...	198		
		My Father, God, and my...	188		
		My Father! O permit my...	255		
		My feet shall never slide...	406		
		My feet shall travel all the...	182		
		My flesh is hastening to decay...	160		
		My flesh shall slumber in the...	109		
		My flesh would rest in thine...	109		
		My friendship's utmost zeal to...	283		
		My friends, now friends no...	283		
		My friends—the whole celestial...	215		
		My garments, travel-worn and...	215		
		My God! and can an humble...	161		
		My God! forgive my follies...	141		
		My God, how excellent Thy...	63		
		My God, I hate to walk or...	444		
		My God, I thank Thee who...	445		
		My God, what inward...	144		
		My God is reconciled...	211		
		My God, I would not long to...	31		
		My God, that...	491		
		My gracious God, how plain...	12		
		My gracious Master and my...	177		
		My great Protector and my...	257		
				N.	
				Nations all, remote and near...	309
				Naught else I feel, or hear, or...	23
				Near at the marriage feast shall...	298
				Nearer to Thee would we...	327
				Near Thee no darkness dares...	288
				Ne'er think the victory won...	192
				New-born, I bless the waking...	419
				New mercies, each returning...	410
				Night her solemn mantle...	15
				Night reigns in silence o'er the...	423
				Night unto night His name...	423
				No act falls fruitless...	367
				No bleeding bird, nor bleeding...	155
				No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill...	239
				No blood of goats...	463
				No burning heats by day...	212
				No! by His early griefs and...	335
				No chilling winds, or poisonous...	412
				No, dearest Jesus, no; to Thee...	367
				No dimly cloud o'er shades...	398
				No earthly father loves like...	175
				No fierce disease...	489
				No good in creatures can be...	250
				No guile within His mouth is...	77
				No—I must maintain my hold...	264
				Noiseless the sun emits his fire...	425
				No; is not this alone...	322
				No lingering look, no parting...	223
				No longer hosts encountering...	289
				No longer now delay...	210
				No more a wand'ring sheep...	196
				No more a weeping wife to...	233
				No more fatigue, no more...	2
				No more let sin...	295
				No more let sin and sorrow...	68
				No more shall bold blasphemers...	106

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
No more shall foes unclean....	369	Now let me mount and join....	410	O for a sight, a pleasing sight....	493
No more shall peevish passion....	47	Now let the Lord for ever....	41	O for a strong, a lasting laud....	45
No more the dr ps of pierci' g....	490	Now let the trumpet raise....	338	O for a trumpet voice....	83
No more the sovereign eye of....	165	Now let thought behold him....	365	O for grace our hearts to soften....	209
No more the weary pilgrims....	345	Now, Lord, I would be Thine....	205	O for the day, the glorious day....	176
No mortal can with Him....	10	Now may the King descend....	19	O for the living name....	31
No, my soul, in God rejoice....	44	Now rest, my long-divided....	232	O for the times when on my....	186
No! place thy trust above....	267	Now safely moored, my perils....	168	O for this love let rocks and....	182
No profit eanst thou gain....	263	Now, saved from sin....	473	O for thy fragrant flowers....	405
Nor accents slow, nor words....	21	Now shall my head be lifted....	589	O! from the streams of distant....	366
Nor, rather let me freely yield....	154	Now, sinners, dry your tears....	199	O! of divine a Guest....	285
Nor I should to the earth alone....	375	Now the desert lands rejoice....	338	Oft do our eyes with joy....	400
Nor death nor hell shall e'er....	247	Now the feast is spread before....	129	Oft I feel my spirit soar....	172
Nor doth it yet appear....	199	Now the full glories of the....	83	Oft has He called Thee, but....	120
Nor doth, nor all the sky....	174	Now the gay world with....	189	Oft has the Lord whole nations....	45
Nor in the grave....	49	Now the heavens on high adore....	189	Oft I frequent Thy holy place....	448
Nor is it to be found....	285	Now the storm goes wildly o'er....	271	Oft the big, unbidden tear....	263
Nor from the seat of scornful....	59	Now they approach a selfish....	339	Oft when beneath the weak....	155
Nor let the good man's trust....	284	Now, though He reigns exalted....	291	Oft, when I seem to tread....	241
Nor let then life's grateful....	35	Now thro' the charmed air....	367	Oft when the world, with iron....	5
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious....	344	Now to our God, the Father....	397	O garden of Olivet, thou dear....	71
Nor seem'st thou slow, nor sickly....	219	Now to the Lamb that once was....	182	O gentle Shepherd, still....	289
Nor shall the glowing flame....	246	Now to the shining realm....	161	O ghastly tread the narrow path....	391
Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel....	2	Now to you my spirit turns....	153	O! glorious hour! O! blest....	160
Nor time, nor distance, e'er....	189	Now we may bow before His....	117	O glorious world....	489
No melancholies of racing feet....	2	Now when the evening shade....	119	O glory, shining far....	407
No voice can sing, nor heart....	143	Now, ye needy, come and....	118	O God, make bare Thine arm....	332
Nor we alone; its waking....	304	Now, ye saints, His power....	209	O God, mine inmost soul....	125
Nor will our days of toil be long....	4	Now, ye saints, lift up your....	89	O God, my heart is fixed....	24
Nor would I drop a murmuring....	253			O God of glory, God of love....	37
Nor would I wait till angel-host....	397			O God! our help in ages past....	56
Nor wreck, nor ruin, there is....	164	O, all-sufficient Saviour! be....	167	O God, our King, whose....	477
No sculptured wonders meet....	9	O all ye Christian heroes....	243	O God Triune, to Thee we owe....	58
No sinful word, nor deed of....	423	O angel of the land of peace....	314	O gracious God! in whom I....	179
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay....	155	O angels and archangels....	213	O grant my soul an ear to hear....	435
No sorrow rings....	489	O believe the record true....	112	O grant that nothing in my soul....	171
No smoking sweets....	81	O bid this triling world retire....	2	O grant us, in this solemn hour....	4
No can shall make thy head by....	59	O blessed be this darkness then....	186	O guard our shores from every....	352
No all that tyrants think or....	175	O blessed is he to whom is....	337	O guide me through the various....	419
Not all the harps above....	197	O bless the Lord, my soul....	459	O guide us till our night is....	423
Not as the conqueror comes....	310	O break, O break, hard heart....	72	O! guilty sinner, hear the....	120
Not by the terrors of a slave....	191	O! break the fatal chain....	159	O, had He not pified the state....	23
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow....	272	O, breathe thy quickening....	453	O! hadst thou still on earth....	240
Not to heaven's high....	15	O, by the pangs Thyself hast....	169	O happy bond that reads my....	592
Not half so far has nature....	42	O cease, my wand'ring soul....	263	O happy, happy soul!....	359
Not half so high His power....	42	O, cheerless were our....	345	O happy, happy that I am....	189
No, that steeple has nothing....	382	O come, and with His children....	193	O happy harbor of God's saints....	148
Nothing hath the just to lose....	372	O come to Jesus, sinner....	99	O happy scenes above the sky....	145
Nothing in my hand I bring....	110	O come! for Thou dost know....	259	O happy servant he....	175
Nothing more can we require....	14	O come, Thou Holy Spirit....	213	O happy souls! O glorious state....	191
No! Thy dear name engraven....	289	O come, Thou living Saviour....	213	O happy souls that pray....	19
Not life itself, with all its joys....	6	O could I hear some sinner say....	124	O happy they whose....	476
No many years their round....	351	O could we die with those....	159	O haste to follow where it leads....	191
No more than others I deserve....	445	O could we learn that sacrifice....	165	O! hast thou felt a Saviour's....	176
No touching tale of anguish....	157	O, could we make our doubts....	490	O hear I, sinners—hear that....	310
No to your dying eyes....	459	O do not at a distance stand....	198	O! holy and sweet inrest shall....	408
Not the fair palaces....	226	O drive these dark clouds from....	389	O holy, heavenly home....	407
Not the labors of my hands....	110	O earth, before the Lord, the....	47	O Holy Spirit from above....	53
Not till Peace shall spring....	396	O earth! grow flowers beneath....	158	O holy trust! O endless rest....	238
Not to ease and anguish quick....	339	O earth, so full of dreary noise....	34	O hope of every contrite heart....	142
Not to the fiery pains....	473	O! enter His gates with....	203	O how altered my condition....	473
No, but joyful....	189	O'er all the names of Christ....	56	O how bright....	458
No, but our ours the solemn....	265	O'er all the sons of human race....	328	O how chafing, O how....	372
Not woe, nor woe, but what we....	247	O'er all the stout and narrow....	41	O how I hate those lusts of....	103
Not walls, nor hills, could guard....	250	O'er all those wide-extended....	212	O how long suffering, Lord!....	120
Not with a hope of gaining....	139	O'ercome by dying love....	261	O how sad and sore distressed....	75
No, though I shall toil for....	348	O'er sin's unnumber'd....	458	O how shall these dim eyes....	29
Now beauteous a high....	89	O'er the blue depths of Galilee....	69	O how tremendous is the....	33
Now essential to the house of....	91	O'er the negro's night of ease....	309	O! if my Lord would come and....	343
Now, O sinners, look and....	115	O'er the toilsome way thou'st....	384	O! if my soul, when death....	7
Now, hear ye the man of sin....	185	O! evermore may all our bliss....	5	O! if once Thy smile divine....	385
Now for the love I bear....	492	Of all that now may seem....	429	O, if the souls that....	453
Now, from His high, imperial....	43	Of all the pious dead....	361	O, in Thy light be mine to go....	73
Now, God invites; how blest....	190	O Father, in that hour....	222	O Jesus, friend of....	484
Now, who's willing to be....	119	O Father! our eye is to Thee....	389	O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs....	166
Now I am here, for ever....	158	O endless joy the....	451	O Jesus, full of truth and grace....	136
Now I rest on their mirth and....	191	O the deliverance I will boast....	179	O! Jesus, Lamb once crucified....	58
Now, my give He's child....	123	O, till then every....	437	O! Jesus, let me ever hail....	3
Now, to the God whose....	457	O! of joys that come no more....	437	O Jesus, my sweet Saviour....	292
No winter there, no shades of....	426	O for a glance....	450	O Jesus, once rocked on the....	71
Now let each heart and hand....	363	O for a lowly, contrite....	461	O Jesus, our Saviour....	451

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
O Jesus! ride onward.....	379	Once, like thee, by joys.....	118	O, tell me, Lord.....	471
O Jesus, there is none like.....	45	Once more our welcome we.....	216	O! tell me the place where Thy.....	231
O Jesus! Thou the beauty art.....	187	Once on the raging seas I rode.....	165	O! tell me that my worthless.....	106
O keep me in Thy heavenly.....	179	Once the morning's earliest.....	266	O tell of His might, and sing of.....	49
O land! O land.....	356	Once they were mourning here.....	359	O that a dying world might.....	183
Old friends, old scenes will.....	419	Once when my scanty meal was.....	169	O! that all the blind but.....	204
Old friends, old scenes will.....	105	Once with Adam's race in ruin.....	583	O, that each, in the day of His.....	493
O lead me to the Rock.....	259	On cherub and on cherubim.....	46	O that I could for ever sit.....	203
O learn to scorn the praise of.....	307	One army of the living God.....	223	O that I could now adore Him.....	279
O let a holy flock.....	477	On earth they sought their.....	443	O that I could, with favor'd.....	203
O let man hasten to restore.....	337	One day, amid the place.....	12	O that I, like a little child.....	171
O let me wing my hallowed.....	253	One family, we dwell in Him.....	223	O that ne'er our.....	272
O let my hand forget her.....	234	One gentle sigh His fetters.....	349	O that our thoughts and thanks.....	3
O let my name engraven.....	236	O ne'er will I at life repine.....	345	O that Thou wouldst hide me.....	357
O let my soul on Thee repose.....	415	One look of mercy from Thy.....	142	O that we might.....	272
O let the dawn now hear Thy.....	173	One moment, and the silence.....	142	O that we now might see our.....	223
O let the soul its slumbers.....	353	One moment—and the Spirit.....	93	O that with yonder sacred.....	174
O let Thine union.....	412	One privilege my heart desires.....	289	O! that world is passing fair.....	385
O let Thy smitten ones again.....	330	One thing demands our care.....	353	O the lost, the forgotten.....	490
O let Thy star of love but.....	145	One trial more must yet be.....	243	O then let wrath remove.....	258
O let us then with heartfelt.....	189	O never let my soul remove.....	257	O then shall the veil be.....	386
O let us to His courts repair.....	44	O, never more may different.....	320	O, there will be mourning.....	128
O like the sun may I.....	417	One thing alone, dear Lord! I.....	186	O the rapturous height.....	232
O Light of Zion, now arise.....	393	O harps of gold His name they.....	349	O the refuge have I none.....	261
O Lord! and let this mental.....	243	On Him the Spirit largely.....	69	O, the rich depths of love.....	86
O Lord! ascend Thy throne.....	95	O Him the weight of.....	173	O, the transporting, rapturous.....	412
O Lord! I cast my care on Thee.....	280	O Him, with rapture then I'll.....	245	O, think upon Thy holy.....	462
O Lord Jesus, let.....	463	O impious wretches He shall.....	328	O Thou Almighty Lord.....	83
O Lord, my weary soul release.....	134	Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love.....	419	O Thou eternal Ruler.....	316
O Lord of Hosts, Almighty.....	45	Only, since our souls will.....	367	O Thou great God! whose.....	345
O Lord of life and truth.....	141	Only Thy content to know.....	229	O Thou, that fill'st the heavenly.....	353
O Lord, prevent it by Thy.....	145	Only to sit and think of God.....	175	O Thou, who givest life and.....	293
O Lord, the pilot's part.....	239	On me Thy providence hath.....	34	O Thou who in Jordan.....	451
O Lord, Thou now art.....	431	On mightier wing, in loftier.....	22	O thou, who mournest on thy.....	242
O lovely attitude—His stands.....	93	On my heart each stripe be.....	147	O Thou! who rulest seas and.....	253
O lovely Saviour, see.....	459	O noblest brow and dearest.....	70	O throw away thy rod.....	258
O Love, thou bottomless abyss.....	171	O no, till life.....	234	O! to grace how great a.....	204
O Love, Thy sovereign aid.....	137	O, not to those whom Thou.....	300	O our beauty and our strength.....	107
O! milder than the raving.....	149	O, piercing Gospel, on I of.....	370	O our birth is but a starting place.....	353
O! magnify the Lord with me.....	179	On that my gaze I fasten.....	250	O our brother the haven has.....	339
O! make but trial of His love.....	179	On Thee alone, my hope relies.....	53	O our Captain leads us on.....	193
O! make this heart rejoice or.....	143	On thee foul spirits have no.....	52	O our cautioned souls prepare.....	109
O many-toned and chainless.....	599	On the tree of life eternal.....	571	O our children there.....	437
O may all enjoy this.....	454	On us He bids the sun.....	192	O our days are numbered: let us.....	239
O may His walk among us here.....	111	Onward, Christians, onward go.....	493	O our days run thoughtlessly.....	106
O may I always hear.....	452	On wheels of light, on wings.....	72	O our dearest joys, and nearest.....	254
O! may I bear some humble.....	33	On wings of love the Saviour.....	381	O our eyes have seen the rosy.....	851
O! may I feel Thy worth.....	211	O, on that day, that dreadful.....	98	O our eyes have seen the steps of.....	351
O! may I live to reach the place.....	163	Open Thou the crystal fountain.....	278	O our fathers' God, our Keeper.....	317
O! may I never turn aside.....	145	Oppressed with sin and.....	191	O our fathers' God! to Thee.....	518
O! may I now for ever feel.....	444	O pray we then for Salem's.....	8	O our fathers' sepulchres are here.....	332
O may I thirst for.....	474	O precious cross! O glorious.....	241	O our fathers, where are they.....	364
O may our humble spirits stand.....	393	O or as an eagle to the prey.....	40	O our fellow-sufferer yet retains.....	85
O may our sympathizing.....	334	O render thanks to God above.....	340	O our flesh and sense.....	162
O may that faith our hearts.....	187	O Rest of rests! O Peace.....	214	O our flesh, our ruins, our spirits.....	255
O may the grave become to us.....	351	O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt.....	183	O our glad hosannas, Prince of.....	69
O may the influence of this day.....	5	O, if it be the gloom that.....	413	O our glorious Leader claims our.....	399
O may the righteous, when I.....	161	O or if on joyful wing.....	284	O our guilty spirits dread.....	194
O may these thoughts possess.....	37	O, if 'tis e'er denied thee.....	434	O our hopes that when with joy.....	456
O may the sweet, the blissful.....	181	O round their Father's throne.....	343	O our harvest months have o'er.....	427
O may Thine own Bride and.....	114	O sacred hope! O blissful hope.....	223	O our hearts are breaking now.....	407
O may Thy Spirit guide my.....	6	O Salem! our once happy seat.....	298	O our hearts have often burned.....	224
O may we all, while here.....	39	O saving Leader! opening wide.....	159	O our hearts leap up; our.....	188
O may we ne'er forget His.....	180	O Saviour! with protecting care.....	84	O our journey is a thorny maze.....	237
O may we thus be found.....	109	O say not so! the spring-tide.....	445	O our kindred and our friends.....	191
O may we thus insure.....	109	O season of soft sounds and.....	419	O our labors done, securely laid.....	348
O may we ever hear Thy voice.....	175	O see those waters streaming.....	20	O our life contains a thousand.....	257
O messenger! can those strains.....	252	O shall not warmer accents tell.....	290	O our life is a dream; our time.....	433
O messenger of dear delight.....	203	O, shall we close.....	436	O our life, whilst Thou preserv'st.....	56
O! methinks I hear Him.....	204	O shine on this benighted.....	254	O our lives through various.....	32
O might I hear Thy heavenly.....	47	O shout, ye people, and adore.....	46	O our Lord into His garden.....	473
O might I once mount up and.....	156	O show Thyself the Prince of.....	100	O our moments fly apace.....	861
O might some dream of vision'd.....	26	O sinners! in His presence bow.....	101	O our mirth is not afraid of Thee.....	167
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	398	O! spare me yet, I pray.....	385	O our mourning is all at an end.....	588
O move us—Thou hast power.....	157	O speak, thou voice of God.....	499	O our numerous griefs.....	178
O my sweet home, Jerusalem.....	398	O Spirit of the living.....	353	O our quick'ning.....	452
O my unsteadfast mind.....	152	O Spirit of the Lord! prepare.....	300	O our sacrifice is one.....	19
On all the wings of time it flies.....	351	O spread Thy covering wings.....	218	O our Saviour shall be still our.....	175
On angels, with unveiled face.....	47	O, stay thy tears; the blest.....	245	Ours, by the pledge of love and.....	355
Once, a sinner, near despair.....	204	O stay with us, and still.....	149	O our sorrows and our sins were.....	244
Once for His flock.....	472	O sweet abode of peace and.....	169	O our souls are faint, our hearts.....	169

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	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
See the kinder shepherds round	441	Sing, till we feel our heart....	198	Soon will our earthly race be..	401
See the lovely Babe a-dressing.	441	Sinner! can you hate this....	119	So pilgrims on the scorching...	6
See the morning sunbeams....	439	Sinner! come, ere thy doom....	122	Sorrow and fear are gone....	203
See the rocks and mountains....	75	Sinner! come to thy home....	122	Sorrow and Love go side by...	203
See the stars appearing.....	430	Sinner! come, while there....	122	So shall every slavery cease....	331
See! the storm of vengeance....	115	Sinner! haste, time fleets fast.	122	So shall He be to.....	494
See the streams of living....	312	Sinner! hear your God and....	119	So shall it be at last, in that...	414
See the universe in motion....	114	Sinner! it was a heavenly....	101	So shall my walk be close with	230
See where it shines in Jesus!...	163	Sinner! perhaps, this very day	101	So shall that curse remove....	269
See where rebellious passions...	163	Sinners, believe the.....	457	So shall their course more....	104
See where the Sun of.....	43	Sinners in derision crowned....	96	So shall you share.....	485
See your orient streak appearing	374	Sinners rejoice, and saints....	167	So sleeps the soul till Thou, O.	153
Selfish pursuits, and nature's...	136	Sinners, see your ransom paid.	80	So sorrow often presses.....	272
Send forth Thy heralds.....	433	Sinners, turn, why will ye....	461	So speaks the Christian, firm....	255
Send forth Thy word, and let....	283	Sinners, whose love can ne'er...	174	So strange, so boundless.....	460
Send them Thy mighty.....	483	Sinners, will you scorn the...	115	So thou, Eternity, so vast....	415
Seraphs, with elevated strains.	401	Sinners, wrung with true....	65	So, though our path is steep....	193
Serene, I laid me down.....	428	Sin no more can taint thy....	384	So, through the ocean-deep....	345
Servant of all, to toil for man.	138	Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing	315	So to the heart that knows Thy	214
Shall aught beguile us on the...	161	Sin the primal charter broke....	31	So, trusting in Thy love, I....	42
Shall break these clouds, a form	340	Slain in the guilty sinner's...	130	Soul, adieu! this gloomy....	181
Shall every creature around....	205	Sleep, my babe, thy food and...	441	Soul, then know thy full....	174
Shall I leave, the low earth, and	493	Sleep shuts mine eyes—mine....	344	Sounds among the vales and....	27
Shall Jesus for admittance....	141	"Sleep soft, beloved!" we....	341	Sounds of so sweet a tone....	67
Shall love like Thine be thus....	140	Small are the offerings we can	337	Source of light, Thou bidst the...	26
Shall love, with weak embrace.	358	So Abram's, by divine command	238	Source of truth, whose rays....	26
Shall man, the lord of nature....	435	So before Thy presence fading.	17	So, when a raging fever burns.	101
Shall Nature from her couch....	423	So be it! let this system end....	391	So when my latest breath....	195
Shall things withered, fashions.	327	So, blessed Spirit.....	477	So when our mortal ties death.	167
Shall we, for whom that star....	420	So, cured of my folly, yet cured	373	So when the Christian pilgrim.	164
Shall we, for whom the Saviour	420	So deep were His sorrows, so....	71	So, when that morn of endless...	41
Shall we Thy life of grief forget	244	So fades a summer cloud away.	347	So, when the transient storm is	116
Shall we, whose souls are....	299	So fast eternity comes on....	104	So will Thy people with....	321
Shall winds and waves their....	258	So from the stars.....	404	Space can not check, thought....	343
Sharing now Thy wounds, I....	147	Soft and easy is thy cradle....	431	Spared to see another year....	140
Shed on those who in Thy....	26	Soft as the morning dews....	167	Spare, Lord! the thoughtless....	333
Shepherds, in the field abiding.	65	Soft, my child—I did not chide	411	Spare me, my God.....	367
Shine forth, Almighty Saviour.	451	So, gracious Saviour, on my....	87	Spare, for you feel His burning....	45
Short is the passage, short the....	413	So grant me, Lord, from every	185	Speak gently—"tis a little thing"	354
Shortly 'tis prison.....	397	So in darkest.....	439	Speak gently to the aged....	4
Should all the forms.....	477	So in the dreary confinement	671	Speak gently to the erring ones	354
Should both the Indies.....	433	So, in the last and dreadful day	84	Speak gently to the erring ones	357
Should coming days be.....	490	So in this darkness I can learn.	183	Speak gently to the young....	334
Should I earth against my soul....	251	So Jesus looked on dying men.	34	Speak of the wonders of truth....	40
Should I earth and hell with....	52	So Jesus rose to pray.....	226	Speed on Thy work, Lord....	350
Should I earth's vain treasures....	463	So Jesus slept; God's dying....	344	Spirit of glory and of God....	132
Should friends and kindred....	54	So Jesus still doth pray....	223	Spirit of purity and grace....	93
Should I distribute all.....	470	So let each faithful child....	353	"Spread for thee the festival....	111
Should I suppress my vital....	57	So let our souls, benighted....	29	Spread, mighty Gospel, spread	320
Should it rend some.....	479	So let the Saviour be adored....	336	Spread then Thy plumes of....	423
Should storms of trouble blow.	233	So live for ever, glorious Lord.	85	Spunked afresh with pardoning	425
Should strong temptations....	252	So long the weary.....	474	"Spunked now with blood...."	111
Should sudden vengeance seize	134	So long Thy power hath blessed	289	Sprink not the call to life and...	101
Should swift death this night....	493	So, Lord, when that last....	414	Stand, then, in His great might	132
Should worlds conspire to drive	135	So I may sing, in Jesus safe....	161	Stand up, and bless the Lord....	31
Shout to the Lord, ye surging....	30	So may my soul, upon thee....	412	Star Divine! O safely guide....	369
Shout, ye bright, angelic choir.	387	Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in	423	Star of hope! when winds are	169
Shout, ye little flock, and blest.	28	Some to their everlasting home	223	Star of faithful gleam on the...	369
Shout, ye saints, with.....	75	So mine illumined eyes....	491	Say, sinners! o'er the.....	159
Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel....	89	Son of the Father! Lord most	235	Say with us, Lord, and with....	87
Show me what I have to do....	219	Songs of praise awoke the....	200	Stern and awful are its tones....	201
Show me Thy face, and I'll....	183	So oft my soul hath trod....	257	Still as the light of morning....	3
Show my forgetful feet....	443	Sons of Adam, once in Eden....	374	Still for us He intercedes....	89
Show us some token of Thy....	251	Soon as the evening shades....	25	Still gives us grace, Almighty...	233
Shrink not, Christians; will ye.	407	Soon as the morn the light....	149	Still heavy is thy heart....	262
Sick or healthful, slave or free.	167	Soon as the morn with roses....	151	Still let her mild rebukings....	355
Silence, and solitude, and....	109	Soon as we draw our infant....	155	Still let the barren fig-tree....	418
Silent and slow, thy glide....	98	Soon, borne on time's mast....	100	Still let the Spirit cry....	192
Silent our harps o'er Babe's....	251	Soon, for me the light of day....	261	Still may their light our dunes....	90
Sinner! Christ and we are one....	234	Soon must we change our place....	69	Still mid heavy mourning....	365
Sinner! from His bounty I receive	190	Soon night comes on with....	148	Still near the lake, with weary...	72
Sinner! on this fleeting hour....	350	Soon restless death will come	177	Still restless nature dies and....	58
Sinner! Thou, the everlasting....	111	Soon shall a darker night....	477	Still, still with Thee! as to each	214
Sinner, with pure and firm....	16	Soon shall I pass the gloomy....	177	Still tossed on a sea of distress.	389
Sinful, unweary, trembling....	280	Soon shall ocean's bosom deep.	264	Still the Spirit lingers near....	15
Sing how eternal love....	129	Soon shall our doubts and fears	194	Still to a stricken brother....	420
Sing how He left the worlds of...	87	Soon shall our doubts and fears	60	Still watch and pray and raise	177
Sing of His ever-lasting....	479	Soon shall we hear Him say....	193	Still we wait for Thee....	275
Sing of the Lamb that once was	176	Soon shall we meet again....	268	Still will I hope for voice and....	255
Sing, on your heavenly way....	198	"Soon the days of life shall end	141	Still would we hear Thy cry....	444
Sing praises to the righteous....	324	Soon will the awful trumpet....	105	Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop.	120

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
Strangely, my soul, art thou...	181	Thanks we give, and adoration	17	The evil of my.....	464
Stretch out Thine arm.....	46	That awful Word, that.....	63	Thee, while dust and ashes.....	88
Strike, strike the harps again.....	70	That bears unmoved the.....	467	Thee will I love, my joy, my.....	187
Stripp'd of each earthly friend.....	263	That deeper shade shall break.....	417	Thee will I praise, O Lord, my.....	385
Stronger His love than death or.....	201	That every human word and.....	43	The Father heard; and angels.....	131
"Stronger than death Thy love.....	26	That glory sits on every face.....	295	The Father of eternal light.....	400
Strong in the Lord of hosts.....	19	That, having all things done.....	102	The Father owned Him.....	477
Strong were Thy foes; but the.....	231	That light shall shine on distant.....	303	The Father, shining on His.....	577
Struggle through thy latest.....	381	That long as life itself shall last.....	139	The Father's love shall run.....	455
Stung by the scorpion, sin.....	8	That man may last, but never.....	333	The fearful soul that tires.....	100
Subdued and instructed at.....	374	That man shall flourish like the.....	55	The fires that rushed on Sinai.....	93
Sublime upon His azure throne.....	391	That Power, which raised, and.....	250	The first-fruits of a blessing.....	7
"Such a Guide? No guide.....	382	That prize with peerless glories.....	178	The floods, O Lord, lift up their.....	37
Such blessings from Thy.....	218	That sacred stream, Thine holy.....	51	The flowers of spring may.....	435
Such is pleasure's transient.....	118	That Upper Room is heaven on.....	93	The flowers that spring along.....	451
Such is the Christian's parting.....	470	That voice's echo hath not died.....	420	The fondness of a creature's love.....	254
Such was the lot He freely.....	72	That warning voice, O sinner.....	148	The foolish builder.....	289
Such was the pity.....	459	That was a most amazing.....	422	The footsteps of Thy flock I see.....	158
Such was Thy truth.....	458	That when my days are past.....	458	The forests in His strength.....	30
Sun, moon, and stars convey.....	92	That will not murmur.....	497	The fount of life.....	484
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour.....	416	The Almighty thunders from.....	321	The friends, gone there before.....	435
Sure as Thy truth shall last.....	27	The angel host appears.....	191	The friends of truth assembled.....	302
Sure I must fight if I would.....	178	The angelic hosts descend.....	70	The fury of conflicting waves.....	354
Sure is Thy protection.....	281	The angels come at dawn.....	120	The gladness of that happy day.....	161
Surely, once thy garden.....	275	The answering hills of Palestine.....	63	The glorious orb, whose golden.....	13
Sure never, till my latest.....	102	The arms of everlasting love.....	174	The glory! the glory! around.....	121
Sure there was ne'er a heart so.....	143	The arms of wicked men.....	326	The God of glory down to men.....	396
Sure there was never.....	293	The beams of noon the.....	57	The God we worship.....	450
Sweet as home to pilgrims.....	119	The beams that shine on Zion's.....	283	The goodly land I see.....	491
Sweet, at the dawning hour.....	12	The bending angels stooped to.....	73	The Gospel bears n y.....	466
Sweet bonds that unite all the.....	408	The best obedience of.....	462	The Gospel trumpet hear.....	116
Sweet fields, beyond the.....	400	The billows breaking o'er us.....	372	The grave is near the cradle.....	180
Sweet hour! for heavenly.....	419	The birds that wake the morn'g.....	4	The graves of all His saints He.....	350
Sweet in the confidence of.....	259	The blossom blushed bright, but.....	378	The great, mysterious Deity.....	377
Sweet is the dawn of day.....	429	The bounties of Thy love.....	197	The greedy sea shall yield her.....	343
Sweet is the day of sacred rest.....	1	The breezes waft their cries.....	216	The guiltless shame, the sweet.....	133
Sweet is the early dew.....	429	The brightest things below the.....	281	The hand of fellowship.....	474
Sweet is the light of Sabbath.....	4	The calm retreat, the silent.....	220	The hand that gave it still.....	21
Sweet is the vision of thy face.....	143	The changing wind, the flying.....	426	The happy gates of gospel grace.....	191
Sweet majesty and awful love.....	412	The cheerful feet.....	293	The healing sense of pardoned.....	290
Sweet mercy to my soul.....	200	The cheerful tribute will I give.....	157	The hearing ear, the watchful.....	221
Sweet on His faithfulness to.....	252	The cherub, near the viewless.....	393	The heathen lands that lie.....	304
Sweet, on this day of rest.....	12	The children, like the lily.....	353	The heavenly Babe you there.....	65
Sweet soul, we leave thee to.....	333	The Christian's heart.....	463	The heavens His rightful pow'r.....	177
Sweet the day of sacred rest.....	15	The Christian's years, though.....	352	The highest place that heaven.....	86
Sweet the sign that.....	479	The church triumphant.....	470	The hill of Zion yields.....	199
Sweet to look inward, and.....	252	The city of my blest abode.....	174	The holy to the holiest.....	470
Swift as an eagle cuts the air.....	165	The city so holy and clean.....	588	The holy triumphs of my soul.....	184
Swift o'er the vast expanse.....	474	The clouds disperse, the light.....	248	The hopes that holy word.....	22
Swift to its close ebb out life's.....	215	The clouds shot hail, they.....	164	The hope that such a day will.....	286
Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours.....	381	The consecrated cross I'll bear.....	244	The hosts of God encamp.....	179
Swift through the vast.....	68	The councils of redeeming.....	148	The hosts of saints around Him.....	406
		The cross hath power to save.....	83	The hour of triumph comes.....	507
		The cross—the cross alone.....	8	The hours of pain have yielded.....	249
		The crowd of cares, the.....	180	The house of mourning He.....	251
		The crown that my Saviour.....	205	The huge, celestial bodies roll.....	391
		The cup of blessing.....	474	The incense of the spring.....	69
		The darkness of my.....	464	Their bodies the.....	358
		The day glides swiftly o'er their.....	196	Their fancied joys—how fast.....	101
		The day of bright glory is.....	71	Their Father marks their.....	354
		The day of small and feeble.....	155	Their feet shall never slide to.....	219
		The days of old, in vision.....	139	Their harmony shall sound.....	51
		The dazzling sun at noonday.....	29	Their hatred, and their love.....	100
		The dew in Christ shall first.....	342	Their joys shall bear.....	449
		The dearest idol I have known.....	220	Their peace is sealed, their rest.....	251
		The depths of earth are in His.....	44	Their ransomed spirits.....	353
		The dew lies thick on all the.....	217	Their streaming eyes together.....	216
		The dust returns to dust again.....	101	Their tolls are past, their work.....	355
		The dying thief rejoiced to see.....	181	Their worship no interval.....	205
		The earth and all the works.....	343	The joy of all who dwell above.....	86
		The earth doth mourn her.....	341	The joy, the shout, the harmony.....	234
		The earth shall soon dissolve.....	180	The judgment! the judgment!.....	121
		The earth, the ocean and the sky.....	225	The King himself comes near.....	12
		Thee in these works of power.....	89	The king of terrors then would.....	130
		Thee, in the watches of the.....	240	The Lamb shall lead His.....	399
		Ther in thy glorious realm.....	470	The landscape, lately shrouded.....	20
		Thee my ransomed powers.....	284	The lark mounts up the sky.....	31
		The eternal God calls.....	439	The laurel withers on our brow.....	344
		Thee, the first-born sons of light.....	31	The light of love is round His.....	237
		The evening rests our weary.....	422	The light of smiles shall fill.....	286
		The evening star has lighted.....	434		

T.

Take down thy long-neglected.....	239
Take heart!—the waster builds.....	414
Take His easy yoke, and wear it.....	119
Take the rest this day is.....	17
Take to Thee Thy royal power.....	385
Tarry with me, O my Saviour.....	430
Taught by Thee with.....	483
Teach all the nations My.....	305
Teach me some melodious.....	204
Teach me to live, that I may.....	416
Teach us, in every state.....	269
Teach us, O Lord, how frail is.....	36
Teach us, O Lord, to keep in.....	333
Teach us that not a leaf can.....	43
Teach us to knock at heaven's.....	416
Tell how He shows His smiling.....	45
Tell of His wondrous.....	47
Tempest-tost, my falling bark.....	266
Temptations fled at His rebuke.....	241
Tempted souls, they bring you.....	115
Tender is the form it wears.....	201
Ten thousand offices unseen.....	298
Ten thousand precious.....	54
Ten thousand thousand voices.....	10
Ten thousand worlds, ten.....	139
Thanks for mercies past receive.....	146
Thanks to my God for every.....	183

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
The light of truth to us display	59	Then let our humble faith....	87	The powers of darkness leagued	10
The light, the dark, where'er I	53	Then let our songs abound....	199	The powers of hell agree.....	194
The lilies bend meekly.....	357	Then let our sorrows cease to	255	The present moment flies.....	359
The limpid stream with sudden	23	Then let the last loud trumpet	350	The promised joy he then....	474
The little ants for one.....	471	Then let the noisy world pursue	213	The prophet of the cross may	7
The little cloud increases still..	224	Then let the price be what it..	136	The rapture, mighty.....	283
The living know that they must	100	Then let the thundering.....	391	There all the followers of the..	394
The lofty hills and towers.....	193	Then let Thine image on this..	343	There all the heavenly hosts..	370
The Lord can clear the darkest	175	Then let us adore, and give....	48	There all the millions of His..	401
The Lord has promised good..	130	Then let us earnest be.....	226	There all the ship's company..	481
The Lord hath eyes to give the	329	Then let us form those bonds..	330	There are mansions exempted..	173
The Lord in heaven hath fixed	328	Then let us make our boast....	289	There are no acts of pardon..	109
The Lord is God; 'tis He alone	36	Then let us, 'midst pleasure....	387	There behold the day-spring..	409
The Lord is good, the Lord is	36	Then, like the morning ray....	322	There blooms the broad.....	437
The Lord is great; His majesty	43	Then loud shall ascend from..	323	Thereby His Father's.....	293
The Lord is great; His mercy.	45	Then love's soft dew o'er every	348	There dwells the Lord.....	491
The Lord is King! child of the	45	Then, man, be wise; thy.....	391	There endless crowds of sinners	107
The Lord is risen indeed.....	91	Then, mighty God, I'd sing and	166	There everlasting spring abides	499
The Lord of glory builds His..	45	Then, mortal, turn! thy danger	351	There faith lifts up her cheerful	248
The Lord of life.....	474	Then mourn we not, beloved..	341	There fix, O Lord.....	451
The Lord our glory and defense	44	Then, my soul, in every strait.	219	Therefore I murmur not.....	181
The Lord proclaims His power	44	Then One, amid their thick....	47	There for me the Saviour.....	111
The Lord sits sovereign on the	44	Then peace returns with balmy	395	There fragrant flowers.....	248
The Lord's unsparring hand....	231	Then raise the song of gladness	95	There from the bosom of my..	161
The Lord will come—a dreadful	342	Then right shall over might....	397	There happier bowers than....	496
The Lord will come, but not the	512	Then save me from eternal....	129	There interceding, there.....	129
The Lord will raise Jerusalem.	57	Then, Saviour, then my soul..	125	There His triumphal chariot..	81
The Lord yields nothing to our	307	Then shall a shout of joy go up	330	There if thy Spirit touch the..	229
The love of Christ.....	487	Then shall blaze earth's funeral	407	There is a dark and fearful....	245
The madman in a tomb had....	180	Then shall I see, and hear, and	1	There is a day of sunny rest..	186
The majesty of God ne'er broke	147	Then shall I upward fly.....	369	There is a death whose pang..	109
The man, the wisest of our kind	319	Then shall my cheerful spirit..	145	There is a gulf that must be..	246
The meaneast child of glory....	46	Then shall my prayer.....	474	There is a homo for weary....	248
The men of grace have found..	193	Then shall new luster break....	438	There is a place where Jesus..	224
The men that keep Thy law....	413	Then shall on faith's sublimest.	181	There is a scene where spirits..	231
The men that know Thy name.	334	Then shall our active.....	471	There is a soft, a downy bed..	248
The midsummer sun shines but	359	Then shall our hearts.....	9	There is a stream whose gentle	52
The mighty God, whose.....	165	Then shall the Lord a refuge..	324	There is a world above.....	366
The moment we believe, 'tis...	203	Then shall the mourner at Thy	149	There is my house and portion	377
The more I strove against their	172	Then shall the trembling....	237	There joys unseen by mortal..	184
The more Thy glories strike my	390	Then shone Almighty power..	63	There let the way appear.....	283
The morning star is lost in light	159	Then should the earth's old....	45	There, like the nightingale, she	220
The morn with glory crowned.	492	Then should we see the saints.	351	There, low before His glorious	394
The mountain and the vale....	263	Then sorrow touched by Thee.	245	There, no more at eve.....	381
The mountains in their places..	297	Then swift and dreadful she....	197	There no sigh of memory.....	383
The mountains melt away.....	51	Then take your golden lyres..	92	There, on a green and flowery.	257
Then Afric's liberated sons....	303	Then the great, the rich, the..	111	There, on a high, majestic....	401
Then all the chosen seed.....	199	Then, then I feel that He....	361	There on His holy hill.....	212
Then, all the day long.....	232	Then they might fight, and...	156	There our exalted Saviour....	177
Then all the earth, renewed....	83	Then they who live shall....	359	The reproach of Christ is....	274
Then all these wastes.....	483	Then, though conscious we are	420	There's a delightful clearness.	413
The names of all His saints He	87	Then, though it be in accents..	221	There, safe thou shalt abide..	269
The nations all whom Thou....	335	Then to His portals press.....	18	"There," says the Saviour....	473
Then at Thy feet, with awful..	390	Then to the Lord I cried.....	259	There, seated in Thy majesty.	81
Then back to heaven they fly..	82	Then, to thy courts when I....	2	There shall I bathe my weary.	251
Then, baptized in love.....	479	Then, trembling through the..	419	There shall I offer my requests	289
Then, brother man, fold to thy	323	Then weep no more—their....	341	There shall I wear a starry...	105
Then cease, fond nature, cease	354	Then what my thoughts design	100	There shall no doubts disturb.	239
Thence He arose, ascending....	150	Then where'er the signal's....	17	There shall our raptured....	198
Thence whence the glorious....	485	Then when enthroned.....	486	There shall the conqueror rest.	199
Then, Christian, dry the falling	255	Then when I knelt to meditate	86	There shed Thy choicest love.	191
Then, come back, my darling....	357	Then, while a voice of pardon.	148	There's not a plant or flower..	84
Then, come, in robes of light.	436	Then who would choose to....	225	There's not a sin that we....	444
Then, e'en in age and grief....	271	Then why, O blessed Jesus....	129	There's nothing dark below....	533
Then every color.....	481	Then why should I so long....	445	There's room around thy.....	103
Then fling it, unrestrained and	47	Then will He own my.....	177	There's room in God's eternal.	103
Then fly, my song, an endless..	37	Then will I tell to sinners....	172	There's room in heaven among	103
Then from the craggy.....	317	Then with my waking thoughts	283	There's room within the.....	103
Then gentle patience smiles on	345	The oak strikes deeper as it..	249	There's the city to which I....	404
Then give all the glory.....	24	The oath and promise.....	466	There sweeps no desolating...	394
Then gladly will I follow Thee	145	The o'erwhelming power.....	133	There the blessed man, my...	401
Then hail, blessed state! hail.	499	The opening heavens around..	188	There the glorious triumph....	80
The night of woe resigns....	262	The orb of light thro' clouds..	255	There the glory is ever shining	404
Then, in a moment, to my view	169	The order of the house.....	450	There, there, on eagle wings..	224
Then in a nobler, sweeter song	151	The pains of death are past..	359	There thou at noon.....	472
Then I shall end my sad.....	249	The pains, the groans, and....	343	There, too, may we our.....	349
Then I, within Thy sacred....	253	The parent finds the long lost..	354	There we shall in full chorns.	391
Then Judah thou.....	484	The peaceful gates of heavenly	177	There we shall reign, and shout	376
Then keep me, Lord.....	246	The perfect way is hard to flesh	189	There, when the turmoil is no.	348
Then let me mount and soar..	172	The pity of the Lord.....	31	There, where my blessed Jesus	184
Then let my soul march boldly	165	The poor in spirit thou hast fed	3	There, where ten thousand....	426

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
There, with eternal glory	86	The unweary'd sun from day . . .	15	This heavenly calm within the . .	8
There, with saints and angels . . .	443	The vaulted heavens shall fall . .	193	This hour, with flowing tresses . .	152
There, with united heart and . . .	103	The vision of the heavenly . . .	329	This is my body, broke for us . .	77
There, ye that love my Saviour . .	401	The vital savor of His	459	This is the field where hidden . .	21
The righteous Lord loves	323	The voice at midnight came . . .	359	This is the grace that lives and . .	183
The rising God forsakes the . . .	74	The volume of my Father's . . .	21	This is the hidden life I prize . .	133
The rocks can rend ; the earth . .	166	The voyage of life's at an end . .	389	This is the judge that ends . . .	41
The rolling ocean's fast abyss . .	44	The want of sight she well . . .	248	This is the man, th' exalted . .	212
The rolling sun, the changing . .	22	The warbling notes pursue . . .	341	This is the spouse of Christ . . .	226
The saints I heard with rapture . .	148	The watchmen join their voice . .	332	This is the thing I crave	285
The saints of God, from death . .	359	The waves obey thy dread . . .	32	This is the way I long had . . .	172
The saints on earth and all the . .	223	The way the holy prophets . . .	173	This lamp through all the	21
The saints shall flourish in His . .	304	The way to heaven is straight . .	124	This life's a dream—an empty . .	160
The saints shall mount on	253	The wise will make their anger . .	445	This only can my fears controul .	259
The Saviour smiles upon my . . .	157	The weapons which your hands . .	336	This pilgrim-path by Thee was . .	142
The scourge, the thorns, the . . .	75	The weary bird hath left the . .	72	This precious truth His word . .	59
The sea beheld, and struck	41	The whole creation groans	109	This shall be known when we . .	37
These are the living lights	318	The whole creation join in one . .	181	This spotless robe the same . . .	173
These are the sweet and	7	The widow and the fatherless . .	43	This spring with living water . .	165
These ashes, too, this little dust .	343	The wings of every hour shall . .	41	This was compassion, like a . . .	191
The seas shall waste, the skies . .	320	The woodland hum is ringing . .	434	This Word, the Spirit	296
The seed of living truth	493	The word, the Spirit	293	Thither, his raptured thought . .	349
The seeds of ecstasy unknown . .	237	The work begun is carried on . .	39	Thither the tribes repair	13
The seeds of joy and glory	177	The work which his goodness . . .	475	Those are the hymns that we . .	401
The seeing eye, the feeling	133	The world and Satan I forsake . .	145	Those characters shall fair . . .	87
These inward trials I employ . . .	195	The world beheld the glorious . .	175	Those gentle whispers let me . .	56
These lively hopes we owe	360	The world can never give	169	Those joys which earth can not .	216
These speak of Thee with loud . .	32	The world is seldom what it . . .	357	Those mighty orbs proclaim . . .	33
These through fiery trials trod . .	403	The world is tempting still my . .	233	Those mighty periods of years . .	256
These were but seasons	215	The world shut out from all . . .	133	Those trees each month yield . .	368
The sharper and severer	272	The worlds of nature and of . . .	183	Those wandering cisterns in . . .	476
The shepherd, leaning o'er his . .	420	The worst of all diseases	153	Thou abyss of love	272
The shepherds on the lawn	67	The wounded and the weak . . .	163	Thou aged man, life's wintry . .	126
The Shepherd sought His	196	They are justified by grace	288	Thou art a God before whose . .	6
The silence thronged gloriously . .	288	They are lights upon the earth . .	268	Thou art gone to the grave ! and .	379
The sins I fancied quell'd	259	They bid us be in mirthful . . .	51	Thou art gone to the grave ! but .	379
The smoothest seas will	235	They come as half-forgotten . . .	9	Thou art gone to the grave ! we .	379
The social talk, the evening fire . .	137	They come, on the wings of the . .	48	Thou art my everlasting trust . .	182
The solemn harvest comes	427	They come, they come ; Thine . .	283	Thou art my Pilot—wise	211
The solemn, midnight cry	109	They come when we wander . . .	43	Thou art resting now, like	384
The songs of everlasting years . .	64	They die in Jesus, and are	249	Thou art the earnest of	432
The Son of God	495	The year rolls round, and steals . .	137	Thou art the earnest of His . . .	55
The soul, a dreary province	13	They find access at every hour . .	191	Thou art the sea of love	197
The soul alone, like a neglected . .	215	They flourish like the morning . .	253	Thou callest me to seek Thy . .	163
The soul by faith reclined	263	They gaze upon His beauteous . .	394	Thou canst not toil	435
The soul that longs to see My . . .	105	They go from strength to	19	Thou didst mark our path	479
The soul that on Jesus hath	230	They journey on from strength . .	9	Thou didst the meek example . .	157
The sovereign will of God	452	They leave the dust, and on . . .	398	Thou dost conduct Thy people . .	187
The spacious worlds of	37	They'll waft us sooner o'er . . .	361	Though as yet no losses grieve . .	374
The sparrow for her young	19	They marked the footsteps that . .	369	Though buried deep, or thinly . .	9
The spacious earth and	163	They saw a glorious light	67	Though dead, they speak in . . .	173
The Spirit, by his heavenly	452	They saw Him on the cross . . .	92	Though destruction walk	430
The Spirit calls to-day	128	They scorn to seek our golden . .	156	Though distresses now attend . .	279
The Spirit, like some	452	They shall find rest who learn . .	98	Though earth may boast one . .	346
The Spirit takes delight	458	They sing of death and hell . . .	46	Though earth-born shadows . . .	245
The Spirit wrought my faith . . .	181	They sing of earth and heaven . .	495	Though faith and hope may oft .	241
The stars of heaven are	239	They sing the Lamb of God . . .	92	Though fields, in verdure once .	38
The storm is laid, the winds . . .	55	They sing Thy deeds, as I have . .	247	Though for a time I hid My . . .	339
The storm that wrecks the	347	They spoke in tender love . . .	196	Though from the fold	251
The streams all beautiful and . . .	426	They suffer with their Lord . . .	86	Though from the fold the flock . .	18
The sun and rain will ripen	221	They thronged His chariot	92	Though furiously their heads . .	258
The sun went down in fearful . .	73	They watch for souls	452	Though high above all praise . .	31
The tears are shed that	391	They were mortal, too, like us . .	493	Though his eye hath	365
The things of Christ	452	They who die in Christ are . . .	571	Though His majesty be great . .	127
The thirsty ridges drink their . .	426	Thine angel, like a pointed . . .	3	Though I have most unfaithful .	134
The thorn and the thistle	498	Thine carthy Sabbaths, Lord . . .	2	Though in a bare and rugged . .	24
The thunder is His voice	432	Thine essence is a vast abyss . .	32	Though in the paths of death I .	24
The thunder of that dismal	109	Thine eye, thine ear	467	Though in a foreign land	194
The thunders of His hand	19	Thine inward teaching	466	Though in the dust I lay my . .	85
The tide of creatures ebbs and . .	37	Thine, wondrous Babe of	494	Though, like the wanderer	183
The time how lovely and how . .	4	Thine, who on the cross He . . .	47	Though long of winds and	247
The trivial round, the common . .	165	Thine of Thy sorrows, dearest . .	15	Though nature's strength	450
The troubled conscience knows . .	59	Thine, O Jesus, for what reason .	364	Though now ascended up on . .	85
The trumpet's martial voice	50	Thine can my every care controul .	145	Though on foreign shore we . .	228
The trumpet sounds. Awake	359	This day be grateful homage . .	10	Though raised to a superior . . .	87
The trumpet! the trumpet	121	This day I must to God appear . .	7	Though rocks and quicksands . .	211
The trump shall sound—the	343	This day we give to	477	Though rough and thorny be . .	230
The truths ye urge are borne . . .	336	This empty tomb shall now . . .	8	Though saints to sore distress . .	324
The umbrageous oak in pomp . . .	235	This freezing heart, O Lord . . .	166	Though seed He buried long in .	175
The unbelieving world	469	This glorious hope revives	297	Though Sin's curse, in	169
The unvalled glories of His	399	This happiness in part is mine . .	377	Though sin defile our worship . .	161

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Though tears may dim my...	442	Thunder, and hail, and fire, and	30	Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting	335
Though tempest-tossed, and...	239	Thus as the moments pass...	217	Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary...	335
Though ten thousand ills beset	79	Thus chastened, cleansed...	424	Thy noblest wonders here we...	22
Though the night be dark and	430	Thus do His willing saints...	432	Thy pard'ning love—so free, so	143
Though the root thereof wax...	357	Thus glorious, will He...	53	Thy power and glory work...	50
Though unworthy, Lord, Thine	85	Thus God descended...	471	Thy power Omnipotent...	391
Though waves and storms go...	171	Thus it becomes...	255	Thy praises, Lord, I will...	24
Though we are guilty, Thou...	5	Thus, like the morning, calm...	426	Thy precepts make me...	448
Though we here should meet...	265	Thus low the Lord of life was...	87	Thy promise is my only plea...	145
Though your heart be made of	127	Thus may we abide in union...	16	Thy promises are true...	11
Thou givest me the lot...	250	Thus might I hide my blushing	144	Thy providence is kind and...	53
Thou giv'st the word; Thy...	256	Thus my heart the hope will...	275	Thy risen Lord, my soul...	85
Thou good, and wise, and...	395	Thus, O thus an entrance give...	201	Thy saints are comforted, I...	143
Thou hast been called when by	120	Thus present still, though now...	165	Thy saints, in all this glorious...	178
Thou hast been called when...	120	Thus shall all the shackles fall...	323	Thyself amid the silence clear...	283
Thou hast helped in every need	184	Thus shall the God our Saviour	42	Thy scene each vision brings...	429
Thou hast redeemed our souls...	262	Thus shall the vengeance of the	321	Thy acceptor well becomes His...	304
Thou hast turned my mourning	284	Thus shall this moving engine...	43	Thy secret voice invites me...	137
Thou heard'st, well pleased, the	393	Thus shall wars...	331	Thy shining grace can cheer...	197
Thou heaven of heavens, His...	18	Thus shall we lost...	162	Thy showers make soft the...	432
Thou high and holy One...	318	Thus spake the seraph, and...	63	Thy Sovereign eye looks calmly	305
Thou in that sign the rebel...	165	Thus star by star declines...	266	Thy Spirit, O my...	467
Thou in toil art comfort sweet...	264	Thus sweetly live, thus greatly	283	Thy Spirit shall unite...	294
Thou knowest I love Thee...	183	Thus the lion yields...	469	Thy steps have long enchanted...	355
Thou know'st in the spirit of...	356	Thus, though the universe shall	288	Thy suffering life I can not trace...	143
Thou know'st the way to bring	136	Thus through the emblematic...	476	Thy sufferings I embrace with...	133
Thou layest them, with all...	265	Thus, till my last expiring...	184	Thy thousand thousand hosts...	165
Thou lovely Chief of all my...	165	Thus, till my last expiring day...	6	Thy throne eternal ages stood...	32
Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb	436	Thus to the Lord I raised my...	241	Thy throne, O God, for ever...	328
Thou moon that rul'st the night	436	Thus what our heavenly...	335	Thy voice produced the sea and	58
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God	43	Thus, when the night of death...	418	Thy walls are made of precious	393
Thou, O Christ, art all I want...	261	Thus when thou...	265	Thy way is in great waters...	154
Thou, of heaven and earth...	275	Thus, while the meaneer...	30	Thy will be done. If o'er us...	415
Thou on the Lord rely...	293	Thus, while they prayed, at...	169	Thy will be done. Though...	415
Thou restless globe of golden...	30	Thus will the church below...	227	Thy winged troops, O God of...	41
Thou, Saviour, only Thou...	359	Thus, with my thoughts...	425	Thy word a wondrous guiding...	449
Thou see'st my heart's desire...	353	Thus would I live till nature...	133	Thy word is everlasting...	448
Thou shalt see My glory soon...	448	Thus would my rising soul...	428	Thy word is like a flaming...	449
Thou spread'st the curtains of...	368	Thy beautiful and shining face	187	Thy word is true, Thy promise	240
Thou that to will in me hast...	7	Thy bountiful care, what...	49	Thy word like silver seven...	324
Thou, through the starry orbs	81	Thy bright example I pursue...	193	Thy word, O Lord, like gentle...	449
Thou, tossed upon the waves...	3	Thy choice and mine shall be...	203	Thy word, O Lord, with...	449
Thou, to whom all power is...	345	Thy church is in the desert...	217	Tidings, glad tidings from above	66
Thou traveler in this vale of...	457	Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide	57	Till, by Thine own triumphant	73
Thou treadest on enchanted...	167	Thy covenant in the darkest...	143	Till David touched his sacred...	156
Thou, who alone, when man...	344	Thy death—thy life...	476	Till God diffuse His graces...	460
Thou who art mourning o'er...	3	Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder	154	Till God in human flesh I see...	188
Thou who hast dear ones far...	141	Thy dew came down—my...	255	Till then, I would Thy love...	191
Thou who hast laid within the	3	Thy dew doth every morning...	239	Till then, nor is my boasting...	159
Thou, who hast our plans...	355	Thy face, with reverence and...	336	Till the redeemed in every...	301
Thou, who homeless and...	143	Thy faithful servant...	492	Time has nearly reached its...	309
Thou, whose benignant eye...	13	Thy favor, all my journey...	253	Time is bearing us away...	370
Thou, whose favors without...	439	Thy gardens and thy goodly...	398	Time, like an ever-rolling...	56
Thou wilt not break a bruised...	135	Thy glorious eye pervadeth...	462	'Tis a joy, that seated deep...	201
Thou wilt not break the bruised	135	Thy glory never hence depart...	206	'Tis an ever-varied flood...	431
Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles	147	Thy glory shines immensely...	32	'Tis by the merits of Thy death	183
Thou wilt! Thou dost!—a still	141	Thy God, thy Head's above...	277	'Tis done—the great transaction	292
Thou wondrous Advocate with	144	Thy golden scepter from above	166	'Tis faith that conquers...	460
Thrice happy morn for those...	353	Thy grace can send its...	155	'Tis faith that purifies...	460
Thro' all my weak and fainting	145	Thy grace first made...	464	'Tis finished!—let the joyful...	76
Throned on a cloud our God...	196	Thy grace, O Holy Ghost...	92	'Tis finished! now the ransom's	80
Through all eternity to Thee...	54	Thy grace still dwells upon my	190	'Tis for the soul's eternal...	491
Through all His works what...	53	Thy gracious promise now...	246	'Tis from the sacred...	456
Through all my pilgrimage...	259	Thy hand, great God, sustains...	53	'Tis God's all-animating voice...	173
Through all the dangers of the	425	Thy hands, dear Jesus...	460	'Tis He adorned my naked...	181
Through all the storms that...	345	Thy heavenly grace to each...	424	'Tis heaven on earth to taste...	189
Through all the windings of my	345	Thy judgments, too, which...	166	'Tis He by His almighty...	397
Through changes bright or...	13	Thy light and truth shall guide	240	'Tis He forgives thy sins...	450
Through David's city I am led	66	Thy love, a sea without a shore	193	'Tis He, my soul, that sent...	23
Through duty and through...	175	Thy love can cheer the...	255	'Tis here the troubled springs...	218
Through each perplexing path	218	Thy love the powers of thought	218	'Tis He supports my mortal...	423
Through every period of my...	54	Thy mercy-seat is open still...	245	'Tis He that works...	453
Through floods and flames if...	173	Thy mercy stretches o'er my...	247	'Tis His almighty love...	199
Through many dangers, toils...	181	Thy mercy tempers every blast	58	'Tis in the silence of the shade...	213
Through ten thousand channels	314	Thy ministering spirits descend	205	'Tis Jesus, our Friend...	265
Through the deep gloom of...	424	Thy morning light and evening	426	'Tis Jesus, the first and the...	336
Through the churches' long...	291	Thy name my inmost powers...	132	'Tis joy to think the angel...	225
Through the valley and shadow	90	Thy names, how infinite they...	32	'Tis like the sun, a heavenly...	448
Through the wild sea Thou...	154	Thy nature, gracious Lord...	464	'Tis love! 'tis love! Thou...	170
Through Thy rich merit, by...	280	Thy neighbor? he who drinks...	335	'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast...	137
Through waves, through clouds	262	Thy neighbor? pass no...	335	'Tis midnight—and for others...	76

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
'Tis midnight—and from all...	76	To Thee we still would cleave...	294	Walk in the light! and e'en...	257
'Tis midnight, and, from ether	76	To Thee, whose word the...	421	Walk in the light! and thou...	257
'Tis my most fervent prayer...	285	To the heavens His voice...	389	Walk in the light! thy path...	257
'Tis not a cause of small...	482	To them remains nor place, nor	36	Want, from the wretch...	322
'Tis not darkness gathering...	381	To them the cross is life and...	86	Warm our hearts with sacred...	15
'Tis not for wealth...	491	To this the joyful nations...	289	Was ever equal pity...	258
'Tis not that murmuring...	253	To thy grave we sadly bear...	354	Was there nothing but a...	144
'Tis not the trump of war...	108	To Thy great name, almighty...	10	Watchman! tell us of the night...	108
'Tis pleasant to believe...	397	Touch'd by the loadstone of...	251	Watch o'er my lips and guard...	161
'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful...	405	Touched with a sympathy...	87	Watch—'tis your Lord's...	195
'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant...	141	To what a stubborn frame...	152	Water can cleanse...	550
'Tis the joy of pardoned sin...	201	To you, in David's town this...	63	Weak is the effort of my heart...	191
'Tis there he says I am to...	394	Tranquil amidst alarms...	359	Weak though we are, He still...	125
'Tis the rich gift...	458	Tread in His steps...	478	We are His people; wo His...	40
'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart	195	Treasures of everlasting...	253	Weary of this war within...	113
'Tis thus we bid its...	482	Tremble, ye who Him rejected	97	Weary of wandering...	489
'Tis to my Saviour I would live	173	Trials make the promise sweet	147	Weary sinners keep...	461
'Tis when beyond this vale of...	393	Trials must and will befall...	147	We bring them, Lord, in...	293
To be encompassed round...	33	True as the magnet to the pole	167	We can not bid the morning...	297
To bring fire on earth He came	308	True, 'tis a straight and thorny	165	We can not trust Him as we...	131
To Christ the bleeding...	405	Truly blessed is this station...	209	We can see that distant home...	407
To damp our earthly joys...	109	Trumpet-scattered sound of...	364	Weeping sinners dry...	461
To-day attend His voice...	450	Trump of glad jubilee...	326	Weep not for them; beside the	343
To-day, her glimmering light...	152	Trust in the Lord...	492	Weep not for the saint that...	189
To-day He rose and left thee...	6	Truth from the earth like to a...	365	Weep not for the spirit now...	189
To-day the Saviour calls...	128	Time, tune your harps...	373	Weep not, my friends, weep...	373
To dwell with God, to feel His	160	Tune your harps anew...	97	We feel that heaven is now...	476
To dwell with misery here...	63	Turn, mortal turn! thy soul...	351	We feel the resurrection near...	225
To each, the soul of each, how	216	Turn, turn us, mighty God...	152	We fly to our eternal Rock...	55
To earth He heeds His throne...	51	Turn us with gentle...	453	We for whom God...	471
To every land beneath the sun...	303	'Twas for my sins my dearest...	103	We for whose sake...	471
To gain the top of...	472	'Twas grace that taught my...	180	We give our souls the wounds...	107
To gaze on His glories divine...	205	'Twas He that cleansed...	469	We hail the church built high...	141
To gentle offices of love...	334	'Twas mercy filled the throne...	199	We have traveled long together...	181
Together oft they seek thee...	216	'Twas the same love that spread	290	We in Jesus confide, and are...	433
To give my weakness strength...	246	'Twas through the Lamb's most	178	We know that Thy presence is...	189
To God I cried when troubles...	42	'Twas to save thee, child, from	441	Welcome, and precious to my...	7
To God, our great Father...	71	Tyrants no more...	484	Welcome, sweet hour of full...	169
To God, the Only Wise...	13			We lick the dust, we grasp the	107
To God the Son belongs...	325			We'll catch the note of lofty...	10
To God the Spirit's name...	325			We'll crowd Thy gates with...	40
To heed the sorrows Thou hast	166			We'll gird our loins...	490
To heaven, the place of His...	190			Well, if our days must fly...	161
To Him I owe my life and...	190			Well might the sun in darkness	144
To Him let every...	471			We'll talk of all He did and said	217
To Him that loved us...	470			Well, the delightful day will...	202
To Him their prayers and cries	226			We'll know thy living faith...	263
To holiness their heart...	491			Well, we shall quickly pass the	77
To India's various castes...	302			We love His holy word...	478
To Jesus Christ...	489			We love Thy name...	292
To Jesus, our atoning...	469			We meet at Thy...	473
To Jordan's stream...	292			We praise Thee—if one clouded	333
To leave my Saviour I disdain...	256			We're going to join thee...	124
To Lebanon He turns His voice	44			We're going to see the bleeding	124
To nakedness and want...	322			We're half the breath thou...	217
To our Redeemer God...	199			Were I in heaven without my...	57
Tormenting thirst shall leave...	399			Were I inspired to...	470
To scorn the senses' sway...	195			Were I possessor of the earth...	157
To serve the present age...	195			Were the whole realm of nature...	74
To shine with angels in...	296			Were you not children once...	335
To show Thy sin-atoning...	476			We seek the consecrated...	477
To sit one day beneath Thine...	9			We see Thy hand; it leads us...	120
To smite the breast, the clothes	189			We shall have a mighty shout...	407
To sojourn in the world, and...	421			We share our mutual woes...	227
To songs of praise and joy...	12			We should almost forsake our...	350
To speak, and think, and will...	137			We shrink before Thy vast...	25
To spread the rays of heavenly	89			We sink beneath...	292
Tossed on time's rude...	375			We speak of its freedom from...	387
To that Jerusalem above...	412			We speak of its pathways of...	287
To the dear fountain...	463			We speak of its service of love...	387
To the desert or the cell...	149			We strive, but all our efforts...	349
To Thee, and Thee alone...	107			Westward still, O...	488
To Thee, great One in Three...	69			Westward, till the church...	488
To Thee I owe my wealth and...	185			We trust not in our native...	139
To Thee I tell each rising grief	245			We turn to Thee a smiling face	107
To Thee I will address my...	43			"We've no abiding city here,"	160
To Thee my trembling spirit...	190			We wait in faith, and turn our	423
To Thee, O Lord, my tender...	255			We wait in faith, we wait in...	423
To Thee ten thousand thanks...	177				
To Thee, Thine only, will I...	141				
To the everlasting Father...	291				

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
We walk by faith.....	397	When from His dreadful.....	417	When to heaven's great and...	427
We, while the stars from.....	343	When from the dust of death..	173	When tossed upon the waves...	399
We would no longer lie.....	199	When gladness wings my.....	218	When trembling limbs refuse...	345
What ailed thee, O thou mighty	47	When God, our leader, shines...	55	When trouble assails.....	265
What am I, Lord, that Thou so	143	When He first the work began	398	When trouble, like a gloomy...	172
What a rapturous song, when...	433	When He gave up the.....	465	When troubles, like a hurricane,	87
What brought them to that...	413	When He lived on earth.....	260	When troubles rise, and storms	189
What change! through pathless	303	When here Thy messengers...	236	When we appear in yonder...	175
What'er events befall.....	261	When I am filled with sore...	182	When we asunder part.....	237
What'er pursuits my.....	442	When I behold them pressed...	161	When we in darkness walk...	194
What'er Thou dostest, O God...	448	When I can say, My God is...	77	When will my pilgrimage be...	7
What'er thy lot—where'er.....	261	When I faint with summer's...	27	When, with sad footsteps.....	243
What'er Thy providence.....	271	When I lie within my bed.....	267	When, worn by toil, their...	302
What'er Thy sacred will.....	261	When in ecstasy sublime.....	24	When worn with pain, disease	253
What Friend have I in heaven.	241	When infancy at evening tries...	235	When youthful Spring around...	24
What have I done for Him...	145	When in His earthly courts...	176	Where are the vows which...	248
What if the springs of life were	57	When in their lonely bed loved	367	Where dost Thou, dear.....	292
What if Thy love possess I not	173	When in the sabbath of His...	301	Where'er I have a.....	485
What is my being, but for Thee	171	When in the slippery path of...	44	Where'er I turn my gazing...	84
What language shall I borrow...	79	When, in the solemn hour of...	253	Where'er, in lands unknown...	306
What object, Lord, my soul.....	195	When in the sultry globe I...	284	Where'er the sun doth.....	434
What peaceful hours I once.....	223	When I review my ways.....	258	Where is the blessedness I...	220
What shall I say Thy grace to...	292	When I slumber in the tomb...	471	Where is the shadow of that...	168
What shall in life trouble? Not	441	When I touch the blessed shore	294	Where is the strength that...	253
What shall soothe thy bursting...	161	When I tread the verge of...	275	Where prairie flowers.....	487
What sought they thus afar?	440	When I turn my.....	472	Where should our feeble.....	453
What soul shall dare, though...	397	When joy no longer soothes...	244	Where the arctic ocean.....	313
What sweeter pledge could God	340	When love in one delightful...	225	Where the golden gates of day...	309
What thanks I owe Thee, and...	240	When, lo! with ravished ears...	67	Where the infant cities.....	488
What though hell's fiery.....	447	When mercy points where.....	265	Where the lofty minaret.....	309
What though in solemn silence...	375	When midnight veils our eyes...	428	Where the saints of all ages...	378
What, though parted from our...	81	When mounted on Thy.....	242	Wherever the shackles of...	322
What though Satan.....	468	When mourning o'er some stone	243	Where wilt thou cast thy care...	262
What though the floods lift up...	415	When my forgetful soul.....	141	Where the worm dies not, and...	120
What though the gates.....	230	When mystery clouds my.....	415	Which of all our friends, to...	209
What though the northern.....	223	When nature shudders, loth to...	237	While all our hearts, and all...	230
What though the spicy breezes...	230	When night with wings of...	24	While all the stars that round...	25
What though the tempests.....	284	When obstacles and trials.....	247	While angelic legions with...	409
What, though thou rulest not...	162	When on Calvary I rest.....	394	While angels shout and praise...	86
What though we are but.....	230	When once it enters to.....	448	While guilt disturbs and.....	145
What Thou shalt to-day.....	367	When, one by one, those ties...	344	While He affords His aid.....	197
What troubles have we seen...	381	When our earthly comforts.....	219	While harps unnumbered.....	87
What voice shall bid the.....	307	When our incarnate.....	479	While here in the valley of...	408
What was there then in you...	8	When raging foes surround...	211	While here I walk on hostile...	286
What was Thy crime, my.....	13	When rising floods my soul...	157	While His high praise ye sing...	338
What wonders shall Thy.....	84	When round Thy courts by...	162	While I am a pilgrim here...	219
What worldly life must break...	152	When scarce is seized some...	145	While I am held in Thine...	163
When all arrayed in light.....	311	When shall earth's blest.....	15	While I draw this fleeting...	110
When all created streams are...	50	When shall I reach that happy	412	While I gazed, with speed.....	382
When all I am I clearly see...	134	When shall love freely flow...	368	While I lay resting on my bed...	247
When all is done, renounce...	375	When shall the day, dear Lord	393	While I'm often vainly trying...	443
When angry nations rush to...	395	When shall these eyes Thy...	396	While in affliction's furnace...	287
When anxious cares would I...	157	When should not they rejoice...	193	While Jews on their own law...	188
When black the threatening...	245	When, shriveling like a.....	98	While life's dark maze I tread...	222
When by the dreadful tempest...	267	When sinks the soul subdued...	214	While of Thy absence we.....	163
When cares and sorrows.....	261	When storms of fierce.....	221	While on earth ordained to...	88
Whence comes it, that, year...	194	When storms of sorrow round...	131	While others learn to.....	445
When children's voices raise...	296	When tempest clouds are dark...	245	While our silent steps are...	374
When darkness, and when.....	249	When that illustrious day shall	178	While passing a garden I.....	71
When day, with farewell beam...	24	When the dreams of life are...	228	While place we seek, or place...	36
When death invades my.....	245	When the flames and hellish...	267	While sinners in despair shall...	342
When death o'er nature shall...	157	When the holy have gone to...	192	While some poor wretches.....	445
When death shall interrupt...	164	When the house doth sigh and...	267	While strangers to prayer.....	438
When dreadful guilt is done...	185	When their earthly work.....	483	While such a scene of sacred...	77
When each can feel his brother	245	When the Judge descends in...	111	While the bright nation sounds	153
When each day's scenes and...	477	When the judgment is revealed	267	While the Holy Ghost is nigh...	111
When earth and years.....	493	When the Lord shall send His...	384	While the wounds of woe are...	119
When earthly cares engross...	161	When the mighty trumpet.....	374	While this liquid.....	479
When earthly delusions.....	483	When the morning paints the...	15	While through their dubious...	451
When earth no more.....	281	When the most helpless.....	594	While Thy word is heard with...	15
When earth's prospects fail...	485	When the pangs of death assail	270	While to Thee our prayers.....	15
Whene'er beamed I lie.....	211	When the rich gales of mercy...	192	While we seek supplies.....	14
Whene'er my heart is broken...	282	When the soft dews of kindly...	416	While with a melting, broken...	103
Whene'er you meet with.....	159	When the sun of bliss is...	275	While with love unceasing.....	284
When ends life's transient...	222	When the tempest rolls on high	431	While yet in anguish He.....	290
When evening's silent shades...	422	When the tempter me pursueth	267	While yet the life-proclaiming...	7
When faith is strong, and.....	345	When the woes of life o'ertake...	275	Whither, ah! whither shall I...	132
When far from the friends...	384	When the world has passed.....	111	Whither, O whither should...	159
When fear her chilling mists...	245	When Thou shinest on the...	81	Whither should a wretch be...	279
When first before His mercy...	446	When through fiery trials Thy...	230	Who are these? On earth.....	498
When from flesh the spirit...	363	When through the deep waters...	230	Who are they.....	494

<

INDEX OF PSALMS.

PSALM	HYMN	PSALM	HYMN
I =	184	LXXXV =	1053
IV =	1322	LXXXVII =	983
V =	23	LXXXVIII =	39, 1080
IX =	1020, 1022	XC =	117, 187, 821, 1147
XI =	1031	XCI =	1
XVII =	497	XCII =	41, 121, 120, 163
XVIII =	144, 155, 760	XCV =	146, 153
XIX =	46, 73, 87	XCVII =	134, 143
XXIII =	85, 92, 623	XCVIII =	216
XXIV =	260	C =	115, 118, 132
XXVII =	181, 912	CI =	190
XXIX =	148	CII =	102, 140
XXXIV =	546, 569	CVI =	133
XXXVI =	173	CVII =	183
XXXVIII =	434	CX =	253
XLII =	183, 753	CXVI =	422
XLV =	1030	CXVII =	96, 511
XLVI =	152, 173	CXVIII =	25, 507, 664
XLVII =	156, 267	CXXI =	673, 692
L =	333, 1139	CXXII =	31, 32, 43, 1173
LI =	406	CXXV =	795
LV =	794	CXXVI =	554
LVII =	147	CXXXVI =	93, 170
LXI =	830	CXXXVII =	717, 747
LXIII =	24, 755, 782	CXXXVIII =	133
LXVIII =	124	CXXXIX =	117, 193
LXXI =	573	CXLI =	504
LXXII =	513, 961, 1001	CXLV =	131
LXXIII =	191, 212	CXLVI =	1032
LXXVII =	476, 477, 478	CXLVII =	1325
LXXX =	684	CXLVIII =	97, 130
LXXXIV =	2, 63	CXLIX =	162
		CL =	83

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Adams, Sarah F. 928. 1075.	Cennick 547. 720. 1166.	Gilbert, Mrs. 821. 987.
Addison 85. 87. 181.	Chapel Hymns 1302	Gill, T. H. 527. 910.
Allen 363	Chapin 19.	Gisborne 738
Allen, G. N. 770	Church Psalmody 165	Good, J. M. 1292
Ambrose, St. 506	Collyer, 62. 276. 325. 528. 1174.	Goode, W. 1064. 1189
Ancient Hymns 211.	Couder, 106. 151. 505. 799. 919.	Gould, H. F. 1212
Anderson, Mrs. G. W. 1498	1198.	Grant 1184. 1201
Angelus 1442	Cotterell 995	Grant, Miss 578
	Cotton 703	Grant, Sir R., 89. 454. 762.
Bacon, L. 956. 958. 1209.	Cowper, T. 50. 74. 193. 249.	1327.
Bailey 1067	458. 530. 573. 686. 693. 695.	Greene, T. 792
Bakewell 290	744. 750. 811. 828. 862. 1125.	Green 394
Baldwin 1462	1203.	Gregg 304. 492
Balfour 953	Cox, A. C. 230. 982. 1169.	Guion, Madame, 415. 508. 645. 648.
Baptist Memorial 1188	Croswell 1003	753.
Barbault, Mrs., 14. 40. 357. 526. 680.	Cunningham 20. 1072	
80. 1047. 1093. 1098. 1247.	Curtis's Collection 1333	Hall's Collection 1398
Bonar, H. 1430. 1436	Cutter, W. 1051. 1055	Hammond 632
Bowring, 79. 229. 374. 651. 882. 972.		Hart 22. 369. 523. 1437
1022. 1284.	Dale 1128	Hartford Selection 585. 1329
Bath Collection 1498	Doddridge, 4. 81. 172. 182. 189. 218.	Hastings, T., 72. 284. 324. 385. 462.
Barton, 76. 419. 749. 776. 823. 1126	255. 266. 271. 273. 303. 326. 328.	732. 778. 835. 944. 980.
Bates 1048	331. 334. 445. 453. 474. 486. 515.	Hatfield 116. 670
Baxter, R. 791	516. 549. 557. 564. 590. 591. 598.	Hawes 318. 467. 651. 820
Beard's Collection 1000	695. 615. 616. 626. 629. 672. 743.	Hawksworth 1299
Beatty 663	835. 922. 926. 928. 929. 946. 981.	Hayward 70
Beddome, 343. 428. 429. 624. 718.	1023. 1046. 1054. 1091. 1112. 1143.	Heath 611
745. 810. 813. 1387. 1404. 1431.	1145. 1245. 1320. 1331. 1377. 1390.	Heber, 223. 262. 282. 431. 926. 943.
1439. 1450. 1453. 1456.	1415. 1511.	1079. 1114. 1155. 1186. 1349. 1510.
Beecher, Charles 1262. 1268	Doane 848. 1163	Hemans, 246. 1007. 1124. 1156. 1243
Bernard, St. 439	Drummond 1016. 1052	Herbert 623. 754
Bickersteth's Collection 1392	Dutton, Deodatus 1003. 1265	Higginbotham 581. 696
Blacklock 136	Duncan 551. 1027	Hillhouse 457
Boden 667	Duncan, Mary Lundie 1360	Horne 1173
Bourne's Collection 449	Dwight, 115. 169. 309. 717. 832.	Howitt, Mary 1147
Bowdler 816	1080. 1344.	Humphries 864
Bradley 448	Dyer, S. 1499	Huntingdon 322
Bremer 992		Hunn 208
Breviary, 496. 601. 930. 1232. 1290.	Eastburne, I. W. 194	Hyde 318
1310.	Edmeston 15. 29. 1193. 1328	Hymns for the Sanctuary 61
Briggs's Collection 339. 1330	Edyfield 1342	
Browne, Mrs. 609. 1316	Enfield 250	Ide, G. B. 1487
Browne 198	English Baptist Collection, 1492.	
Browning, Mrs., 477. 498. 495. 1073.	1507. 1508. 1509. 1512. 1514.	Jay 1401
1074.	Evangelical Magazine 1381	Johns 1015
Bryant, W. C., 90. 905. 940. 1071.	Evans 300	Jones 421
1481.		Judkin 288
Bryant, J. H. 1036	Faber 291. 592. 596. 600	Judson 924. 932
Brydges 248. 292. 293. 353. 1312	Fawcett 329. 716. 1441	
Bunting, W. M. 27	Fellows 936	Keble 290. 1289. 1301
Burder 63. 128. 909	Furness 903. 1341	Kelly, 13. 41. 269. 279. 287. 296.
Burder's Collection 948	Fitch, E. T. 49	297. 499. 502. 681. 906. 952. 988.
Burgess, G. 160. 625. 753	Fitzgerald's Collection 726	989. 990. 991. 993.
Burn 1513	Fletcher, Miss 1062	Kenn 1287. 1298
Burns 184. 821	Fleury, Marie de 226. 1205	Kennedy 725
Burton 1167	Follen, Mrs 1037	Key, S. F. 64
Byles 1111	Francis, B. 171. 652	Kingsbury 296
	Freeman 1351	Kirkham 725
Campbell's Collection 571	French 1063	
Campbell, T. 228	Frothingham 437	Langford 655
Caswell 819		Leitch's Collection, 56. 450. 1317
Cawood 209. 994	Gallaudet, T. H. 890	Leland's Hymns 986
Christian Lyre 773. 880. 1190	Gellert 645	Litchfield Collection 914
Christian Psalmist 240	Gems 167	Liverpool Collection 213. 1122
Clark, J. F. 695. 851	Gerhardt, P. 247. 840	Logan, 220. 265. 683. 826. 911. 965.
Codman's Collection 30	Gibbons 277. 498. 1043. 1409	1113.

HYMN		HYMN		HYMN			
Longfellow, S. J.	941, 1012, 1118, 1121	Topical Collection	341, 663, 792, 806, 885, 935, 957, 974, 998, 1001, 1096	Village Hymns	177		
Lowell, James R.	1005	Quarles	1239	Wake	155		
Lutheran Collection	1059	Raffles	12, 698, 1172	Wallin	564		
Linton, M. J.	1388	Reed	257, 362, 401, 659	Ware, H.	771		
Lyra Catholica	136, 322, 352, 400, 491, 517, 555, 589, 593, 602, 613, 784, 847, 1060, 1170, 1288	Rod's Collection	105	Wardlaw	1469		
Lyra Germanica	1387, 1388	Rippon	367, 364	Watts, I.	2, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 68, 69, 77, 78, 81, 100, 102, 103, 105, 147, 198, 110, 111, 112, 117, 118, 130, 132, 133, 134, 135, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 154, 158, 159, 161, 170, 173, 174, 178, 179, 181, 183, 186, 187, 190, 191, 192, 195, 197, 216, 233, 235, 241, 244, 257, 254, 258, 263, 267, 271, 305, 308, 310, 312, 314, 315, 323, 329, 332, 333, 335, 336, 337, 338, 342, 406, 409, 422, 425, 438, 434, 446, 469, 472, 473, 480, 481, 484, 489, 497, 500, 501, 503, 504, 506, 507, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 518, 519, 525, 526, 529, 534, 539, 540, 561, 563, 566, 572, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 581, 582, 586, 587, 587, 589, 608, 619, 620, 628, 639, 640, 642, 646, 647, 648, 678, 681, 682, 692, 705, 724, 739, 740, 748, 758, 760, 782, 786, 794, 798, 803, 808, 814, 824, 825, 830, 839, 912, 916, 920, 922, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1024, 1029, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1040, 1081, 1087, 1106, 1108, 1119, 1120, 1127, 1213, 1216, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1249, 1241, 1244, 1246, 1248, 1249, 1274, 1294, 1296, 1341, 1344, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1361, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1376, 1378, 1381, 1385, 1386, 1391, 1392, 1398, 1410, 1413, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1427, 1435, 1440, 1443, 1445, 1446, 1447	Webster	17
Lytte	678, 854, 1028, 1423	Ryland, J.	1028	Westley, C.	291, 295, 299, 260, 274, 342, 345, 351, 355, 384, 400, 445, 498, 411, 412, 413, 417, 465, 464, 473, 475, 485, 490, 491, 508, 509, 519, 541, 542, 544, 559, 562, 583, 612, 618, 622, 631, 635, 640, 647, 660, 663, 704, 707, 712, 721, 723, 727, 771, 802, 815, 828, 837, 843, 861, 868, 939, 945, 960, 973, 990, 1138, 1150, 1161, 1170, 1179, 1182, 1191, 1204, 1207, 1208, 1210, 1235, 1253, 1255, 1273, 1280, 1286, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1419, 1447	Whitaker	715
Mackay, Mrs.	1095	Sacred Songs	398, 1343	White, H. K.	129, 503, 1101, 1336, 1318		
Madan	199, 280, 533, 661	Salisbury Collection	221, 275	Whittier	763, 1017, 1019, 1025, 1056, 1066, 1068, 1127, 1157, 1281, 1305		
Marsden	977	Sandys	57, 66	Willard, Mrs.	1285		
Martineau's Collection	1339	Sargent	1045	Williams, P.	888, 936		
Martineau, Miss	1641	Sawyer, Mrs. C. M.	1086	Williams, Miss H. M.	687		
Mason	28, 1303	Scotch Collection	1491	Willis, N. P.	988		
Merrick	92, 785, 1173	Scotch Paraphrase	1109	Windham	642		
Methodist	205	Scott, E.	105, 109, 1392	Wordsworth	757		
Miller	706	Scott, T.	158, 471, 812				
Milman	234, 276, 973, 1109	Scott, Sir Walter	302, 542				
Milton	25, 93, 215, 1353, 1066	Scars, E. H.	219				
Missionary Music	1137	Seward, Caroline	1031				
Montgomery, F. H.	48, 51, 60, 73, 66, 101, 104, 210, 214, 241, 245, 281, 344, 347, 364, 395, 435, 460, 476, 477, 478, 479, 493, 536, 621, 639, 694, 708, 755, 761, 783, 789, 800, 838, 845, 810, 854, 856, 900, 908, 937, 939, 947, 951, 959, 966, 975, 1001, 1039, 1049, 1099, 1107, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1139, 1144, 1146, 1143, 1153, 1158, 1159, 1162, 1192, 1251, 1252, 1343, 1398, 1459, 1494, 1495, 774, 885, 1491	Shirley	1083				
Moravian	414, 423, 426, 441, 543, 603, 879	Sigourney, Mrs.	701, 705, 841, 918, 967, 985, 1493				
Muhlenberg	833, 1183	Smith, J. E.	749				
Needham	565	Smith, S. F.	55, 350, 379, 376, 577, 1004, 1018, 1251, 1503, 1505				
Newton	387, 1454	Songs in the Night	16				
Newton, James	928	Southey, Mrs.	381				
Newton, S.	52, 59, 270, 318, 349, 300, 387, 388, 410, 427, 430, 452, 455, 456, 459, 465, 570, 607, 646, 649, 665, 685, 690, 699, 724, 741, 751, 849, 857, 883, 983, 1104, 1211, 1228	Spirit of the Psalms	47, 156, 289				
New York Collection	13	Spiritual Songs	386, 543				
Nicoll	1025	Steele, Mrs.	87, 113, 163, 207, 268, 307, 319, 321, 400, 432, 436, 443, 451, 514, 539, 558, 568, 574, 584, 777, 795, 796, 812, 817, 822, 915, 963, 1090, 1121, 1227, 1295, 1406, 1425, 1434, 1461				
Noel, Baptist	807, 917, 954	Stennett, G.	242, 327, 440, 444, 614, 606, 714, 934, 1378, 1455, 1457				
Noel's Collection	39, 1490	Stennett, S.	927				
Norton, Mrs.	375, 1094	Sterling	83, 145				
Oberlin, J. F.	1422	Sternhold	155				
Ockum	461	Stowe, Mrs. H. B.	675, 676, 677				
Ordlvie	97	Stowell	723				
Oliver	888, 1506	Strain	611, 719				
Onderdonk, H. U.	127, 849	Sutton	703				
Ovington's Collection	333	Tappan, W. B.	787, 1223				
Oxford Psalter	301	Tate	206				
Palmer, Ray	700	Tate and Brady	121, 144, 146, 162, 188, 569, 747				
Parkinson's Collection	417	Taylor, E.	51				
Peabody	1102	Taylor, J.	53, 126, 671, 1250				
Perey Chapel Collection	1449, 1502	Taylor	114				
Phelps, S. D.	1501	Tersteegen, G.	401				
Pierce, S.	1444	Thornby	1485				
Pierpont	1005, 1006, 1005	Thurber, Charles	1496				
		Tiebout's Collection	354				
		Toplady	346, 865, 893, 619, 653, 668, 806, 881, 1254, 1497, 1463				
		Turner	286, 891				
		Turney, E.	1464				
		Vaughan	860				
		Very, Jones	697				

PARALLEL INDEX OF HYMNS.

For the convenience of those who may wish to use the PSALMIST in connection with the HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, the following Table is added, showing, in parallel columns, what hymns may be found in both books. It will be well for the minister to compare the hymns in each case himself, as they do not always perfectly correspond. The first column refers to the HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, the other to the PSALMIST.

No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.
1.....	50	122.....	136	258.....	301	387.....	26, Sup.
2.....	5	128.....	166	262.....	244	389.....	453
3.....	41	129.....	139	267.....	248	391.....	498
4.....	55	130.....	104	271.....	297	396.....	220
7.....	228	131.....	108	272.....	298	400.....	548
9.....	35	132.....	2	276.....	233	405.....	380
12.....	54	134.....	1134	277.....	234	406.....	484
13.....	104, Sup.	136.....	94	279.....	339	409.....	541
14.....	49	138.....	106	281.....	200	410.....	42, Sup.
22.....	64	144.....	170	282.....	202	411.....	33
23.....	8	147.....	113, v. 3	287.....	247	421.....	433
24.....	18	157.....	187	296.....	323	422.....	15
25.....	34	158.....	81	297.....	336	425.....	646
29.....	33	161.....	100	300.....	255	428.....	530
31.....	3	163.....	326	302.....	1130	429.....	558
37.....	22	165.....	71	303.....	1044	430.....	759
38.....	14	166.....	72	305.....	417	432.....	461
41.....	36	168.....	92, v. 2	307.....	421	433.....	59, Sup.
42.....	240	170.....	154	309.....	451	436.....	499
43.....	12	172.....	162	310.....	686	442.....	32, Sup.
44.....	145	173.....	172	312.....	755	443.....	690
45.....	40	178.....	151	313.....	18, Sup.	444.....	473
46.....	403	179.....	143	316.....	456	446.....	472
47.....	45	180.....	693	317.....	555	447.....	34, Sup.
51.....	11	181.....	594	319.....	420	448.....	218
52.....	47	185.....	964	320.....	410	451.....	652
53.....	28, v. 3	186.....	382	321.....	493	455.....	1049
55.....	56	189.....	179	322.....	418	458.....	84, Sup.
58.....	711	190.....	395	323.....	39, Sup.	462.....	81, Sup.
59.....	62	191.....	175	325.....	480	461.....	29, Sup.
63.....	65	193.....	148	326.....	1048	465.....	15, Sup.
64.....	53, Sup.	197.....	376	327.....	474	469.....	683
65.....	241	198.....	368	328.....	452	472.....	153
67.....	325	199.....	120	329.....	447	482.....	618
68.....	10	200.....	328	330.....	1054	485.....	103
69.....	138	203.....	207	332.....	1142	487.....	594
70.....	44	207.....	329	334.....	1137	494.....	6, Sup.
72.....	990	209.....	201	338.....	1061	497.....	1195
74.....	395	210.....	204	340.....	431	500.....	539
75.....	392	212.....	341	341.....	430	511.....	96
77.....	398	213.....	77	343.....	1141	512.....	344
78.....	76	216.....	213	344.....	1152	513.....	854
83.....	186	217.....	8, Sup.	346.....	282	514.....	336
84.....	129	218.....	211	347.....	707	515.....	1691
85.....	197	219.....	905	348.....	426	519.....	725
86.....	70	221.....	206	350.....	455	523.....	58, Sup.
95.....	61	222.....	203	351.....	76	528.....	555
96.....	69	223.....	1021	354.....	477	539.....	287
97.....	98	224.....	960	357.....	413	533.....	959
102.....	183 & 184	229.....	406	358.....	441	535.....	86, Sup.
104.....	87	233.....	534	360.....	1114	545.....	147, Sup.
107.....	128	235.....	232	362.....	439	547.....	11, Sup.
108.....	137	239.....	230	365.....	407	549.....	556
110.....	318	244.....	331	369.....	416	551.....	398
111.....	147	246.....	222	376.....	93, Sup.	552.....	111
115.....	68	251.....	224	379.....	22, Sup.	554.....	382
117.....	1078	253.....	365	383.....	1143	558.....	739
118.....	6	254.....	216	384.....	1133, v. 2	559.....	192
120.....	141	255.....	236	386.....	85, Sup.	561.....	242

No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.
562.	548	718.	696	981.	249	1235.	96, Sup.
563.	552	720.	48, Sup.	983.	930	1241.	1175
564.	726	722.	62, Sup.	984.	839	1242.	1171
565.	728	724.	1065	985.	883	1244.	727
566.	721	725.	69, Sup.	988.	902	1245.	1113
567.	812	726.	792	990.	285	1246.	1146
568.	724	733.	636	991.	881	1247.	729
569.	193	739.	819	993.	904	1249.	97, Sup.
570.	66	741.	76, Sup.	995.	877	1250.	908
572.	277	745.	3, Sup.	996.	891	1251.	1176
573.	274	748.	515	997.	912	1252.	1164
574.	310	749.	569	998.	830	1254.	1089
576.	346	750.	957	1000.	907	1276.	8, Sup.
577.	343	762.	12, Sup.	1001.	910	1272.	1173
578.	324	766.	419	1004.	1000	1275.	98, Sup.
579.	308	774.	82, Sup.	1008.	900	1277.	1150
580.	740	777.	617	1018.	906	1287.	1041
584.	1169	789.	679	1024.	118	1294.	1023
585.	661	785.	588	1030.	333	1295.	105
586.	764	786.	562	1032.	91 & 45	1296.	1011
587.	188	787.	1168	1039.	949	1298.	1017
588.	1162	789.	582	1042.	1003	1299.	1111
597.	681	790.	733	1046.	742	1304.	37
598.	14, Sup.	792.	557	1047.	741	1309.	1008
599.	307	796.	177	1051.	746	1314.	1009
601.	986	797.	558	1063.	744	1316.	6, 7
604.	257	798.	621	1064.	74	1319.	1024
605.	306	803.	1156	1078.	1132	1322.	1034
606.	292	806.	627	1079.	1135	1324.	1038
607.	13, Sup.	807.	626	1084.	1072	1355.	1035
610.	422	808.	623	1087.	1078	1358.	995
611.	717	810.	596	1090.	1088	1359.	63
612.	723	811.	60, Sup.	1091.	490	1331.	445
615.	620	812.	482	1094.	108	1338.	1032
618.	739	813.	611	1095.	1109	1344.	1037
620.	516	814.	751	1097.	1100	1345.	1050
621.	100, Sup.	817.	673	1098.	1103	1347.	638
624.	561	820.	1085	1100.	1085	1348.	1027
626.	715	821.	731	1101.	1129	1350.	1040
628.	195	828.	494	1106.	1104	1352.	90
629.	23, Sup.	830.	625	1112.	1047	1363.	658
632.	313	844.	7, Sup.	1114.	1081	1375.	20
634.	254	848.	1026	1118.	752	1376.	388
635.	269	852.	372	1128.	1097	1377.	354
636.	191	854.	605	1139.	1148	1378.	401
637.	564	857.	54, Sup.	1141.	1063	1379.	758
638.	767	862.	64, Sup.	1142.	1122	1380.	770
643.	278	865.	635	1143.	1145	1381.	309
644.	304	877.	1000	1146.	1159 & 99, Sup.	1382.	408
650.	610	878.	639 & 43	1147.	1058	1384.	182
651.	155	881.	651	1149.	1088	1385.	79
655.	275	882.	271	1154.	1083	1387.	786
660.	653	883.	91, Sup.	1158.	1009	1387.	357
664.	334	888.	606	1159.	1020	1389.	361
665.	9, Sup.	897.	919	1161.	1020	1392.	355
667.	24, Sup.	908.	804	1162.	1116	1393.	382
669.	261	911.	809	1163.	1070	1394.	379
672.	897	912.	694	1166.	719	1395.	377
673.	173	916.	835	1167.	1060	1396.	356
680.	608	917.	842	1168.	1101	1397.	363
684.	826	921.	840	1173.	1041	1398.	378
688.	630	922.	825	1174.	1112	1400.	370
689.	828	926.	773	1176.	1084	1401.	63
689.	40, Sup.	928.	977	1183.	1148	1402.	121
687.	17	929.	393	1185.	28, Sup.	1402.	502
692.	168	938.	953	1186.	1106	1406.	210
693.	691	939.	950	1187.	1140	1408.	779
694.	632	943.	947	1188.	1107	1410.	704
696.	640	945.	882	1202.	1086	1413.	212
700.	783	948.	861	1203.	178	1416.	411
701.	680	952.	909	1209.	1113	1417.	268
702.	314	961.	853	1211.	65, Sup.	1418.	514
703.	105, Sup.	962.	852	1214.	1066	1419.	427
704.	791	963.	875	1218.	561	1420.	429
705.	780	968.	921	1225.	1154, v. 3	1422.	672
710.	697	972.	803	1226.	1180	1444.	233
712.	71, Sup.	974.	915	1228.	95, Sup.	1451.	524
713.	689	975.	906	1229.	1172	1456.	500
714.	103, Sup.	976.	873, v. 3	1231.	1096	1477.	485
716.	1068	977.	880	1233.	1166	1478.	663
717.	788	980.	105, Sup.	1241.	515	1429.	488

No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.
1431.....	471	1447.....	793	1470.....	811	1486.....	955
1432.....	527	1448.....	316	1471.....	803	1491.....	924
1434.....	487	1451.....	851	1473.....	818	1493.....	737
1435.....	563	1454.....	577	1474.....	821	1494.....	740
1438.....	511	1456.....	829	1476.....	817	1497.....	1120
1439.....	702	1459.....	827	1477.....	815	1502.....	349
1441.....	753	1460.....	846	1478.....	814	1508.....	574
1443.....	321	1463.....	567	1479.....	806	1510.....	773
1445.....	703	1464.....	819	1483.....	823	1511.....	977
1446.....	620	1465.....	813	1484.....	802		



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